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THE NEW YORKER

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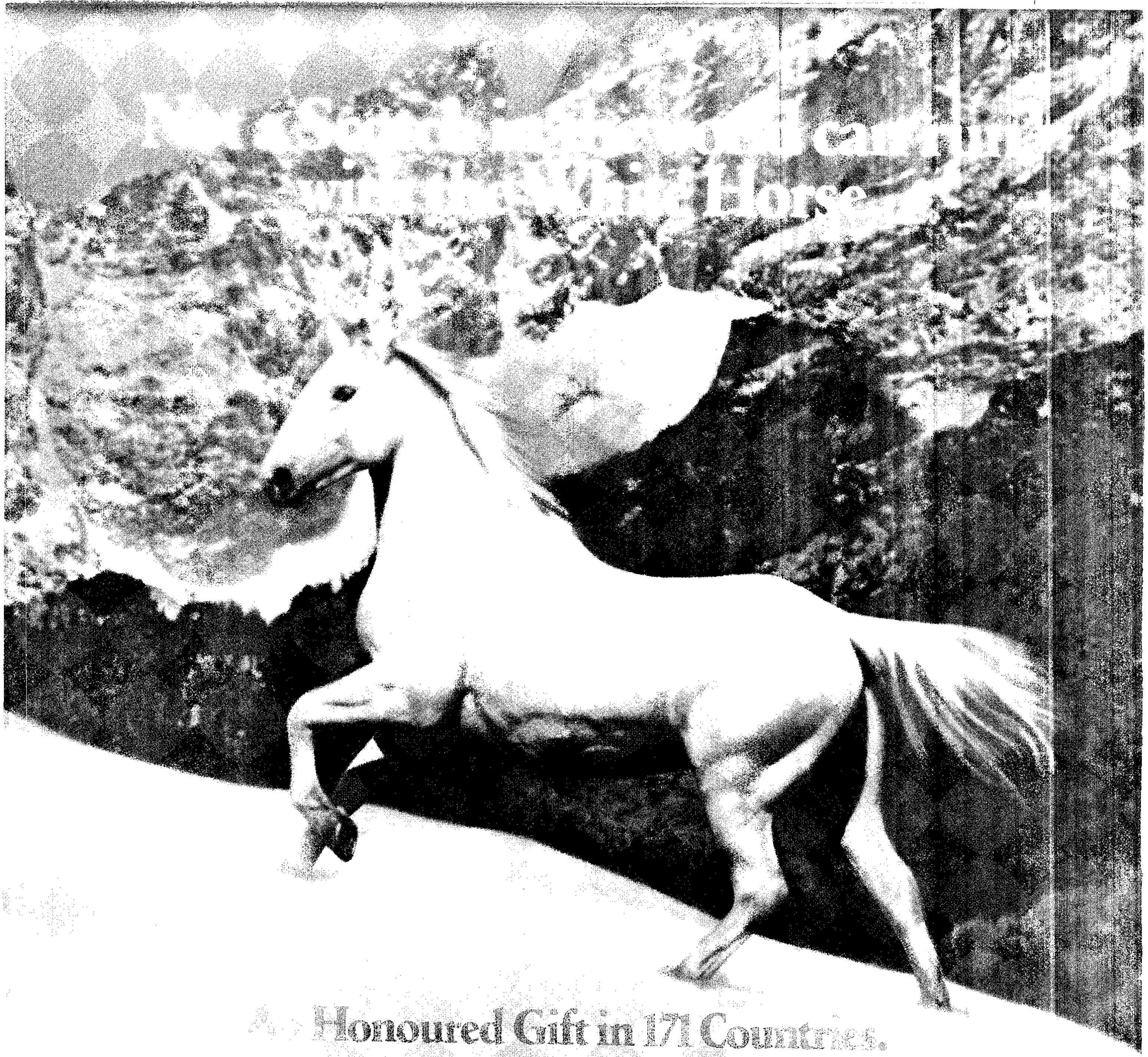
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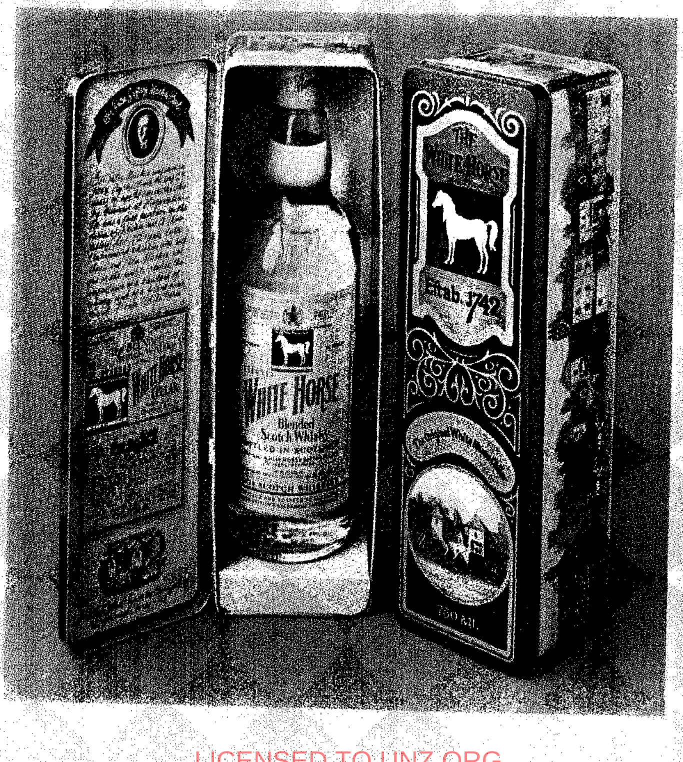
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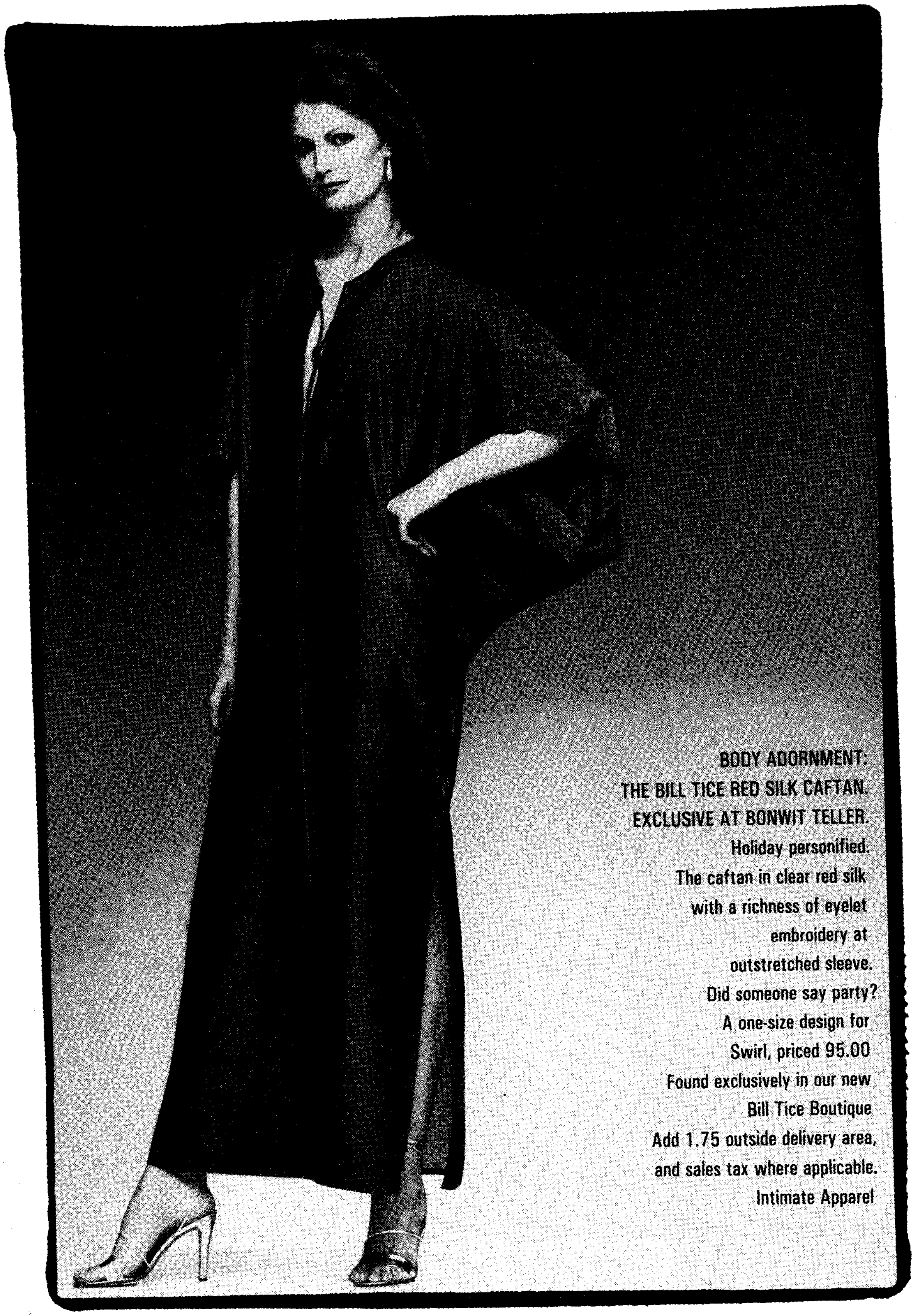

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. Joan Copeland (through Sunday, Dec. 10; after that Viveca Lindfors) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—A musical based on the television play "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," by Jerome Kass, who also wrote the book for this show. Billy Goldenberg composed the music, Alan and Marilyn Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. Directed by Michael Bennett. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 14. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Black Medea—Vinie Burrows in a play by Ernest Ferlita. Opens Friday, Dec. 8, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 17. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Fridays through Mondays, and Thursday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Colonnades Theatre Lab—Two plays in repertory. **THE BALLROOM IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL:** A loosely knit, episodic, but rather interesting play, by Louis Phillips, about a Greek-American family in a Massachusetts town, at the end of the Second World War. What plot there is hinges on a little boy who lies dying in a hospital, but there is much humor along with the sadness. Michael Lessac deftly directs the large cast, and Louis Giambolvo gives a fine performance as the child's father. Through Friday, Dec. 8. (Reviewed in this issue.). . . **MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF:** Adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov, starting Friday, Dec. 15. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Emlyn Williams as "The Playboy of the Weekend World"—Mr. Williams in a one-man show adapted by him from the short stories of H. H. Munro (Saki). (12/4/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Cole Porter's musical **CAN-CAN**, with a book by Abe Burrows, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-five the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7:30.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quar-

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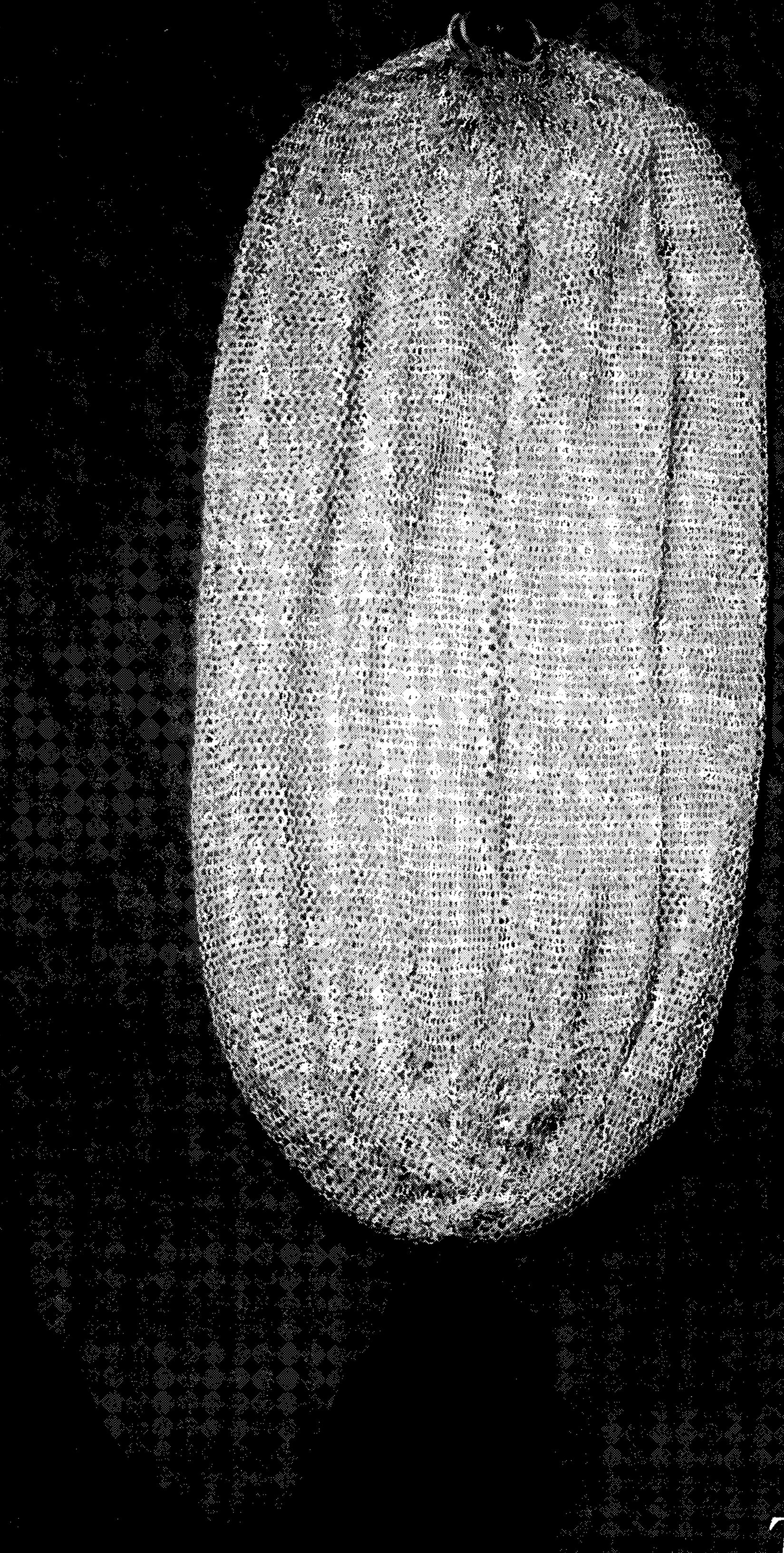

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rels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

First Monday in October—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates head the large cast of a comedy by Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence. The question asked is, "What happens when the President appoints the first woman Justice to the United States Supreme Court?" The answer is complex and highly amusing. (10/16/78) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. Reopens Saturday, Dec. 16. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Recovery Lounge—A comedy by James Farrell. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kingfisher—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose in a comedy by William Douglas Home, imported from London. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Dec. 8, at 2.)

The Lesson—A depressing revival of Ionesco's one-acter, preceded by a deeply depressing documentary movie about the Nazi Party in California. (10/30/78) (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Closes Saturday, Dec. 9.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland** is the second in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Man and Superman—Shaw's play (including the "Don Juan in Hell" act) has George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, and Philip Bosco heading the cast. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 14, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—A play by Steve Carter. The first in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 6, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 17. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nongogo—This early play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard has, despite some awkwardness, considerable life and strength. Set in the black district of Johannesburg, it is about the beginning of love and hope (and their abrupt ending) between the proprietress of a speakeasy and a young man who peddles tablecloths. The characters are well drawn, and they are very well acted under the direction of Oz Scott. Mary Alice gives a fine performance in the leading role, and she is ably supported by Thomas Martell Brimm, John McCurry, Roger Lawson, and Terry Alexander. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

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Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)

Platinum—Alexis Smith is heroic in a desolate, almost tuneless musical about a middle-aged movie star and a young rock singer who makes her over by taking her to bed. Hmm. (11/20/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Rear Column—Based on a historical episode, this strong play by Simon Gray is about the demoralization of a group of British officers who, with their troops, were left behind by H. M. Stanley in the late eighteen-eighties to spend a year in the Congo jungle. The performance, under James Hammerstein's direction, is excellent. With Remak Ramsay, John Horton, Paul Collins, Josh Clark, Benjamin Hendrickson, and Alvin Alexis. (12/4/78) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 7:30, and Saturday at 6:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Take a Giant Step—Louis Peterson's 1953 play is the second in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Winning Isn't Everything—Lee Kalcheim's cynical little farce about a political campaign has been directed with pace and polish by George Abbott. The script is a matter of gags—sight and sound, some funny, some not. The actors do well; Bryan E. Clark, as the campaign manager, does very well. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Long Runs—**annie:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **chapter two:** A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **deathtrap:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dracula:** Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,736 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the gin game:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall in a comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i love my wife:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **on the twentieth century:** A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Flowers," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Hobo Sapiens," "Toccata," "Sunrise... Sunset" (première), and "Caravan." ... ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Streams," "The Time Before the Time After," "Medusa," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Butterfly," "Hobo Sapiens," "Sunrise... Sunset," and "Caravan."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2: "Gazelle," "The Time Before the Time After," "Medusa," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7:30: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Medusa," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Passage," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Streams," "Hermit Songs," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Gazelle," "Passage," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Caravan."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Coverage II," "Sunrise... Sunset," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Hobo Sapiens," "Toccata," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

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ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. **RASHIED ALI**, who runs the place and who is also a respected out-there drummer—he worked with John Coltrane the last couple of years of Coltrane's life—will lead his quintet through Saturday, Dec. 9; on Tuesday, Dec. 12, alto saxophonist Jameel Moondoc will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—Situated at a crossroads immortalized in many Second World War movies—"Toidy-toid and Toid"—this tri-level restaurant has managed to lure in **DARDANELLE**, a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Singer Badomi De Cesare, who does songs mostly from the twenties and thirties, and who has drawn acclaim for her whistling abilities, will perform here beginning Thursday, Dec. 7. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Passersby can look past the neon sign that hangs in the picture window of this restaurant and see the musicians at work, and the smart passersby will go in. **HELEN HUMES**, who comes across as an old-fashioned bouncy, bubbly, ever-smiling performer, does blues and ballads from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music. The club is more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden, and the management is more discerning than Don Kirshner. The lineup: singer **FLORA PURIM** and her band will perform South American fusion—a blend of rock, jazz, and Brazilian jungle music with a pinch of bossa nova—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 11-12, British rock singer Kiki Dee will alternate with Tony Bird, a folkie from Malawi, in southeast Africa; and on Wednesday, Dec. 13, Tanya Tucker, a very young country singer in the process of branching out into rock, will be onstage. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of people also think of Bradley's as piano heaven. Here's why: **DAVE MC KENNA**, an outstanding solo pianist, works here through Saturday, Dec. 9. Sundays are devoted to the piano and occasional vocals of **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who pushes a broom for the "I Love a Clean New York" ad campaign, pushes the piano keys and sings in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work weeknights from nine to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Located in the back of the Carnegie Hall Building, this room—a chic, dark-brown setting with hanging trellises and hanging plants—offers knockwurst and fried potatoes on the menu, and the considerably lighter **ELLIS LARKINS** on the bandstand. Quiet and elegant, Larkins, who nearly always wears a tuxedo and a ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly plays the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Sometimes, at the end of a set, he'll join the applause for a brief, self-conscious moment, grin, and throw both hands down suddenly, as if to say, "Aw, go on." Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's, as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers, and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—In this noisy taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE**, one of the high points of the swing era and still playing wonderfully well, is leading a trio. Music during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. He performs Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies a bandstand that faces a wall made up entirely of striking, blown-up photographs of jazz musicians making jazz history or just smiling. The sextet performs weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 10, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist who plays the music of the thirties and forties, will lead a quintet that will feature **ART FARMER**—the flugelhornist of the fifties and sixties—from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. Miss Sherman and pianist Joe Derise will show up early—at seven—on Sunday, Dec. 10. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** plays dancing, swirling solos with his quartet through Saturday, Dec. 9; on Monday, Dec. 11, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** will arrive with his jazz-rock outfit. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**JUNIOR MANCE**, the ever-bluesy pianist, is on hand with a bassist through Saturday, Dec. 9, in this bar and restaurant, which looks like an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. On Tuesday, Dec. 12, pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR**, who uses this club as his New York base, will return with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—To paraphrase Ernest Tubb, the Texas troubadour, "There's a little bit of everything in Texas," and a little bit of Texas in New York. There is also a forty-foot chicken-wire-and-styrofoam sculpture of an iguana on the roof of this club that no doubt makes aficionados of fifties horror movies feel right at home. And, finally, there is **ERNEST TUBB** himself, who will be here on Thursday, Dec. 14. Tubb was one of the earliest performers at the Grand Ole Opry, was greatly influenced by Jimmie Rodgers—the singing brakeman—and Rodgers' famous blues song "T for Texas"—and to this day, remains an adamant Texan. The rest of the schedule includes Kinky Friedman, on Thursday, Dec. 7, and Eric Andersen, on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 10-11. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"A Lady Needs a Change," a tribute to Dorothy Fields, with Kelly Bishop, Chip Garnett, Carolyn Mignini, Patti Allison, Tyra Ferrell, and Scott Robertson, is being given Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday at eight-fifteen, and Friday and Saturday at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** has herded together clarinettist **JOHNNY MINCE**, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** to play music by George Gershwin Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, **MILT JACKSON** will be playing fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp with his quintet; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, **CHICO HAMILTON**, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, witty showman, will lead his quintet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. On Monday, Dec. 11, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, a youthful ten-piece group that plays popular music from the thirties and forties, will perform; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12-13, **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will play solo piano; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, Catskill folkies **JOHN HERALD** and **ARLEN ROTH** and their respective bands will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—One of the very few cabarets where the show can be seen from the bar area for the price of a ginger ale. The current entertainment, entitled "Broadway Moonlighter," consists mostly of actors and actresses who are appearing in Broadway musicals ("Ain't Misbehavin'," "Gemini," and "On the Twentieth Century," to name three). After their nightly performance uptown, they drop by Reno Sweeney for the eleven-thirty show. They do not necessarily re-create their Broadway roles, however, and this may disappoint some patrons. Various other performers go on at nine. Dining.

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Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. Tenor saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE** leads a trio on Wednesday, Dec. 6; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 7-10, trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN'S** quartet will be in charge; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12-13, Janet Lawson will sing with her quartet; and on Thursday, Dec. 14, drummer **BERNARD PURDIE**, a rhythm-and-blues and recording-studio legend, will arrive with his new group. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

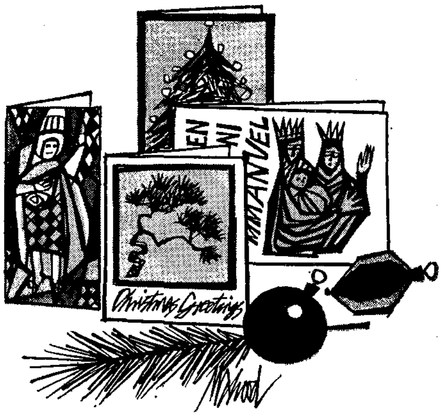
StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Superbassist **RON CARTER**, who has taken up a thin-sounding piccolo bass (compared to a double bass) as a lead instrument, works with his splendid sidemen pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** Wednesdays through Saturdays. While Carter and company are here, this large, square-shaped, comfortable room will no doubt be deservedly crowded. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE'S** quartet is here through Saturday, Dec. 9; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 10-11, will be turned over to alto saxophonist **BOB MOVER** and his (and Ron Carter's; see StoryTowne, above) wonderful quartet—**KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY**, and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**; and on Tuesday, Dec. 12, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will come in with a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**BABY JANE DEXTER**, a singer and comedienne, performs at this warm little club at nine and eleven on Thursday, Dec. 7, and at ten and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—It's African-percussion night on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, as **OLATUNJI** and Friends perform at eight and ten. On Saturday, Dec. 9, guitarist Baird Hersey will head up his electric, avant-garde funk eleven-piece group at ten and midnight; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, acoustic pianist **MC COY TYNER**, whose sustained, repetitive, rumbling, crashing chords have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like effect, will be present with his sextet at ten and midnight. Tuesdays are in the hands of jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio from nine to midnight.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist and Professor **ARCHIE SHEPP**, who just acquired tenure at the University of Massachusetts, at Amherst, performs with his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 10; on Tuesday, Dec. 12, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will move in with a trio. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band touring machine has reclaimed Monday nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Trombonist and singer **CLYDE BERNHARDT'S** Harlem Blues and Jazz Band is here on Wednesday, Dec. 6; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7-8, belong to saxophonist George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will head a quartet; Tuesday, Dec. 12, drummer **JO JONES** will work with a quintet; and on Wednesday, Dec. 13, the **COUNTSMEN**, a quintet co-piloted by trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, will take over. Music every night from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—The free concerts continue with Emme Kemp performing the songs of W. C. Handy. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, at 6.)

Chaka Khan and **Lenny White**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.

Styx and **Angel**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.

Daryl Hall and John Oates and **City Boy**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

The Seldom Scene and **the New Hi-Flyers**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The third in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by Al Cohn, with Ronnie Cuber, Barry Harris, Sam Jones, and Leroy Williams. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Nina Simone—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, at 8.

The Outlaws and **the Pat Travers Band**—Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8.

Sam Rivers Quartet and **Mike Nock**—Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Saturday, Dec. 16, at midnight, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 9:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Darrel Austin—Paintings done during the seventies by this specialist in moonlit, phosphorescent swamps populated by nymphs and tigers. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an

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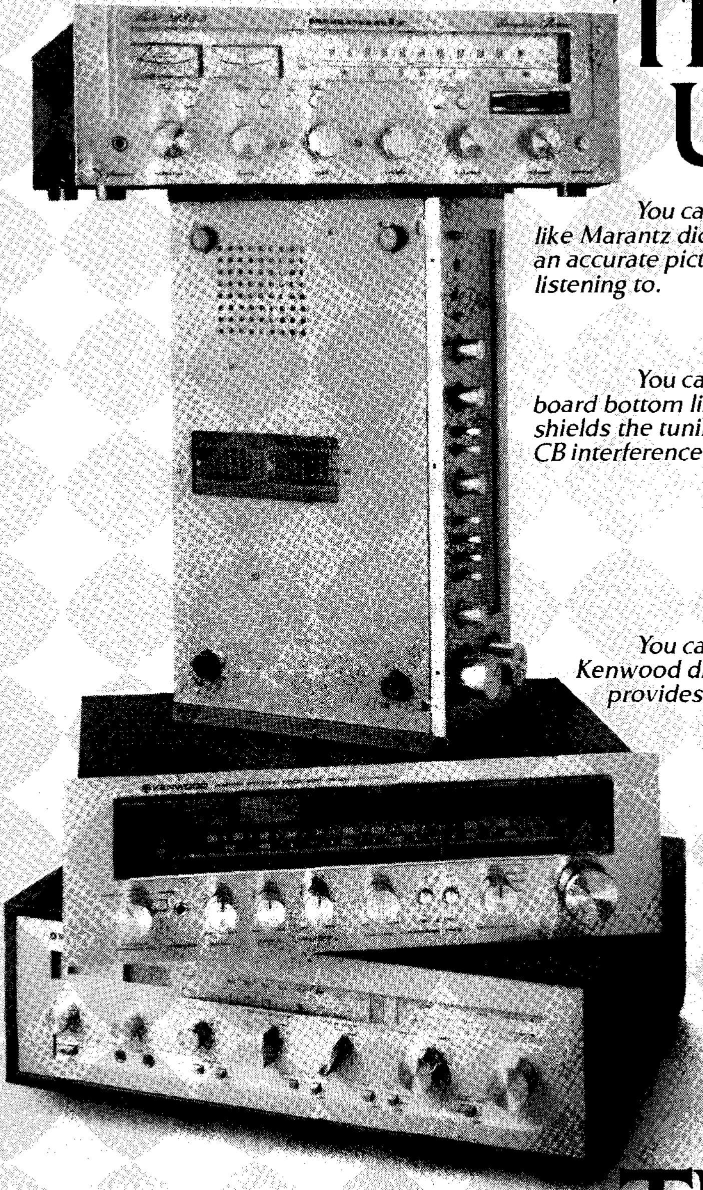

You can leave out dual wattage meters like Marantz did, instead of providing them to give you an accurate picture of what you're listening to.

You can install an inexpensive press board bottom like Technics did, instead of a metal one that shields the tuning section from spurious noise and CB interference.

You can use a conventional power amplifier like Kenwood did, instead of an advanced DC amplifier that provides cleaner, more natural sound.

You can use standard high band filters for FM stereo reception like Yamaha did, instead of a special integrated circuit that cancels out the unwanted FM stereo pilot signal.

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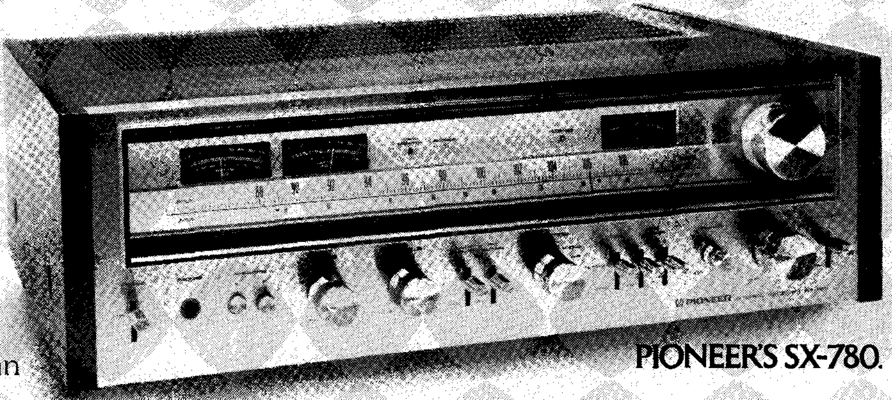

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—An autobiography conveyed in *richly colored collages that take him from* the Carolina cotton fields to the mills of Pittsburgh. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jake Berthot—Eight new abstract paintings, and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Emile Branchard and William Fellini—Paintings by two self-taught artists who worked in the first half of the century. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Stan Brodsky—Six new large oils based on nature. Through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Bernard Cathelin / André Derain (1880-1954)—*A retrospective covering the past fifty years* of this painter's fluent work in Russia, Japan, Malaysia, India, Mexico, Spain, and at home in France. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. / Twenty paintings, dated 1923 to 1950. Through Dec. 22. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Crowl—Figure studies in pencil. Through Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Jan. 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

William Dole—Geometric collage paintings, covering a twenty-year period, whose printed fragments include ticket stubs, marbleized paper, and Arabic lettering. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Duff—A two-gallery sculpture exhibit of open geometric forms, mostly polygonal. Drawings and table-size pieces made of copper rods, *the largest thirty-four inches long*, are at the Willard, 29 E. 72nd St., and bigger ones, made of welded-steel rods (the largest piece is eight feet long, six feet wide, and five feet high), are in a showroom on the third floor of 623 Broadway, just north of Houston St. (opens at noon). Through Dec. 23.

Will Howe Foote (1874-1965)—Solidly painted, conventional oils—the pink roofs of Bermuda, the aquamarine waters around Jamaica, afternoon tea in the Connecticut sunshine. Through Monday, Dec. 11. (The Lotos Club, 5 E. 66th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30.)

Gary Kuehn—Monochromatic paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Small-scale paintings and works on paper, usually of flowers and fruit. Through Dec. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Lund—Oils and pastels of the patterns formed by the rocks, sand, and water of Maine's coastline. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Literal play with words. For instance, fragments of cutout letters are fixed to acetate sheets hanging one behind the other and so arranged that when the viewer gets himself (or the sheets) properly aligned, the fragments fit together and form letters, words, and even sentences. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Walasse Ting—Stylized, voluptuous nudes, some all but smothered by falling blossoms, and others set off by colorful parrots. Through Jan. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Andy Warhol—Early works: Liz, Marilyn, Elvis. Through Jan. 13. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Robert Birmelin, Ann McCoy, Chuck Forsman, and others, showing a landscape apiece. Through Dec. 30. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Abstract Expressionist paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Leslie, Strautmanis, and others, and sculptures by John Chamberlain. Through Dec. 21. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 118 E. 64th St.: Works by fourteen artists who use paper as their principal medium. Among the exhibitors: Mon Levinson, Winifred Lutz, Michelle Stuart. Through Dec. 30.

Sculpture—Figures in metal, stone, and wood by Bruno Lucchesi, Susan Smyly, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstract works on paper covering the twenty-five-year period the artist has been associated with the gallery. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Baber—New abstract paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop / Robert Sivard—Three oils and the working drawings for them. Through Dec. 30. / Paris shops and Dublin pubs are the subjects of a series of watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Rube Goldberg (1883-1970)—Original drawings for political cartoons, and bronzes. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Drawings, pastels, watercolors, and prints. Through Friday, Dec. 8. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Surreal pastels that use a Photo-Realist technique. Through Wednesday, Dec. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Levine—A show of graphics which coincides with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Recent works. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77) / **Merrill Wagner**—Architectural details of Chicago buildings, particularly a bit of ornamentation by Louis Sullivan, were the inspiration for this series of acrylics, whose *horizontal placement on the* wall produces a *friezelike effect.* / Large works involving acrylic or pastel drawings done on masking tape and then applied to Plexiglas. Through Dec. 30. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Jan. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Porter / Bruce Tippett—Abstract sculpture involving simple basic forms, made of wood or metal, and a few tricks done with mirrors. / Large landscapes done in charcoal and heightened (not to say electrified) with watercolor. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

NO SMOKING
NOTICE
US MAIL

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A group of murals dated 1958-59, done in rich burgundies, reds, oranges, browns. This show is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jo Anne Schneider—Still-lifes. Through Dec. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

George Segal—New sculptural works, including several variously colored nudes entering or leaving doorways, and the piece entitled "In Memory of May 4, 1970, Kent State: Abraham and Isaac." Through Dec. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

George Sugarman—Collages by the sculptor. Through Jan. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Americans—the works date from 1770 to 1978—including Edward Hicks, James McNeill Whistler, Ben Shahn, and Ruth Gikow. Through Jan. 6. . . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Fanny Brennan's small oils and Rex Lau's painted wooden sculptures are included in a show devoted to landscapes, seascapes, and cityscapes. *Through Dec. 22.*

Sculpture—Maquettes for larger works by Louise Bourgeois, John Willenbecher, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—Wall sculptures made of wire mesh, plaster, and gesso covered with gold leaf. *Some of the pieces are six feet in length.* Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Greg Constantine / Larry Blizard—Representational paintings centered on Jackson Pollock: his house, his shoes, himself at work. Superimposed on these canvases are Pollock-like all-over abstractions. / Humorous paintings and drawings of bananas in everyday situations—riding the subway, getting a haircut, on a boat ride. Through Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Erté—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973 by this elfin artist who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Thanksgiving and is still busy designing for the theatre. Through Dec. 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Edward Evans—Large acrylic paintings of crumpled colored paper in which every crinkle in the surface is explored in detail. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Kent Floeter—Sculptures that cover an entire wall and are made of quarter-inch cold-rolled sheet steel, cut through and folded back on itself here and there. The whole surface is painted with red lead. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Royden Rabinowitch / Lucio Pozzi—Long, narrow pieces of floor sculpture made of sandblasted sheet steel folded and refolded and ironed out flat. / Small, elegant watercolors of scenes in Tortola, Jamaica, Italy, Greece, and Long Island. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Sal Sirugo / Mary Nicholas—Drawings of heads done in ink on wet watercolor paper that has been dyed with tea. / Freestanding abstract wooden sculptures that have a honeycomb surface. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Cy Twombly—Ten large abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases, that tell the story of the Iliad all over again. Through Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 8.)

Margaret Wharton—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Some of the assemblages are constructed to look like *different* chairs, some are anthropomorphic, and some take shapes suggested by the chair they were made from—an insect that was once a garden chair. Through Jan. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALTERNATE SPACE**, down-

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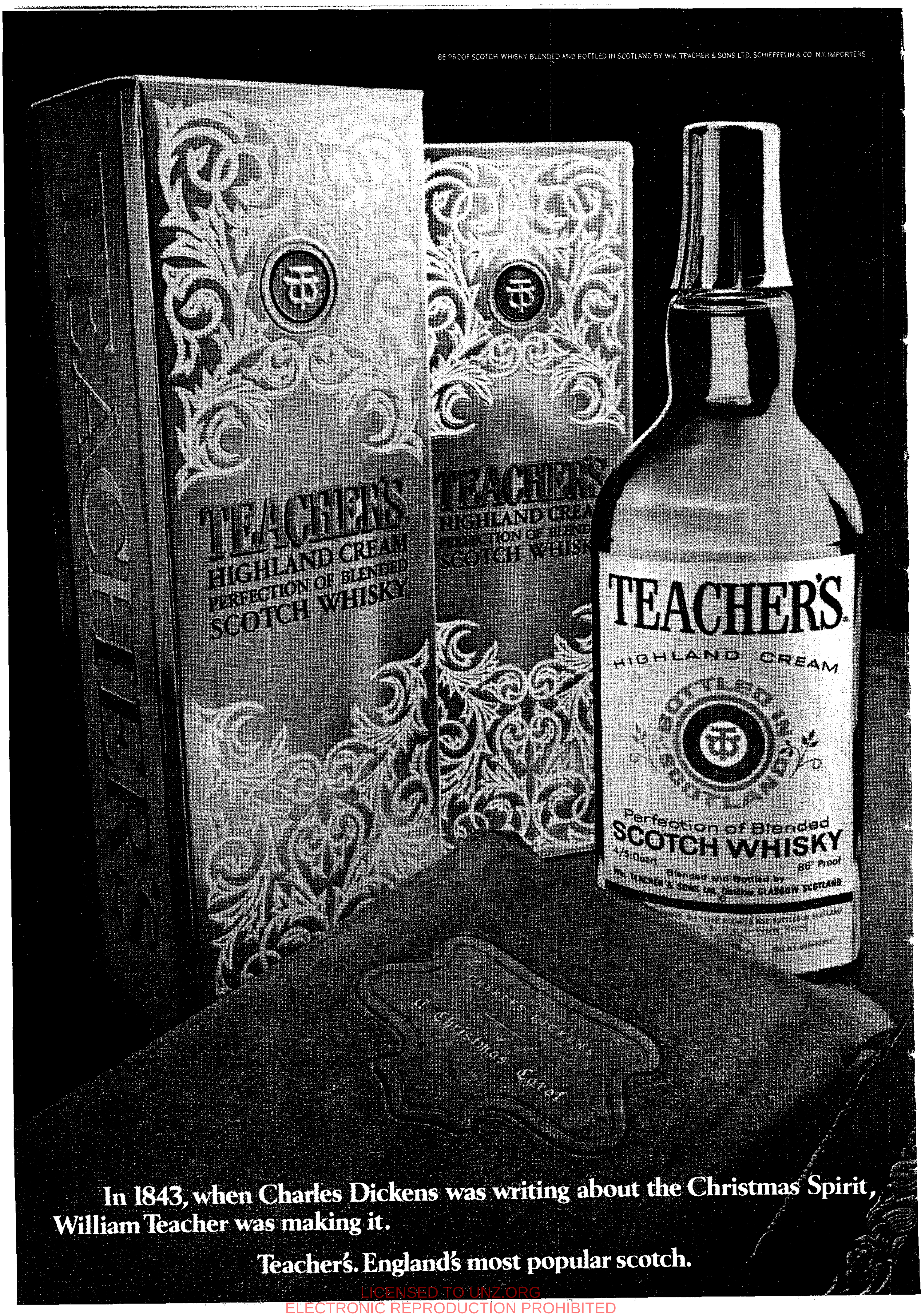
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stairs at 431 West Broadway: Bright-colored acrylic paintings by Fred Chance resolve themselves into masklike faces; chunks of raw wood organized into a sort of mosaic pattern are the subjects of some paintings by Satish Joshi; and Janette Aiello is showing figure studies done in charcoal or watercolors. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Works on paper include what is described as a novel by Jake Berthot, written in pen and ink abstracts that seem on the very edge of being clear to everybody; lithographs of water, earth, clouds, and the night sky, by Viji Celmins; and pages from a strange catalogue, one of them devoted to Egyptian items, by Maria Scotti. Through Dec. 23. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A new crop of drawings selected from the thousands submitted to the center for appraisal. Three of the eleven artists whose works are being shown are Gary Falk, who makes Minimal drawings of architectural forms, and Jane Kaplowitz, who draws lively interiors with colored pencils, both of New York City, and Robert Kitchen, of Chattahoochee County, Georgia, who paints watercolors of china vases decorated with flamboyant roses. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A showing of major new works by gallery regulars includes a large fantasy in oils by Malcolm Morley (a medieval Venetian waterfront scene is bridged over by an American freight train); a handsomely carved bicycle chained to a parking meter by Fumio Yoshimura, the whole done in lindenwood; and a deceptive wall sculpture by John Okulick that seems to project far out into the room but actually goes only a few inches. Through Jan. 11.

OTHER GALLERIES

TINA GIROUARD / KEITH SONNIER—New works using metal ceiling materials, plus earlier pieces incorporating wallpaper and linoleum. / Four speakers in the gallery room give off the sounds (amplified) of the gallery's two telephones and the sounds picked up by two hidden microphones. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

EDWARD GOREY—Drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 8. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Works from throughout his career, in several mediums, including tempera, wax, ink, and gouache on paper and on Masonite. Through Friday, Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

TRADITIONAL SCULPTURE FROM UPPER VOLTA—A show of masks, dolls, chairs, musical instruments, and other objects assembled from twelve collections. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACIA, 28 E. 4th St.: The gallery wall is an integral part of all the works in this show. Liliana Porter, Pedro Lujan, and Anne Elliott are among the eleven artists. Through Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**: The Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl., has thirty-eight works by artists who belong to the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. The works cover the period from 1940 to 1978 and are by Will Barnet, Louise Nevelson, Chaim Gross, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HILLA AND BERND BECHER / DEBORAH TURBEVILLE—Photographs of grain elevators, cooling towers, blast furnaces, coal bunkers, and water towers. / Photographic collages, with text, by a *Vogue* photographer. Through Dec. 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

KARL BLOSSFELDT (1865-1932)—High-contrast photographs of microscopic details of plants, recently printed from his glass plates, some of them more than seventy-five years old. Through Jan. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

BARBARA BORDNICK—Polaroid portraits of women in jazz—Alberta Hunter, Mabel Mercer, Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, Toshiko Akiyoshi. Through Dec. 21. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71)—Photographic essays made for *Fortune* and *Life* between 1933 and 1957. Through Dec. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARK COHEN—Precisionist prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Dec. 23. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

JAY COLEN—Color pictures of quotidian Parisian life. Through Dec. 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL DE CAMP AND ANNE AND DAVID DOUBILET—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MARK GOLDERMAN—Richly toned photographs in which the elements that make up a cityscape are reduced to simple geometric forms. Also a dozen Polaroid prints of non-traditional still-lifes. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

SHEILA METZNER—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOAN MYERS—Photographs of nudes and landscapes which have been hand-tinted and have the soft look of watercolors. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AARON SISKIND—Recent works. Through Dec. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOW—An exhibition that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The second segment of the reinstallation of the Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 380 B.C.—consists of seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a non-traditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-two artists (among them Elsie Manville, Robert Kulicke, and Carl Nicholas Titolo) are exhibiting paintings and drawings in the thirtieth annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about one-third of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums).... ¶ A memorial show of the works of William Gropper, John Koch, and Abraham Rattner. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Additional hours Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, from 5 to 8.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of Japanese folk art spanning six centuries. Many periods and cultures are represented: Arita porcelains dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; a nineteenth-century lacquered food box used for picnics and made of woven paper string; a *bandori* (back pad), whose intricate design was woven from straw, yarn, and cloth, made for carrying a bridal chest to a wedding (also nineteenth century); more than a dozen seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Otsu-e* folk paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show of graphics is at Kennedy Galleries, 40 W. 57th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Starts Thursday, Dec. 7.... ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18.... ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays. 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 6: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 7: A new production of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 8: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 9: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 9: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, Mario Sereni, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 11: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 12: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 13: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 15: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård;

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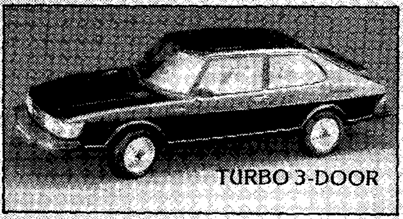

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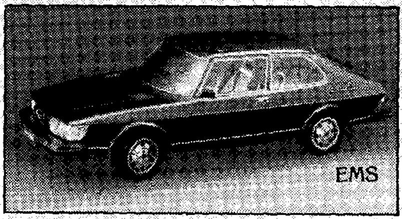

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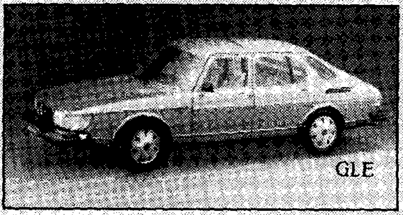

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 16: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 16: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 9, at 1:30, and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." Staged by Tito Gobbi, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 6, and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Mstislav Rostropovich conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 14, and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Friday, Dec. 15, at 2.

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting a Christmas program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting two performances of the complete Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2.)

Ars Nova Musicians—Marylouise Nanna conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Janos Starker, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Speculum Musicae—Richard Fitz and Harvey Sollberger conducting a program of music by Elliott Carter, honoring his seventieth birthday. With Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Ursula Oppens, piano; and the American Brass Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Clarion Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing, with Elizabeth Humes, soprano; Kathleen Hegierski, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Gary Glaze, tenor; Andrew Foldi, bass; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Timothy Mount and Catharine R. Melhorn directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Jacqueline Pierce, mezzo-soprano; Arthur Williams, tenor; Jonathan Reinhold, baritone; and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Blazer, soprano; Frank Daniels, bass-baritone; Michael May, harpsichord; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 6:30. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17 at 2 and 6:30.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

City College Chorus and Orchestra—Bonney McDowell directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Janet Steele, soprano; Allan Fast, countertenor; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and Theodore Hodges, baritone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 690-5411.)

RECITALS

Ileana Cotrubas—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano, in the last three in a series of all-Schubert recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8, with Bernard Kruysen, baritone, in a lieder recital; and Saturday, Dec. 9, and Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8, in solo performances.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—Joel Lester, violin; Joan Tower, piano; and André Emelianoff, cello, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Friedman-Vardi-Silberstein Trio—Erick Friedman, violin; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and Jascha Silberstein, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Dmitri Alekseyev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program of Russian music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—The New York New Music Ensemble in a program of twentieth-century music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Composers String Quartet—A program consisting of the three string quartets of Elliott Carter, in honor of his seventieth birthday. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Franco and Enrica Cavallo Gulli—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Stanley Persky—Clarinet, in a program including several of his own works, with Janet Steele, soprano; André Emilianoff, cello; and Fritz Jahoda, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

Laurien Laufman—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)

Joseph Porrello—Tenor, with Fortunato Arico, cello; Susan Jolles, harp; Jane Rosenfeld, flute; Bert Lucarelli, oboe/English horn; and James Christensen, organ. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of Renaissance music for the holiday season. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, Dec. 10, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30: Itzhak Perlman, violin; Jaime Laredo, violin/viola; Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 5: Pinchas Zukerman, violin/conductor; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others.

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Wine Concert—A recital by the Si-Yo Music

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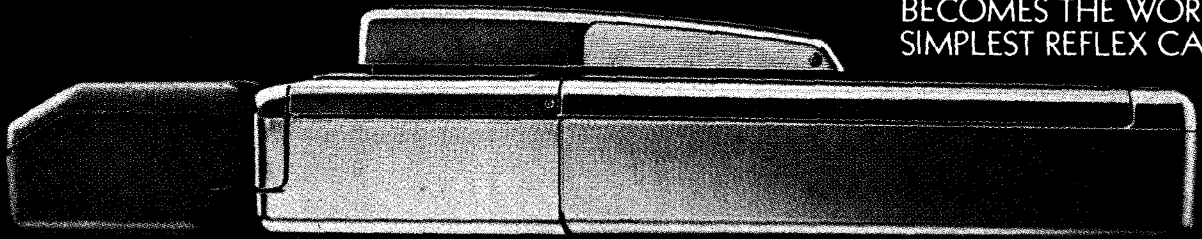

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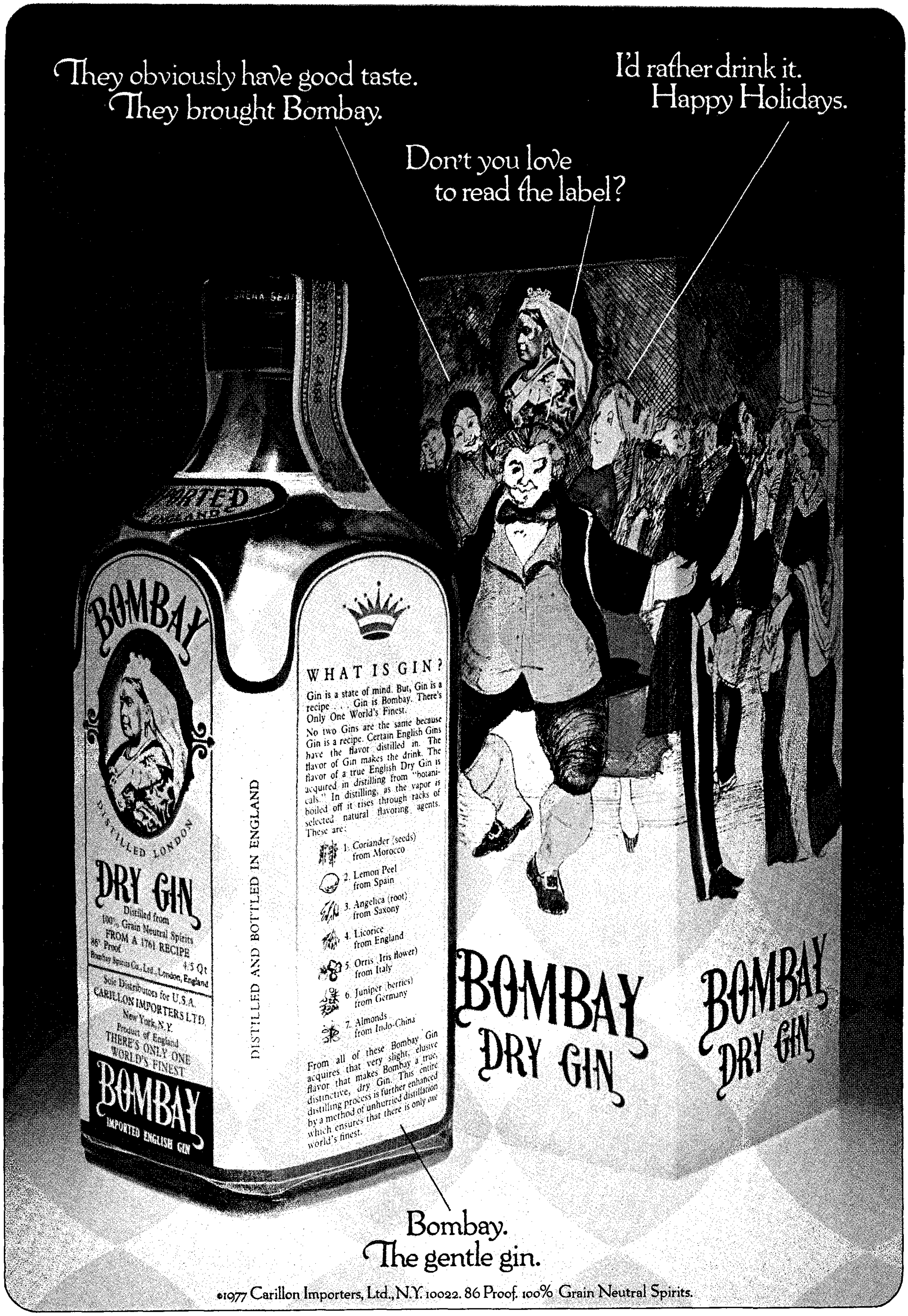
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Society, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over wine. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

ANTON KUERTI—The fourth in a series of eight recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

NEW WORLD CONSORT—A concert of medieval and Renaissance Christmas music. (Sacred Heart Church. 457 W. 51st St. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

MANHATTAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—The third in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by pianists Jeffrey Swann, Ursula Oppens, and Robert Black. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

EDWARD AUER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

AN ENGLISH MUSIC—The second in a series of five programs of twentieth-century English chamber works, this one performed by, among others, Nancy Allen, harp, and the Boehm Quintette. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 628-7000.)

IADONE CONSORT—Joseph Iadone, lute, and others in a program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

WESTERN WIND—A vocal ensemble in a program of a-cappella music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

KATHERINE CIESINSKI—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

YOURI EGOROV—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

NEW YORK BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and others, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

RICHARD SHER—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber Music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A SCARCELY SACRED CONCERT AT CHRISTMAS—Participants in a varied program will include Brigitte Engerer and Mark Westcott, piano; Edward Smith, harpsichord; the Boehm Quintette; and the Musica Reservata, directed by Margherita Hastings. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 675-2616.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden. Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Diego, Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. San Diego, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—The Garden State Bowl: Arizona State vs. Rutgers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Dec. 10: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Dec. 13. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 14. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 9, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 17. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Tuesday, Dec. 12, through Saturday, Dec. 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—Carolyn Forché and Ntozake Shange reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Howard Nemerov reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

DISCUSSIONS—"Conversations About Architecture," the last in a series of programs, this one involving Michael Graves and Susana Torre. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARK BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, at 2: Jewelry, belonging to John Astor and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 2: Medieval, Renaissance, and later works of art, including glassware, majolica, tapestries, furniture, and pewter; from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Continental and English silver and *objets de vertu*, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Egyptian, classical, and Near Eastern antiquities, from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 8. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 8, at 10:30 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including works by Cassatt, Flagg, Rockwell, and Joseph Stella. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12-13, at 10:30: Jewelry, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 7. . . . **FRENCH EMBASSY,** 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7: A benefit auction of photographic prints by Lotte Jacobi, Mathew Brady, W. Eugene Smith, and others; donated by Ken Heyman, Victor Keppler, and others. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, from 10 to 5.)

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—Sundays, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. . . . ¶ A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 13, from 8 to 9, with more than a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

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December 14 catalogue $7 sale no. 4196

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December 15 catalogue $7 sale no. 4197

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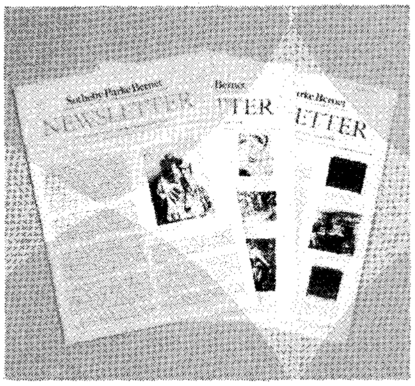

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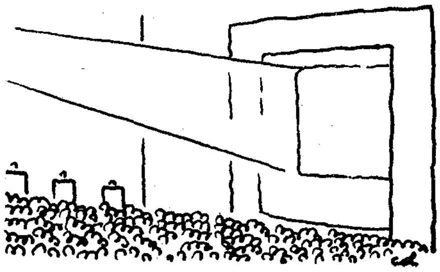
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 10: A program of films by Danny Lyon.
Dec. 11: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 12: "Once Upon a Time in the West."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 7: "1900."
Dec. 8-9: "Outrageous!" and "Word Is Out."
Dec. 10-12: "The Turning Point" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From Dec. 13 (tentative): "A Wedding" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Magic."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 7: "Watership Down."
From Dec. 8: "Interiors."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Wiz."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Watership Down."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Comes a Horseman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Boys from Brazil." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec. 6.)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Up in Smoke."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 7: "A Dream of Passion."
From Dec. 8: "The Brink's Job."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Magic."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 12: "A Wedding."
From Dec. 13: "Comes a Horseman."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Wiz."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Paradise Alley."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 7: "The Spy Who Loved Me" and "The Man with the Golden Gun."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "The Wild Geese." From Dec. 8: "Rituals."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 12: To be announced.
From Dec. 13: "Dossier 51."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Midnight Express."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Wedding."
Theatre 2: "Interiors."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 7: "Up in Smoke." From Dec. 8: "Rituals."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 12: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" From Dec. 13: "The Big Fix."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Watership Down."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Days of Heaven."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Magic."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "A Wedding."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 12: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" and "Outrageous!"
From Dec. 13: "Comes a Horseman" and "F.I.S.T."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 7: "Comes a Horseman." (†)
From Dec. 8: "The Brink's Job." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Foul Play." From Dec. 11: "Death on the Nile." (†)
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 10: "Death on the Nile." (†)
From Dec. 11: "The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Wild Geese." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Message from Space."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Magic." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Paradise Alley." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Midnight Express." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Goin' South." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 6: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Shock Corridor" (1963), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
Dec. 7: "The Other Francisco" (1975), in Spanish, directed by Sergio Giral; and "Mexico: The Frozen Revolution" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Raymondo Gleyzer.
Dec. 8-9: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Mata Hari." (†)
Dec. 10: "The Conformist" (†) and "The Lady from Shanghai." (†)
Dec. 11: "Le Beau Serge" (1959), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Gérard Blain, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Bernadette Lafont; and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise.
Dec. 12: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "A Story from Echijo" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Imai.
Dec. 13: "False Moments" (1978), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; and "The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1977), in German.
Dec. 14: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri; and "The Last Supper" (1978), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 6: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ronald Colman, Irene Rich, May McAvoy, and Bert Lytell; and "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan.
Dec. 7: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
Dec. 8: "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
Dec. 9: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.
Dec. 10: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (†) and "I Am a Dancer." (†)
Dec. 11: "Destroy, She Said" (1970), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale; and "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Luc Simon.
Dec. 12: "My Life to Live" (†); and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.
Dec. 13: "Rancho Deluxe" (†); and "92 in the Shade" (1976), directed by Thomas McGuane, with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.
Dec. 14: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 7: "Lies My Father Told Me"

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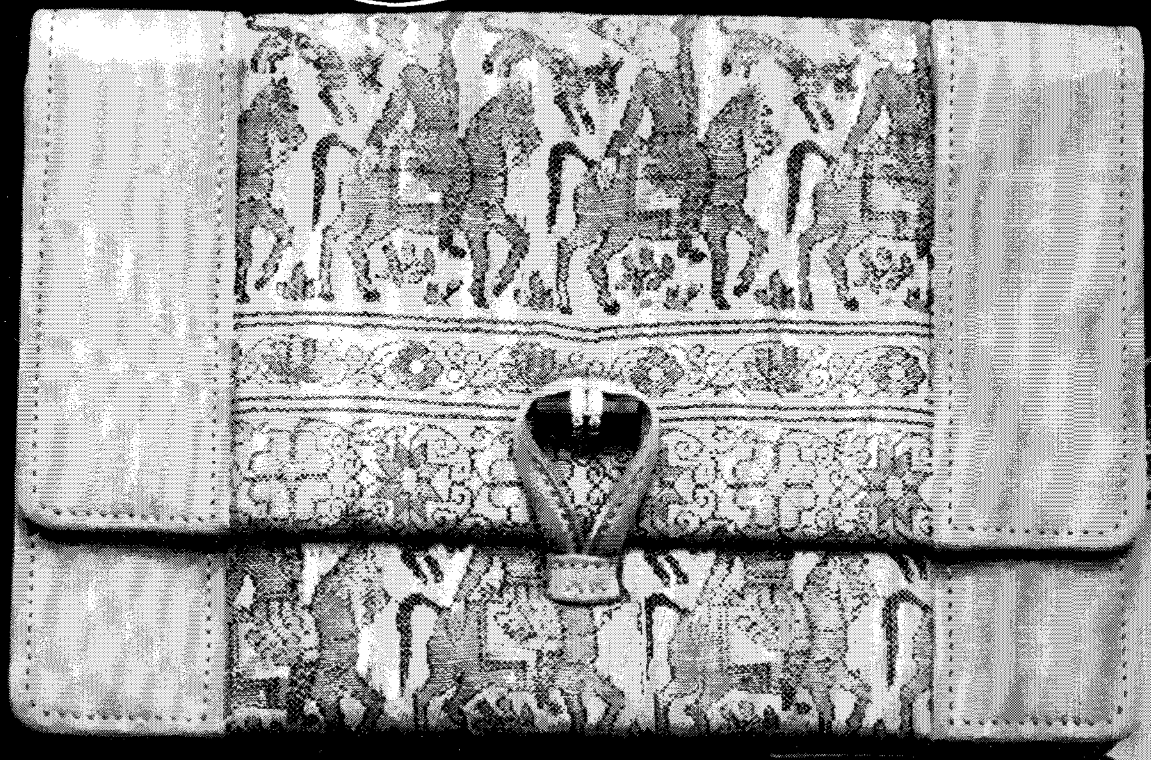

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(1975), directed by Jan Kadar, with Yossi Yadin; and "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.

Dec. 8-9: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Lolita." (†)

Dec. 10-11: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "Odd Man Out" (1946), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason.

Dec. 12: "Hamlet" (†) and "Macbeth." (†)

Dec. 13-14: "The Fox" (†) and "Oscar Wilde." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 6: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "92 in the Shade" (1976), directed by Thomas McGuane, with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.

Dec. 7-9: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan; and "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda.

From Dec. 10: "Mister Roberts" (†) and "The Wrong Man." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Dec. 7: "Distant Thunder" (1973) and "Days and Nights in the Forest" (1969), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Soumitra Chatterji.

Dec. 8-9: "The Adventures of Gerard" (1970), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Claudia Cardinale, Peter McEnery, Jack Hawkins, and Eli Wallach; and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.

Dec. 10-11: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Liebelei" (1932), in German, directed by Max Ophuls, with Wolfgang Liebeneiner and Magda Schneider.

Dec. 12: "Distant Drums" (1951), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Gary Cooper and Mari Aldon; and "Colorado Territory" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Joel McCrea and Virginia Mayo.

Dec. 13-14: "Savage Messiah" (†); and "The Life and Loves of Beethoven" (1937), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Harry Baur.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "Christmas Holiday" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf, and Gladys George.

Dec. 7: "Ben-Hur" (1925), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, Betty Bronson, and May McAvoy; and "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Ernest Torrence, and Joseph Schildkraut.

Dec. 8-9: "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service" (1944), "Jade Mask" (1945), and "The Shanghai Cobra" (1945), all Charlie Chan films, with Sidney Toler as the detective.

Dec. 10: "That's Entertainment" (†) and "That's Entertainment, Part 2." (†)

From Dec. 11: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Gelosia" (1942), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggioli, with Luisa Ferida, Roldano Lupi, and Elena Zareschi; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Fari nella Nebbia" (1942), in Italian, directed by Gainni Franciolini, with Fosco Giachetti, Luisa Ferida, Mariella Lotti, and Antonio Centa; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8:30: "Quattro Passi fra le Nuvole" (1942), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Gino Cervi, Adriana Benetti, and Giuditta Rissone; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Quartieri Alti" (1943), in Italian, directed by Mario Soldati, with Adriana Benetti and Massimo Serato; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "The Great Train Robbery" (1903) and "The Gay Shoe Clerk" (1903). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at noon: "The Chain Gang" (1930) and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons, celebrating his fiftieth birthday. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Quartieri Alti.". . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5: "Il Birichino di Papà" (1943), in Italian, directed by Raffaello Matarazzo, with Chiaretta Gelli, Armando Falconi, and Dina Galli; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at noon: "The Chain Gang" and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Sorelle Materassi" (1943), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggioli, with Emma Gramatica, Irma Gramatica, and Massimo Serato; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: "Cvoye" (1965), in Russian, directed by Mikhail Bogin, no English subtitles; and "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959), in Russian, directed by Grigori Chukhrai, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: "A Bowl of Cherries" (1960), directed by William Kronick; and "Toscanini: Hymn of the Nations" (1945), directed by Alexander Hamid. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Quattro Passi fra le Nuvole.". . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6: A program of films by Leandro Katz. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at noon: "A Bowl of Cherries" and "Toscanini: Hymn of the Nations.". . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "The Great Train Robbery" and "The Gay Shoe Clerk.". . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "Song of the Canary" (1978), directed by Josh Hanig and David Davis. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Il Birichino di Papà.". . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: "Sorelle Materassi.". . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: A lecture by Adriano Aprà on "Neo-Realist Cinema: A Reappraisal;" followed by a screening of "Uomini sul Fondo" (1941), in Italian, directed by Francesco De Robertis, with a cast of non-professional actors, no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 10: "Homeboys" (1978), directed by Bill Yahraus, Christine Burril, and David Davis. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 12: A program of films by Skip Blumberg. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of ten short films shown at the Ann Arbor film festival in 1978. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

The Big Fix—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With F. Murray Abraham, Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (10/23/78) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 13.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet. No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec 6.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Gemini 2, and Criterion; starting Dec. 8.)

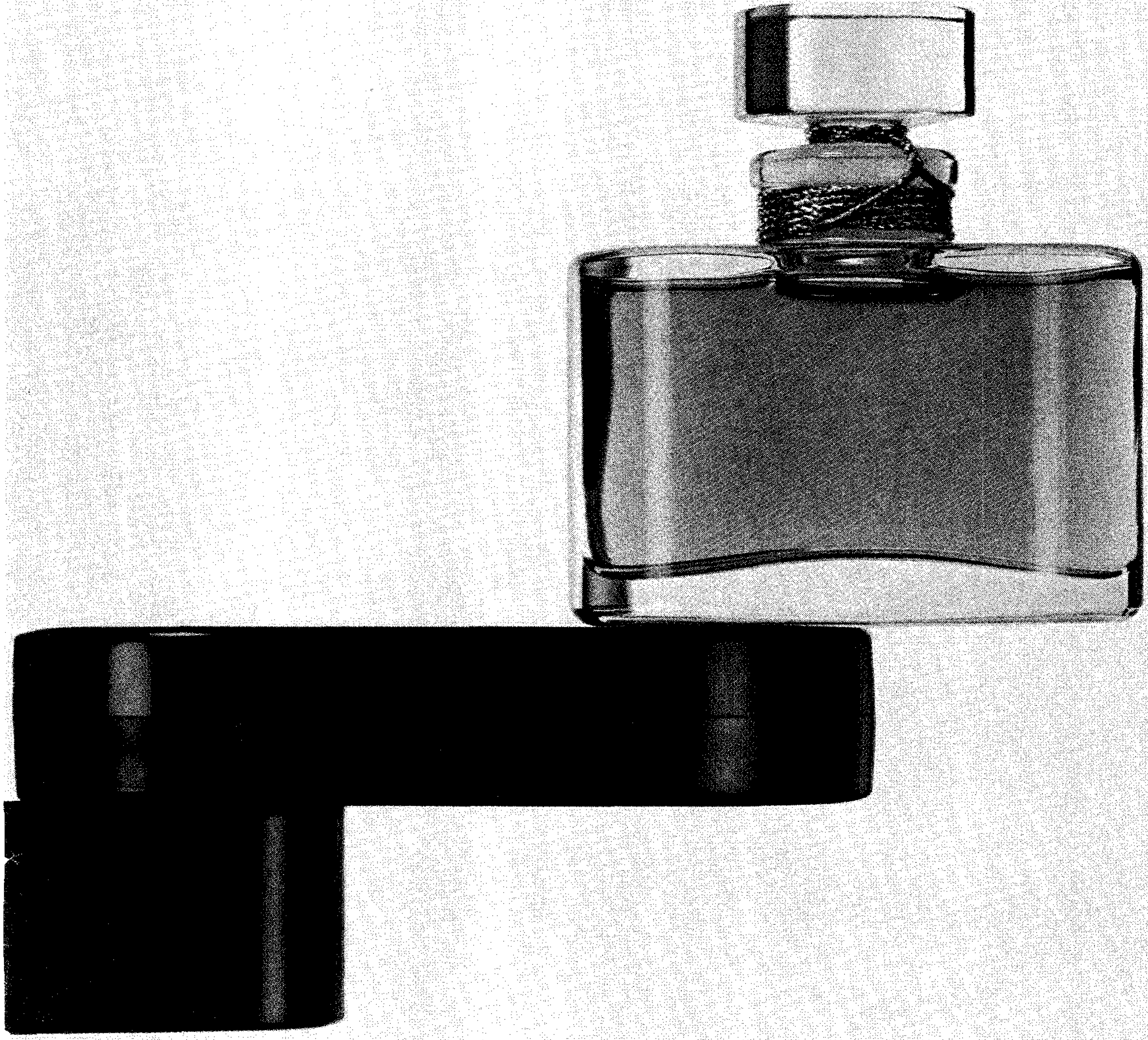
Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (11/13/78) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Criterion; through the afternoon of Dec. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Dec. 13.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. He brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination, the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema 3.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Forum; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 11.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Olympia; through Dec. 12.)

Dossier 51—Directed by Michel Deville. In English and French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 13.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Gemini 2; through Dec. 7.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Precarious filming, at Covent Garden, of "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty," along with a totally triumphant "Le Corsaire," preserving the Fonteyn-Nureyev partnership at its peak. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Johnny Kovak's corruption grows with his power, and he is eventually brought to trial by Rod Steiger, as a senator. There is a charming performance by Elena Karam as Johnny's Lithuanian mother-in-law-to-be. We should be grateful, heaven knows, for any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Olympia; starting Dec. 13.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D.H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Cinema Village; Dec. 13-14.)

Goin' South—With Jack Nicholson and Mary Steenburgen, directed by Nicholson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Victoria.)

Hamlet (1969)—Bearded, and with a nasal twang, Nicol Williamson is a surly Hamlet, deliberately, wretchedly unattractive. Williamson's acting is all pathos and vituperation, snarls and tantrums, and he stares so much that he's in danger of wearing out his eyeballs. The tension is gone, because this Hamlet is not a man who is destroyed by the events we see and by his own divided feelings; he is weak at the outset. The play collapses not only as drama but as poetic drama. Williamson's morose, self-pitying Hamlet lacks heroism, and Hamlet's speeches, as Williamson delivers them, lack beauty. This movie, directed by Tony Richardson, isn't a reinterpretation of "Hamlet" but an exploitation of what's worst in Nicol Williamson as an actor; it isn't tragic or absurdist—it's just cheap Jacobean-Mod, sexed up whenever possible. The movie was shot in the Round House, the old London engine shed converted into a theatre, where Richardson also staged the play, and it is done almost completely in oppressive closeups. There are a few fine moments: Roger Livesey's entrance with the players provides a touch of humanity, and Anthony Hopkins is an appealing though very young Claudius—one rather wishes he were left in peace to rule the country, since Hamlet is obviously unfit. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (Cinema Village; Dec. 8-9.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 10-12.)

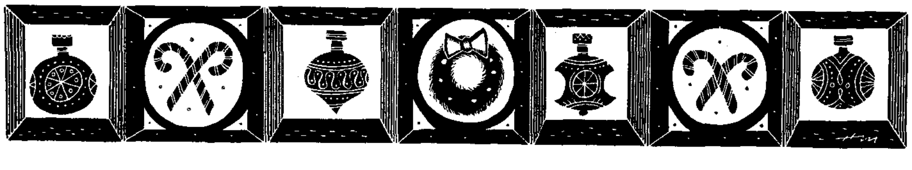
Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12.)

Magic—With Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and National.)

The Man with the Golden Gun (1974)—This is the ninth of the Bond series and is set in the Orient. The production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villainous Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (86th St. East; through Dec. 7.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo. Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8-9.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of



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Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. It rushes from torment to torment, treating Billy's ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison. All of this is packaged as social protest. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—The comic and heroic spirit went out of the famous stage success by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan when the play was transferred to the screen; it's a miserable piece of moviemaking—poorly paced and tearjerking. Henry Fonda recreates his stage role as the Second World War lieutenant who is frustrated by the petty boredom of life on a rear-line Navy cargo ship and wants to get into action; those on board include James Cagney as the tyrannical captain, William Powell as the weary-eyed ship's doctor, and Jack Lemmon, who provides a few enlivening moments, as the laundry officer—the jokester on board. Two directors were involved: John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy. The adaptation is by Frank Nugent and Logan. (Regency; starting Dec. 10.)

Movie Movie—It's better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early thirties movie, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. As the night-school law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin makes an agreeable début, and as the wriggling night-club performer who corrupts him, Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. In the second, Barry Bostwick, who plays the singer-composer hero, has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself; Rebecca York is his saucer-eyed true-blue Ruby Keeler. With Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere, who has a tickling charm in the first but is totally miscast in the second. The film is too tame and too dependent on mismatched metaphors, and the second "feature" sags, but it's generally friendly and enjoyable. (12/4/78) (Sutton.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shop-girl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U. A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

1900 (1977)—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, most other movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969)—A horribly dubbed and peculiarly constructed Italian Western that can be understood best by seeing the second half first. With Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards, directed by Sergio Leone. The 10 P.M. showing each evening will consist of a 16-mm. full-length (168-minute) version of the film; other showings will be the shorter 35-mm. (145-minute) version. (Little Theatre; starting Dec. 12.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—This version, directed by Gregory Ratoff and starring Robert Morley, isn't all it should be, and neither is the version starring Peter Finch, which was made at almost the same time. Still, there are harrowing and touching moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson's performance as an eminent English barrister is worth watching, and Morley's theatricality has a fascination, though Ratoff's directing doesn't set it off well. With John Neville as Lord Alfred Douglas, and Edward Chapman as the Marquess of Queensberry. (Cinema Village; Dec. 13-14.)

Outrageous! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Olympia; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 8-9.)

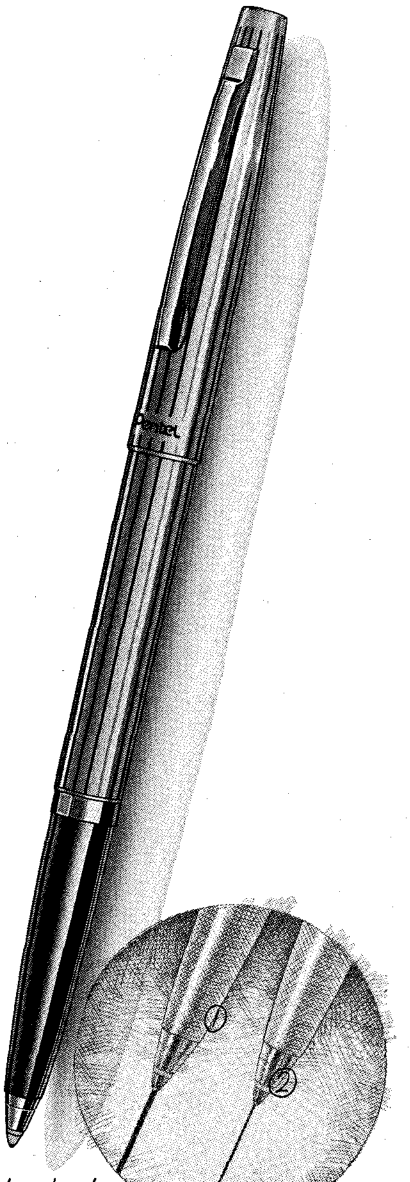
Paradise Alley—Sylvester Stallone wrote, directed, and stars in this story about three Italian brothers in Hell's Kitchen in 1946. The youngest (Lee Canalito) becomes a saloon wrestler, the oldest (Armand Assante) manages him, and the middle brother (Stallone) serves as his trainer. The film is an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, a gentle giant who talks to a pet canary named Bella, and a Damon Runyonesque assortment of crooks and thugs. Not a single one of them seems capable of walking the two or three blocks that would get them out of Hell's Kitchen; instead, they all dream about escape or hatch near-impossible plans. Stallone gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling that you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four. With Frank McRae, as Big Glory, and Terry Funk. (11/20/78) (Loews Ciné, and Rivoli.)

Rancho Deluxe (1975)—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

Rituals—With Hal Holbrook, directed by Peter Carter. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what the writer, Bernard Slade, and the director, Robert Mulligan, have done. If someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book. From Slade's two-character one-set Broadway hit. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Rus-



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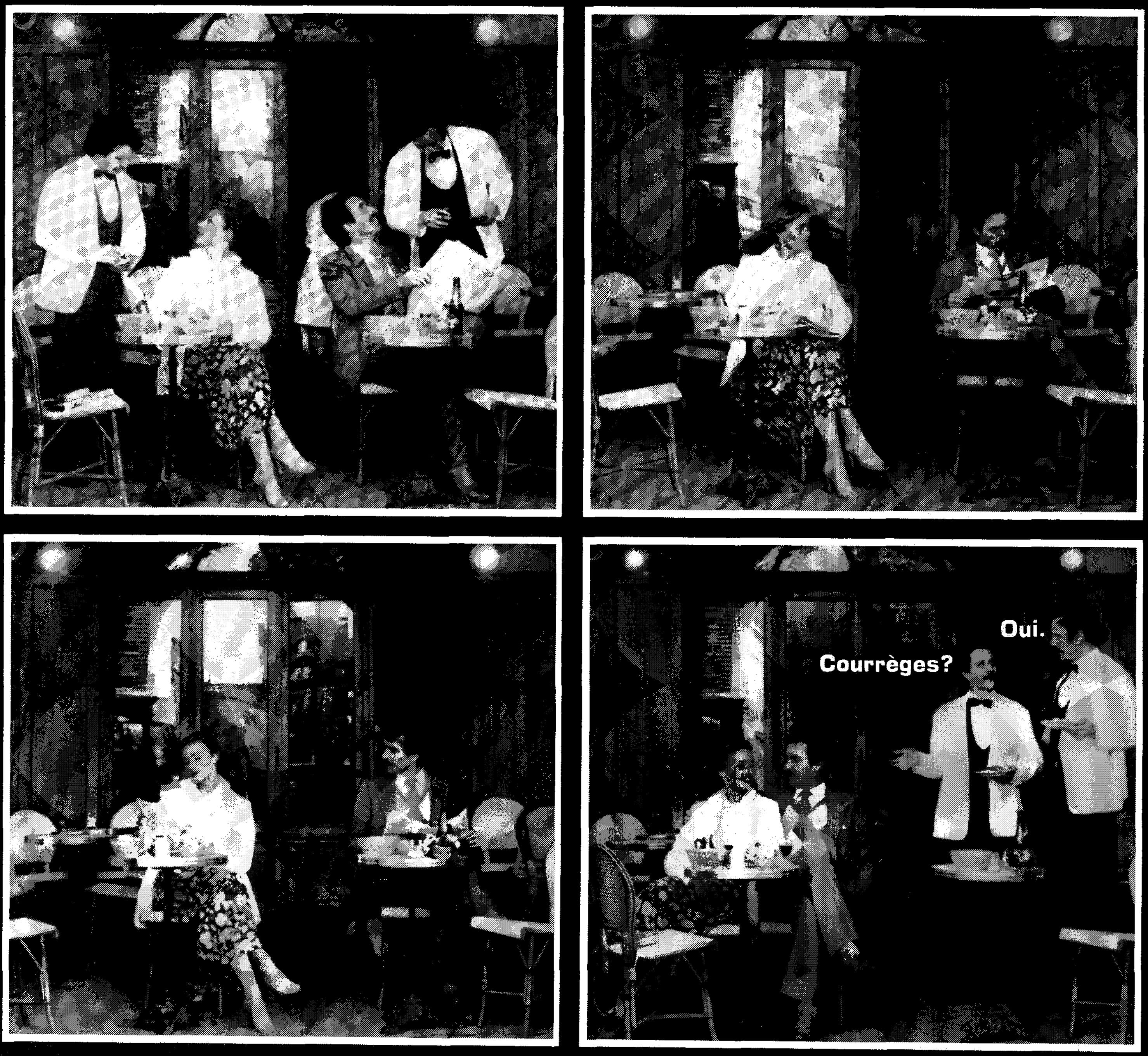

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sell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Thalia; Dec. 13-14.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. This is a feminine fantasy (written by Barra Grant), yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism, and the film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. It never once lands on target, and almost all the actors seem to be impaled by the camera. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky") are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. The ballerina, who has a prissy little-girl voice, talks to her parakeet, whose name is Orville Wright, and when she's loosening her muscles she thrashes around passionately to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet"—she's the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. You don't get scenes like this in every movie. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

The Spy Who Loved Me (1977)—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Gone are the days of the early Bond pictures, with their vivacity and circus hucksterism. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (86th St. East; through Dec. 7.)

That's Entertainment (1974)—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2 (1976)—There are some splendid things here, too, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration (by Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire) is of the A = A sort. A mood of buoyancy presides, and so does the child's dream of being allowed to stay up all night ("Singin' in the Rain"). There are the Marx Brothers in the packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera;" there is Grace Kelly graciously running her finger around the rim of a champagne glass (and, as you would expect, not touching the stuff) in Cole Porter's "You're Sensational," from "High Society." Highly recommended for kids, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

The Turning Point (1977)—A forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scripping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance will probably make the film a huge box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitingly. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 10-12.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (D. W. Griffith, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Eastside Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 13, tentative.)

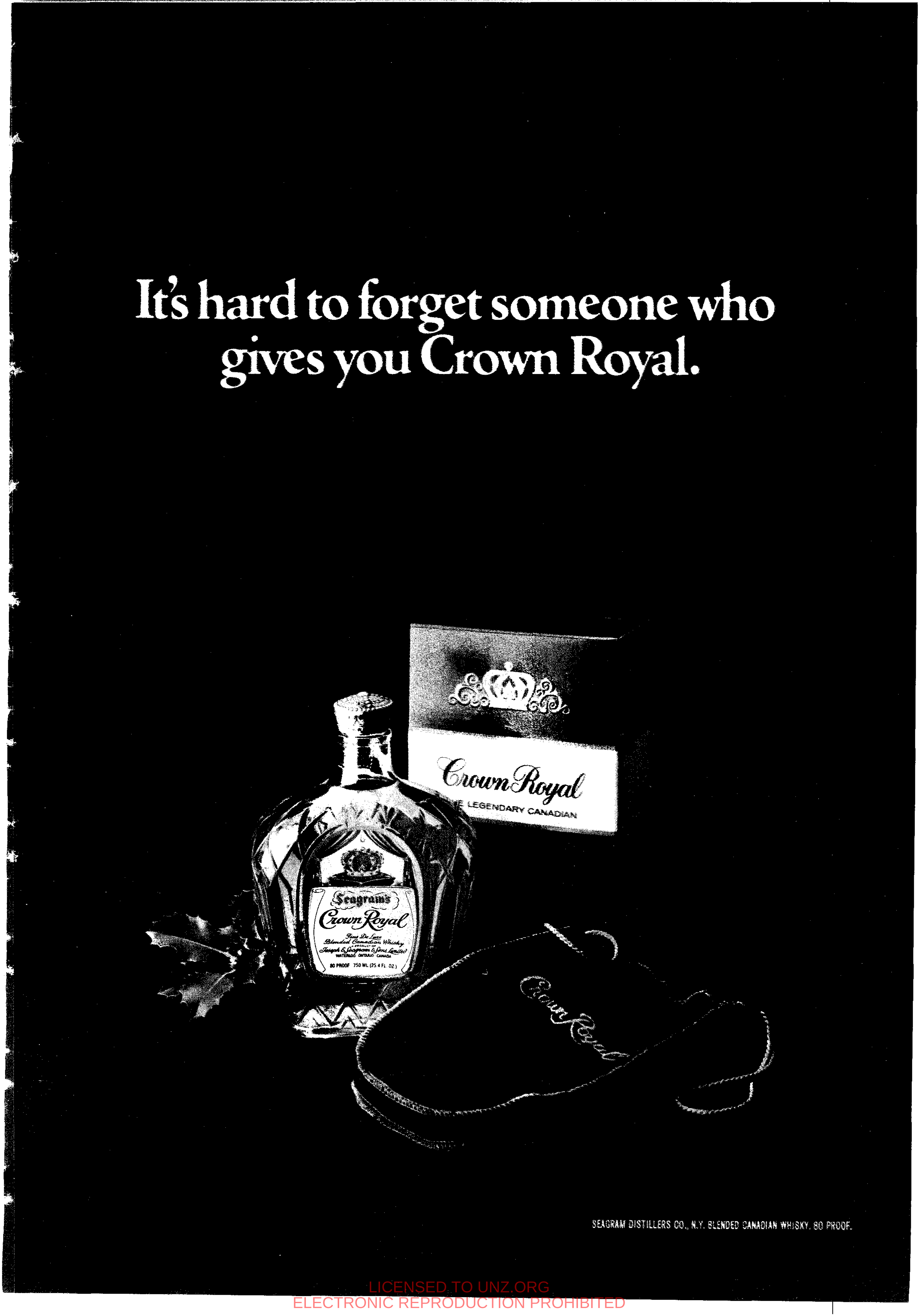
Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?—Robert Morley's legs, his arms, and even his head are appendages of his stomach. In this macabre farce, he plays Max, the editor of a gourmet magazine, and he enters his scenes by pointing his gut and then following it—the legs are a distance behind, holding it up. Max is an imperious child, ruling the world of haute cuisine. At seventy, the incomparable Morley is clearly overjoyed at having this chance to play an enfant terrible. It's a completely controlled debauch: he knows the precise effects of his pendulous scowl, his sagging lower lip and trembling jellyfish chins; he knows that his eyes are so close together that when he knits his bushy brows the wiry hairs commingle and he's a cartoon. In dealing with the debonair slapstick ghoulishness, the director, Ted Kotcheff, doesn't have the reserve intended by the scriptwriter, Peter Stone; the film is pushed and bumpy. But bad as it is, it's spirited, it's fun. With Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Stefano Satta Flores, Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and, as the romantic lead, George Segal, who looks as if he hasn't slept for four years—his smile is like a wince. From the book by Nan and Ivan Lyons. (11/13/78) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 12.)

The Wild Geese—With Richard Burton, Roger Moore, Richard Harris, Hardy Krüger, and Stewart Granger; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Loews State 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Dec. 7.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot, growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Forum; starting Dec. 11.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 8-9.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually serious Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (Regency; starting Dec. 10.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE day after the morning papers returned to the newsstands, a couple of weeks ago, a chilly fog moved in, and this year's long Indian summer was at an end. During the previous several weeks, the strike and the warm weather had conspired to produce a uniquely relaxed and pleasurable atmosphere in our city. Unrecorded by our newspaper of record, these splendid autumn days seemed to have dropped out of history; like soldiers breaking ranks or children let out of school, they had been liberated from the disciplinary gaze of posterity, whose judgmental eye had blinked shut for a moment. The quality of time itself was altered. The hours passed at a more tranquil, measured pace, the way we imagined they must have done in past centuries, when the news travelled at the speed of sailboats and the latest information from other continents was always several months old. Late one warm Sunday afternoon, during a walk in Central Park, we allowed ourself to imagine that *all* the conveyors of instantaneous news had fallen silent. As in our thoughts the news from Iran, Nicaragua, and China receded back over the horizon, the scene before our eyes seemed to grow in vividness, beauty, and importance. Our very senses seemed to sharpen, as though the air had grown purer and clearer and an incessant, unnoticed background noise, as of traffic or air-conditioning, had suddenly ceased. Such imaginings were pleasant, but we were still glad when the printed news from foreign parts began to flow again.

The return of another kind of news was less welcome. In recent years, newspaper journalism has overflowed the traditional boundaries of "the news"—events of general interest occurring in the public realm—and seeped into every corner of life. Increasingly, the newspapers concern themselves not with the world "out there" but with the reader himself—his habitat, his bank account, his body, his psyche, his soul. Psychiatrist-like, they invite him to take a deeper interest in his own existence. Life's daily round—its dinner menus, private quarrels, and household furniture—has become the subject matter of "stories," complete with banner headlines, and the result is that, as the newspapers have absorbed the atmosphere of private life, private life has been invaded by the nervous rhythms and breathless atmosphere of journalism. When the strike came, public events grew dim but daily life took on a lost freshness. The ordinary events of one's day shed a certain pawed-over, secondhand quality and gained the newness and unexpectedness of found objects. The unrated meal at the restaurant was tastier, the evening at the unevaluated discothèque was more lively, the unrecommended emotion was more vivid, and the unannounced Indian-summer day was more radiant than any of them would have been with the new experts and judges looking over one's shoulder. Now they've returned, and we're all back in a world that contains more prose (six or seven pounds of it on Sunday) but less poetry than did our newspaperless holiday.

• •

Play

ONE of the joys of the current dance season is the New York City Ballet's revival of "Interplay," a bundle of choreographic high jinks that Jerome Robbins set to a jazzy score by Morton Gould way back in 1945. Although the ballet lasts only about twenty minutes, it is one of the trickiest works in the repertory to perform well, since it requires not only formidable technique and enormous energy but a kind of wisecracking youthful insouciance that is not always visible in dedicated classical dancers. The theme of the ballet—the interplay between the severe, abstract patterns of classical dance and the loose, slangy jazz accents of the forties—is expressed in four sections: Free Play, a joyous meeting between four girls and four boys; Horseplay, a flirtatious interlude; Byplay, a sinuous getting-to-know-you pas de deux; and Team Play, a boisterous athletic competition. The present revival uses twenty very young dancers (three slightly overlapping casts of eight dancers apiece, many of them just out of ballet school), who bound through the choreography as if they were equipped with permanent springs, and who have been absorbing the hip-swinging, jive-oriented spirit of the period from Robbins himself. We dropped in at one of the early rehearsals at the New York State Theatre and found Mr. Robbins—a trim, graceful man who has an oval face, deep-set brown eyes, a very high forehead, and a neat white beard—standing at the front of a bare stage coaching his dancers in some of the more difficult steps in the ballet. As a rehearsal pianist began to play a cheerful syncopated tune, eight dancers muffled in layers of shirts, sweaters, baggy pants, and leg warmers fell into a neat diagonal line, pirouetted one by one in place ("Watch your port de bras in the turns," said Mr. Robbins. "Be very clean about it"), and then divided into two groups that moved around the stage clockwise and counterclockwise in a do-si-do. Moments later, the dancers separated into couples; the boys tossed the girls across their backs and then somersaulted forward to finish the first movement sitting on the floor, with their partners standing behind them. Mr.

Robbins, uneasy about the lift, seized a birdlike ballerina and threw her across his back in a single fluid movement to demonstrate how the boys should enable the girls to make a smooth landing. ("Finish neatly in tendu fourth position," he told the girl. "Step in a little here to make it cleaner.")

As the dancers began to discard their warmup gear, Mr. Robbins moved on to the Byplay pas de deux ("If you let Sandra go a little more forward when she's sliding down your body to the floor and swivel your feet to the right, you'll get a better line," he said to the boy performing it), and then turned to the team competition that ends the ballet. "When you come out of the cartwheel, you should be hand to hand with the person opposite you," he told the breathless dancers. "Let's try it." The dancers shook hands with each other in the center of the stage and then cartwheeled outward into parallel lines, which formed the frame for a dazzling series of individual solos. Mr. Robbins, who was watching them carefully, stopped one young man after he landed off balance from a spectacular double tour en l'air. "Cool it," he said quietly. "It looks too desperate. The best performers always try to save a little something. If you relax, you'll be more centered." Mr. Robbins leaned forward with his arms bent and his feet in fifth position, demonstrating how the dancer had misplaced his weight as he landed. Then he stood back to watch the young man repeat the step correctly.

When the rehearsal ended, we asked Mr. Robbins how he had happened to create "Interplay."

"Billy Rose asked me to do a ballet for a revue he was planning called 'Concert Varieties,' " he told us. "So I put together a company of eight dancers, including Janet Reed, John Kriza, and Michael Kidd, and provided what was in those days called long-haired dancing. The other members of the show's cast included Katherine Dunham, Rosario and Antonio, the Salici puppets, Imogene Coca, and Zero Mostel, but it was not a success. We opened during one of the hottest Junes on record, and, since we were playing at the Ziegfeld Theatre, which was not air-conditioned, we lasted only four weeks. In the fall, I took 'Interplay' to Ballet Theatre, and somewhat later it came into the New York City Ballet repertory for a number of years."

"What role did you dance in the original production?" we asked.

"Oh, my goodness," said Mr. Robbins. "I was dancing up a storm in those days, and I gave myself a lot of work. I led the first movement, I danced the gavotte in the second movement, and I led one of the two sides in the last movement. Now I've divided up my role, and given it to three different dancers."

"Have you changed the choreography for this revival?" we asked.

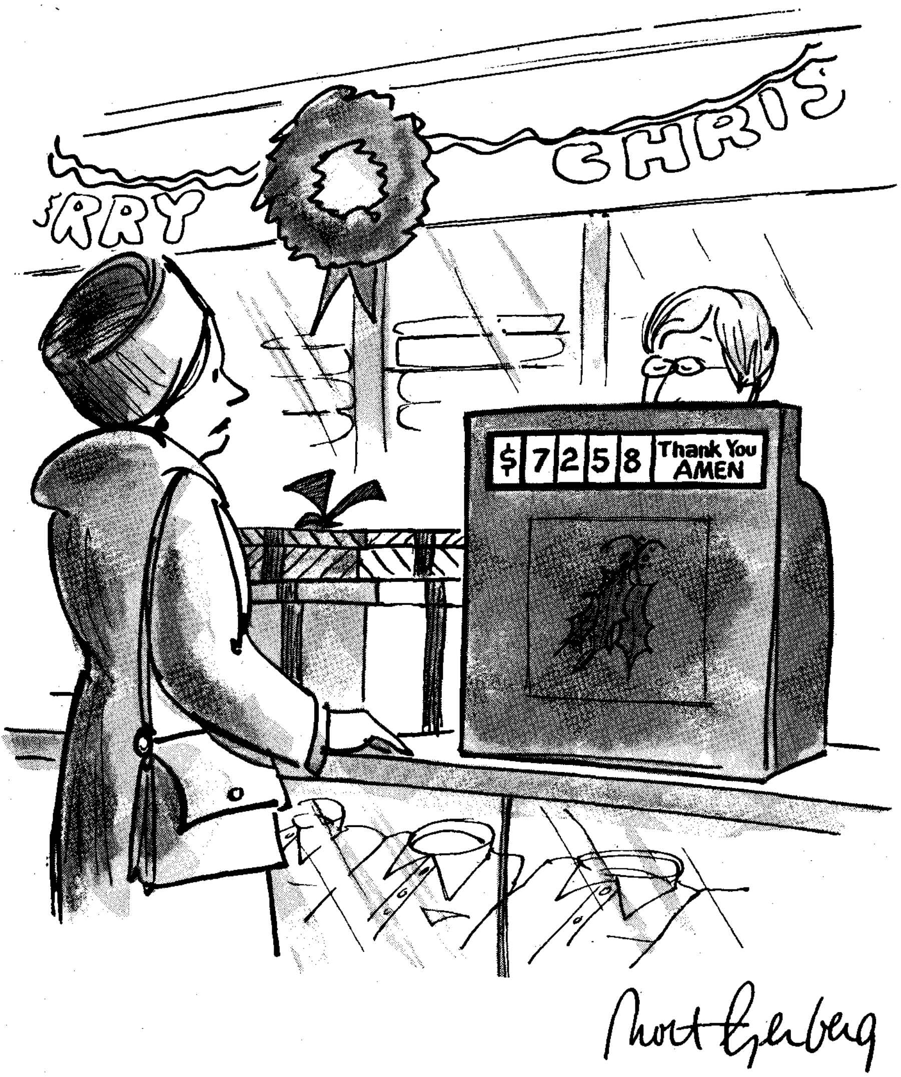
"Not much," Mr. Robbins replied. "Essentially, it's the way it was. I've just put in a few new steps to suit the talents of specific dancers. For example, I saw Timothy Fox fiddling around with an upward-spiralling pirouette that I liked, so I said 'Let's work on it and put it in your solo.' Everyone seems to consider 'Interplay' a jazzy work, but it's really a very classical ballet, with just an occasional accent—a snap of the fingers, a twist of the hip—that makes a comment on the basic choreography. The construction is deliberately architectural in the sense that all four movements are built along classical lines, so if it's danced properly it will usually work. I think it comes off best with *very* young dancers. I did this when I was twenty-five, and the choreography is almost relentless in terms of the energy that has to be poured into it. The hardest thing about 'Interplay' is that, along with the difficulty of the steps, it demands absolute precision of movement. Everybody has to be in the right place on count—and, though there are eight dancers onstage most of the time, it's very seldom that all eight of them are doing the same thing."

"Are there other ballets you'd like to revive?" we asked.

"I can never look at my ballets objectively until about a year after I've choreographed them, and then from a distance of decades one tends to forget a great deal of what they were like," Mr. Robbins said. "But one ballet I'd like to see again is 'Ballade,' to music by Debussy. And 'The Age of Anxiety,' my first big group work, is one I'd be interested in seeing for my own sake. I'd be curious to see what I made then. I don't know whether or not it would look overwrought today, but when I listen to the music I think of certain variations that I'd like to see again."

"What are you working on now?" we asked.

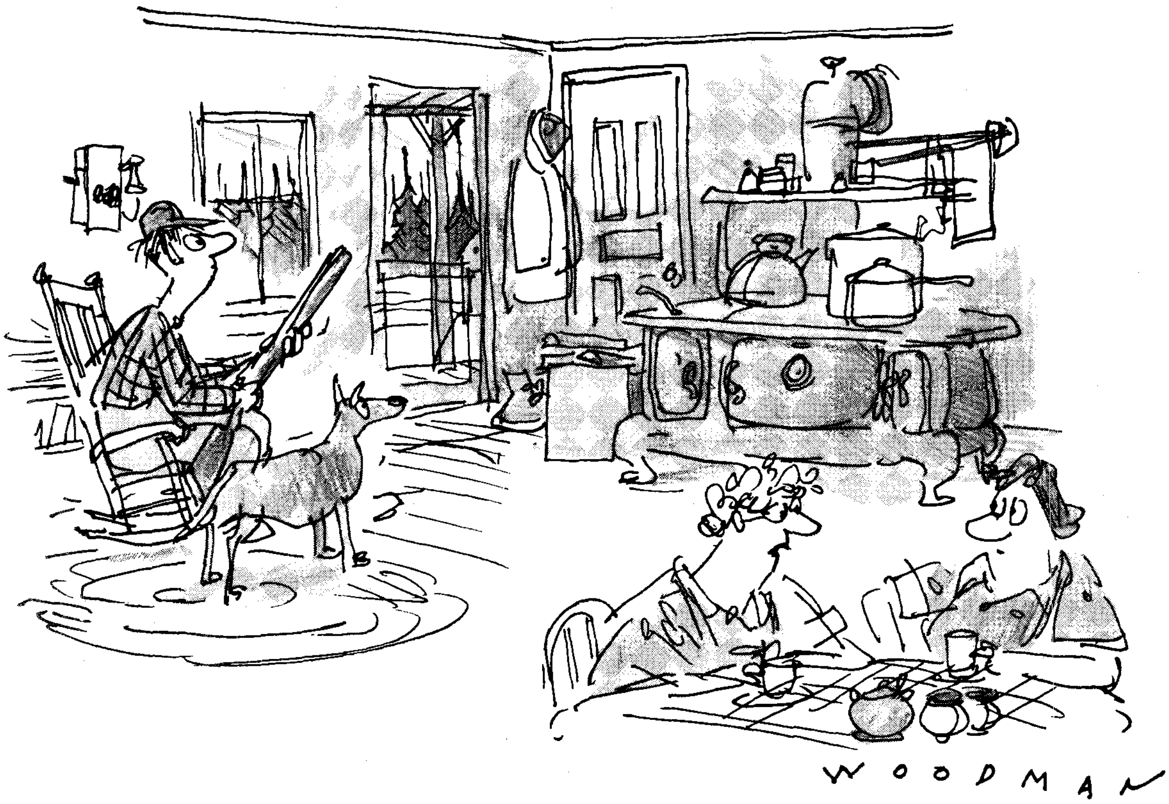
"A new ballet about the four seasons, using that wonderful music Ver-



di wrote for 'Vespri Siciliani,'" Mr. Robbins replied. "We're rehearsing now, and I expect to present it in January."

"Have you considered staging a complete opera?" we inquired.

"I get requests all the time to do operas and other things, but I like working here," replied Mr. Robbins, with a smile. "I did stage one opera—Aaron Copland's 'Tender Land'—years ago, and I *almost* staged a 'Salome' recently for Covent Garden, but I found that there wasn't enough rehearsal time. I know how much energy it takes to create either a new ballet or a new opera production, and I've noticed that no opera production, however great, seems to last very long. So I'd rather invest my time in a ballet, which will stay in the repertory until the public tells me to take it out. After all, here's 'Interplay'—thirty-three years old and in good shape. And Ballet Theatre is *still* doing 'Fancy Free,' which is even older. Can you think of any opera productions that can match that track record?"



"Moose alert."

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L'Art Voltaique

IT is probably high time that this magazine took cognizance of Upper Volta. Our chance came the other afternoon when the African-American Institute unveiled a handsome show of traditional Voltaic sculpture—the most extensive such exhibit ever put on in this distant country. It consists of a hundred and fifteen masks, staffs, dolls, doors, flutes, and heddle pulleys, fashioned by such varied ethnic groups of Upper Volta as the Gurunsi, the Mossi, the Samo, the Bobo, the Toussian-Syemou, and the Bwa. Ninety-two of the objects on display are from the private collection of Thomas G. B. Wheelock, a blond young New Yorker, who was, proprietarily, among the guests at the opening. Mr. Wheelock, a lapsed paleontologist, told us that his interest in Upper Volta stemmed from his arriving, in 1972, at its fetchingly named capital, Ouagadougou, after a Land-Rover safari across the Sahara from Algiers. He found the swimming pool at the American Embassy understandably seductive, and stayed in Ouagadougou for two years. He has been going back to Upper Volta three or four times annually ever since, buying art. "It's a tricky market, with, alas, a lot of pieces that may not actually have been made in the areas they purport to be from," he said. "But Voltaic art is truly fantastic—somewhat related to that of northern Mali, yet on the whole strikingly distinctive. There are very few fine examples in the United States today outside this building. There are more in France, where the prices, as it happens, are just as reasonable now as they are in Upper Volta itself."

We asked Mr. Wheelock to point out an Upper Voltan to us, and presently we found ourself in colloquy, in French, with His Excellency Georges Aïssé Mensah, Permanent Representative of Upper Volta at the United Nations. (He is, it seems, more comfortable in French than English, for, like many other educated natives of what used to be French West Africa, he studied at both the University of Dakar and the Sorbonne.) "As you know," Ambassador Mensah began, "we had a long drought in the early seventies. But that is more or less over—we now have our normal rainy seasons. We have been setting up common regional programs with our neighbors in the Sahel to try to prevent a recurrence of drought by means of dams, reforestation, and so forth. Even in relatively good times, though, Upper Volta is a very poor country. Still, it is one of the few countries in Africa today where democracy is fully practiced. We are very happy about that. Right now, we have three political parties, and we held our first Presidential election under our new constitution last spring. General Lamizana, who had been in charge of our military government since 1966, allowed himself to be presented as a candidate, and he was elected. But democracy without economic achievement, of course, means nothing. There is no human right more important than the satisfaction of economic needs."

Ambassador Mensah said that there are nearly nine million Upper Voltans all told, six and a half million of them in the country itself. Two million are equally divided residentially between its coastal neighbors Ghana and the Ivory Coast, and two or three hundred thousand live in Mali. "We provide much of the agricultural manpower for the Ivory Coast and Ghana," His Excellency said, "and, fortunately, we enjoy very good relations with both. For a while, as you know, we had some disagreements with Mali over our common border—when the French left, they didn't demarcate the boundary lines clearly enough—but we never got as far as fighting. We agreed not long ago with Mali to settle the matter amicably, and our peoples can now go freely back and forth, without visas. Aside from livestock and cotton, our country doesn't export much—for home consumption, we raise mostly millet, sorghum, and rice—but, like most of the Third World, we are looking forward to developing in coöperation with the industrial nations of the globe."

We asked Ambassador Mensah how Ouagadougou got its romantic name.

"The legend is that it dates back to the year 1010, when there were battles between Moslems from the north and our indigenous tribes," he said. "After the fighting stopped, the city was created as a haven of reconciliation, and in Moré the name Ouagadougou means, roughly, 'a place where we come together to respect one another.' If you are thinking of a visit to our capital, incidentally, this would be an excellent time of year to come. Our weather is cool and dry at the moment. You could fly in from either Dakar or Paris."

Old and New

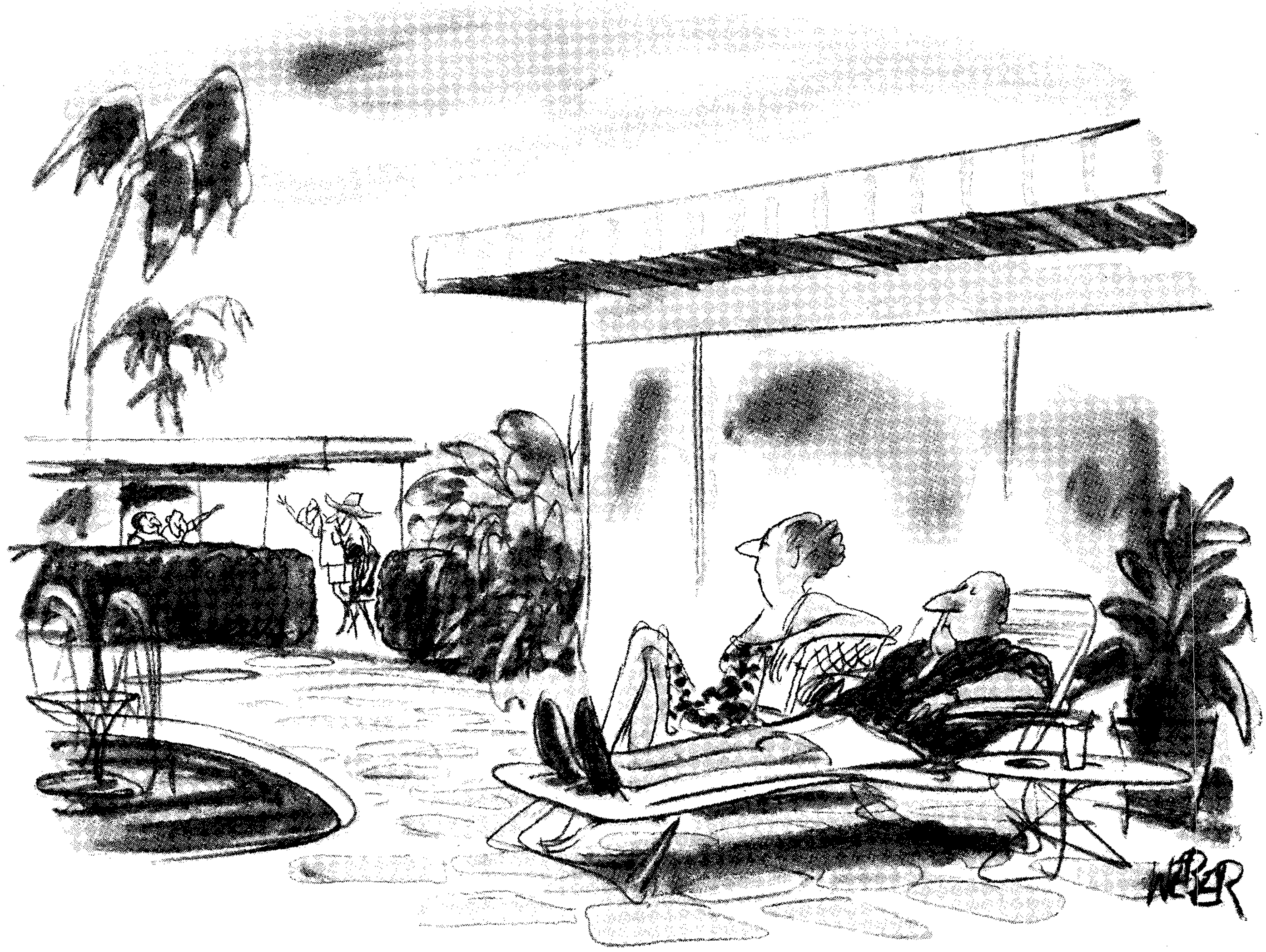
WE have heard from a friend who recently spent the better part of a Saturday walking around Boston:

Home of the cod. The Battle of Bunker Hill. ("Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes.") I. M. Pei & Partners' sixty-story glass rhomboid John Hancock Tower, reflecting fluid, racing shadows of H. H. Richardson's Romanesque Trinity Church below. The Old Union Oyster House. The restored Faneuil Hall Marketplace. Old and new juxtaposed in harmony. The air like wine, with a whiff of the briny. I stepped into the solemn and dignified quietude of the Boston Athenaeum, at 10½ Beacon Street, with its rear bow windows overlooking the Old Granary Burial Ground, next to the Park Street Church. Old John Hancock himself is down there (no more outsize, confident penned flourishes for him), and Old Paul Revere (no more lanterns in the steeple of the Old North Church), and so are Samuel Adams, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, and a host of other worthies. The Athenaeum catalogue is as eccentric as Boston itself, with a listing for Funeral Sermons (third floor) and with a dollar sign next to the titles of locked-up rare books. I found entries for Useful Arts (Agriculture, Cookery, Forestry, Gardening) and for Constructive Arts (Engineering, Building). Old prints of Beacon Hill in the elevator. Pillared rooms with high ceilings in which quiet scholars were sitting, and the sense of a city with perspective and with manageable proportions. Out onto Beacon Street for a brisk stroll around Beacon Hill, past such streets as Pinckney, Chestnut, Mt. Vernon, Revere, and Phillips. Houses of stature, some by Charles Bulfinch, and, far below, at the foot of the hill, sailboats on the Charles. The spirit of the place had gripped me now, and I headed for the North End, down near the great new Aztec City Hall. A monumental building, with wide-open spaces for sitting, for moving, for going about one's business, with broad, terraced concrete public steps, somehow giving one a sense of both past and future. What an arena, I thought, for an outdoor production of "Julius Caesar"—swirling mobs, stony-faced orators, high causes eloquently expressed. There is a Gordon Craig quality to the huge City Hall Plaza which reduces man in relative physical size but, thanks to an alchemy of design and attitude, also makes the individual a few feet taller than he is. I positively enjoyed walking up and down and around the outside steps—there are steps everywhere—and had a fleeting sense of public purpose. I'm sorry to say that I don't ever get that feeling in New York; it would never occur to me.

"Follow the red brick line in the sidewalk," a man said to me, "and it will lead you to the North End." I obeyed instructions—past the Haymarket, with open-air fruit-and-vegetable stalls on and off the sidewalk ("Two fine melons for a dollar! Two fine melons for a dollar!"), under the unsightly John F. Fitzgerald overhead expressway, and into the North End. Italian names on the store windows, old low red brick buildings, and old men sitting in front of stores with strawberry-shaped candies in the windows. A *neighborhood*, with a neighborhood sense, and none of the heavy presence of the Beacon Hill houses. I found myself in front of the Paul Revere House, a much reconstructed seventeenth-century wooden structure, open to the public for a small fee.

Pressure of history. In I went. Good man, Paul Revere. Widely celebrated silversmith. He took many rides before and after the famous ride to Lexington the night of April 18, 1775. He rode down to Philadelphia a good deal. He made the ship's bell for Old Ironsides, had an enormous family, drew political cartoons, had adventures as a dentist, and made copper sheeting for the boilers of one of Robert Fulton's steamboats. Sightseers were moving along the streets now, and I followed to the Old North Church ("One if by land, and two if by sea") and stepped into Pew No. 25, a white pew with chest-high wooden sides to prevent drafts and Colonial sniffles. Very pleased to learn, from a brass plaque in the pew, that Theodore Roosevelt had sat here on December 29, 1912; presumably, he had not caught cold. A church official was standing in the wineglass pulpit and talking about Paul Revere and the lanterns. Hard to keep the lanterns apart. There are original lanterns, and original *original* lanterns, and original copies of original lanterns, some of them inside the church (officially known as Christ Church) and one of them out back, behind the church. There are original copies that were viewed by President Ford during the Bicentennial, and by Queen Elizabeth II, possibly with mixed feelings. The man in the pulpit was still talking. Longfellow, he said, had a lot to do with the brisk trade in original lanterns, having brought up the matter ("One if by land, and two if by sea") in his poem about the midnight ride, written a century after the event.

Time for the marketplaces. Over to Faneuil Hall Marketplace, its buildings reconstructed in recent years to something of their ancient glory, where I was pushed by great crowds, all eating. Never have I seen so many people eating so many different things at one time. And where was all this exalted gluttony taking place? I was in front of Faneuil Hall ("The Cradle of Liberty"), looking toward the harbor and, nearer at hand, the domed Quincy Market, designed in 1825 by Alexander Parris to satisfy the expanding appetites of a growing city. Faneuil Hall itself was built in 1742, in Dock Square, by a Huguenot merchant, Peter Faneuil, who put a meeting place on top of his market, and Charles Bulfinch enlarged the building in 1805 to its present form. Facing me, too, were North Market Street and South Market Street, each dominated by a long, handsome granite warehouse of great distinction, now filled with shops and buyers and eaters. Quincy Market, all by itself (and between the two streets), is five hundred and fifty-five feet long, and fifty feet wide. The reconstructed North Market reopened just a few months ago, and Bostonians flock to it. All these buildings have been stocked



"*Sometimes I wish we were still living at the Sherry-Netherland. After all, that's where our roots are.*"

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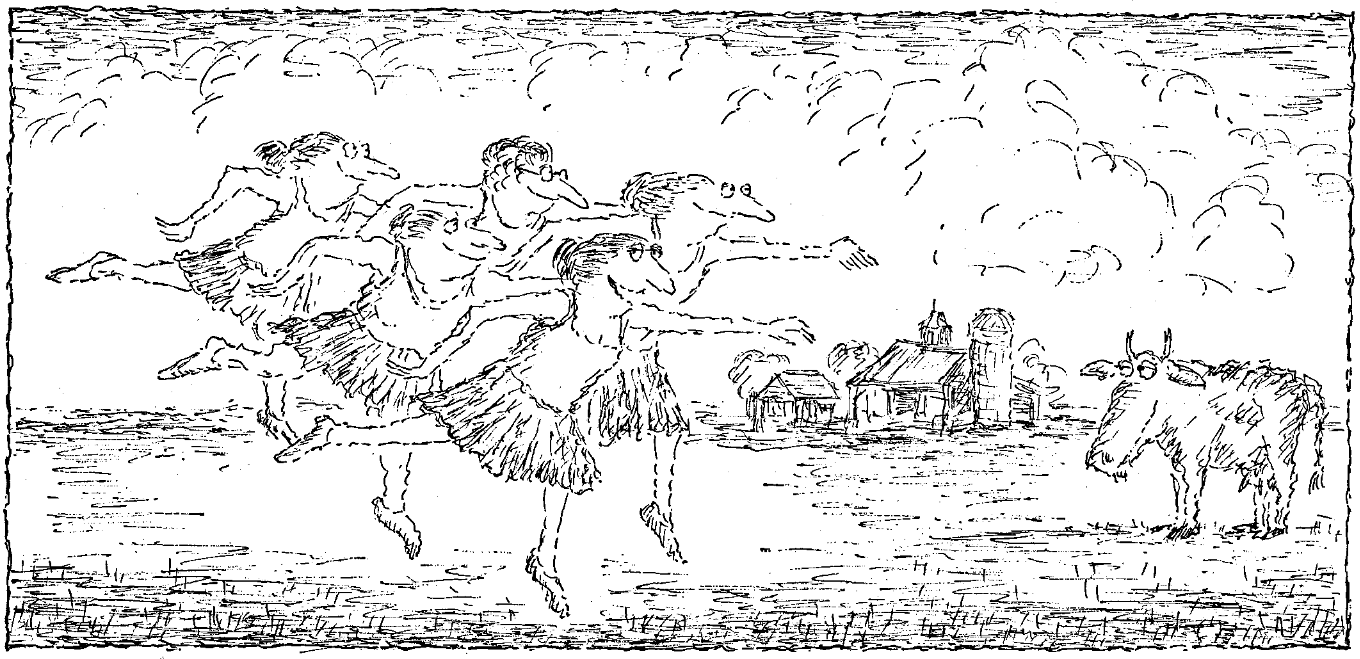
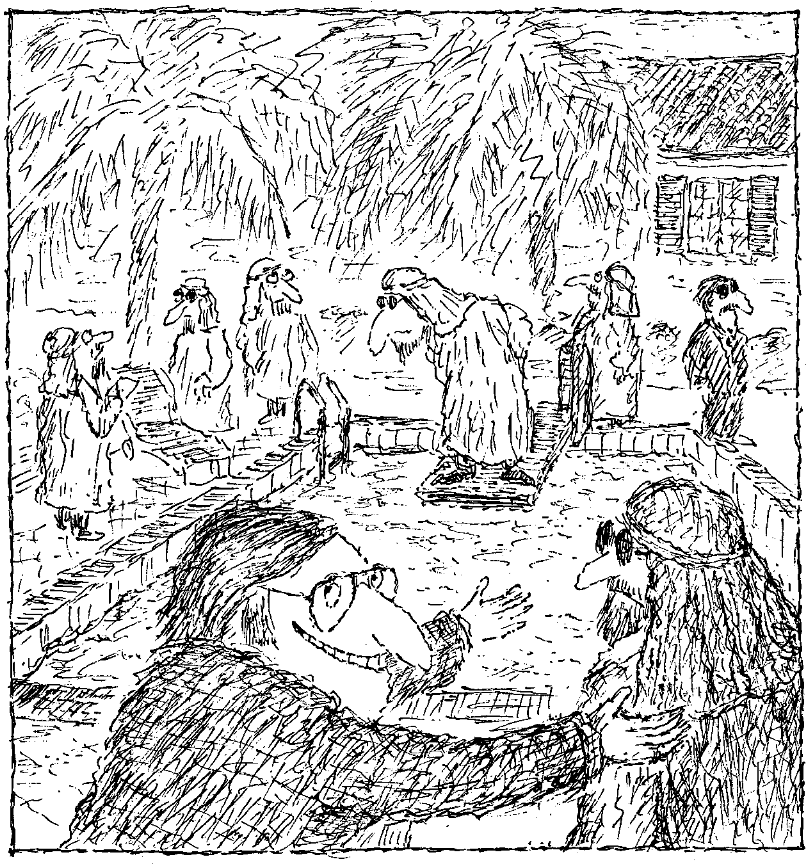
with myriad delicacies. Compared to the swirling, munching, chattering, pushing crowds in and around here, Filene's Basement has something of the air of the Old Granary Burial Ground. It was a holiday for me, and, although I didn't indulge in everything I saw, I had my choice in the marketplaces of luggage, books, cheese kabobs, crêpes, plants, fruit cups, popovers, a *Schrecklichkeit* of wursts (bockwurst, bratwurst, leberwurst), head cheese, Canadian bacon, subgum chow mein, Greek submarines, salade niçoise (tuna filets, feta cheese, Greek olives, and capers). In and around the Faneuil Hall Marketplace, the fruits of liberty have become full stomachs, being filled and filled again from the hundreds of bustling stalls. Great crowds were sweeping across the cobblestones, gorging themselves from dripping paper plates ("One if by land, and two if by sea"). Some oases have resisted the all but inexorable encroachment of munch munch munch. Upstairs in Quincy Market, there is a lovely, egg-shaped ceiling dome of robin's-egg blue, with gold rosettes against a cream-colored background. It is true that some Bostonians call this the Egg Hall, and that it pays tribute to the butter-and-egg and other merchants who sold their products in the hall in earlier times. Hanging from the ceiling, wooden signs, plainly and sturdily printed, present a silent roster: Eaton & Eustis Co.; Lett, Varney & Co., Cheese, Eggs and Poultry; Edward A. Burke, Stoves & Tin Ware; Guy L. Harvey's Hardware Store. Back outside, more pushing crowds, more dripping salade niçoise. Crowds standing eating; sitting on the ground eating; sitting on benches eating. A happy crowd, and a young one, blue-jeaned and shoulder-bagged. In a shopwindow on South Market Street (part of one of the imposing granite buildings), a young black woman (very chic, very slim) was taking small, slow, deliberate steps back and forth within a circumference of about two feet. She was wearing a white dress, and she made dainty, mincing movements—toes out, toes in, toes parallel. She was modelling the dress. There was a strange and solemn look on her face, and I had the impression that the job meant a great deal to her. It was quite a show. She disappeared for a moment and came back with a fur stole over her shoulders. A large crowd had gathered—she was quite handsome—and a group of small boys standing in the front of it grinned at her out of pure joy. She made a noble effort to play the serious model and control the muscles of her face, but she lost the battle and suddenly broke into a huge, satisfying smile. There had been a meeting of the minds behind the glass and in front of the glass down near the harbor in this old port city. This is a carnival, the crowd seemed to be saying, and why not enjoy ourselves? A young man with spectacles brushed past me. He was biting into a wurst. "Instead of a dying inner city," I heard him say. "Instead of a dying inner city . . ."

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

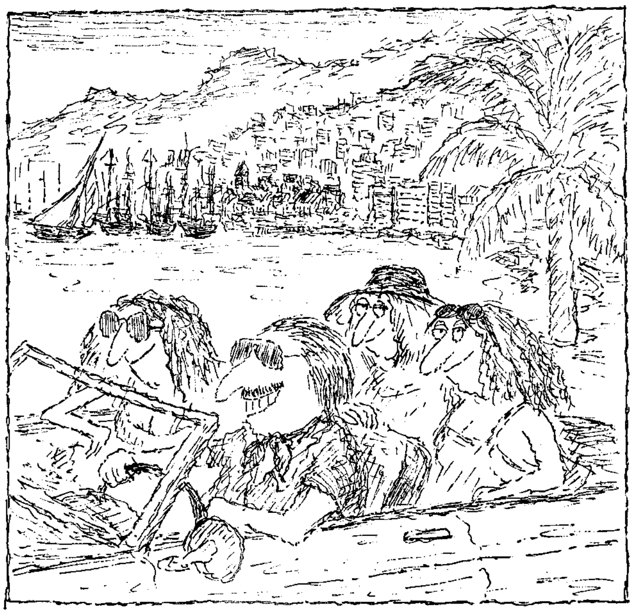
THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: IS THERE A DANGER IN SO MANY FOREIGN INVESTORS' BUYING UP BUSINESSES AND PROPERTY IN AMERICA?



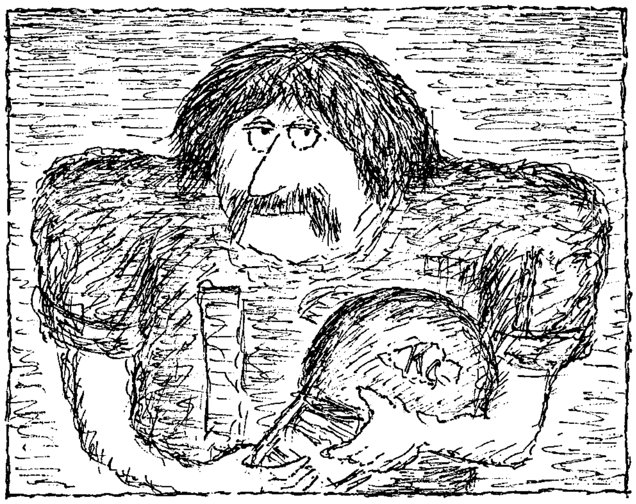
Mary Lu Barton, Director, Municipal Ballet of Dry River, Dry River, Nebraska: The funny thing is, we became a ballet in the first place just because we heard it was easy for culture-type things out here to get one of those arts grants Mrs. Mondale wants spread around the country. We were a girls' bowling team before that. Now this Mr. Al-ha-mani from Kuwait wants to give us a three-million-dollar endowment, and all we have to do is include this one Arab ballet each season—"Ode to Petroleum Price Increases." He does seem real cultured.



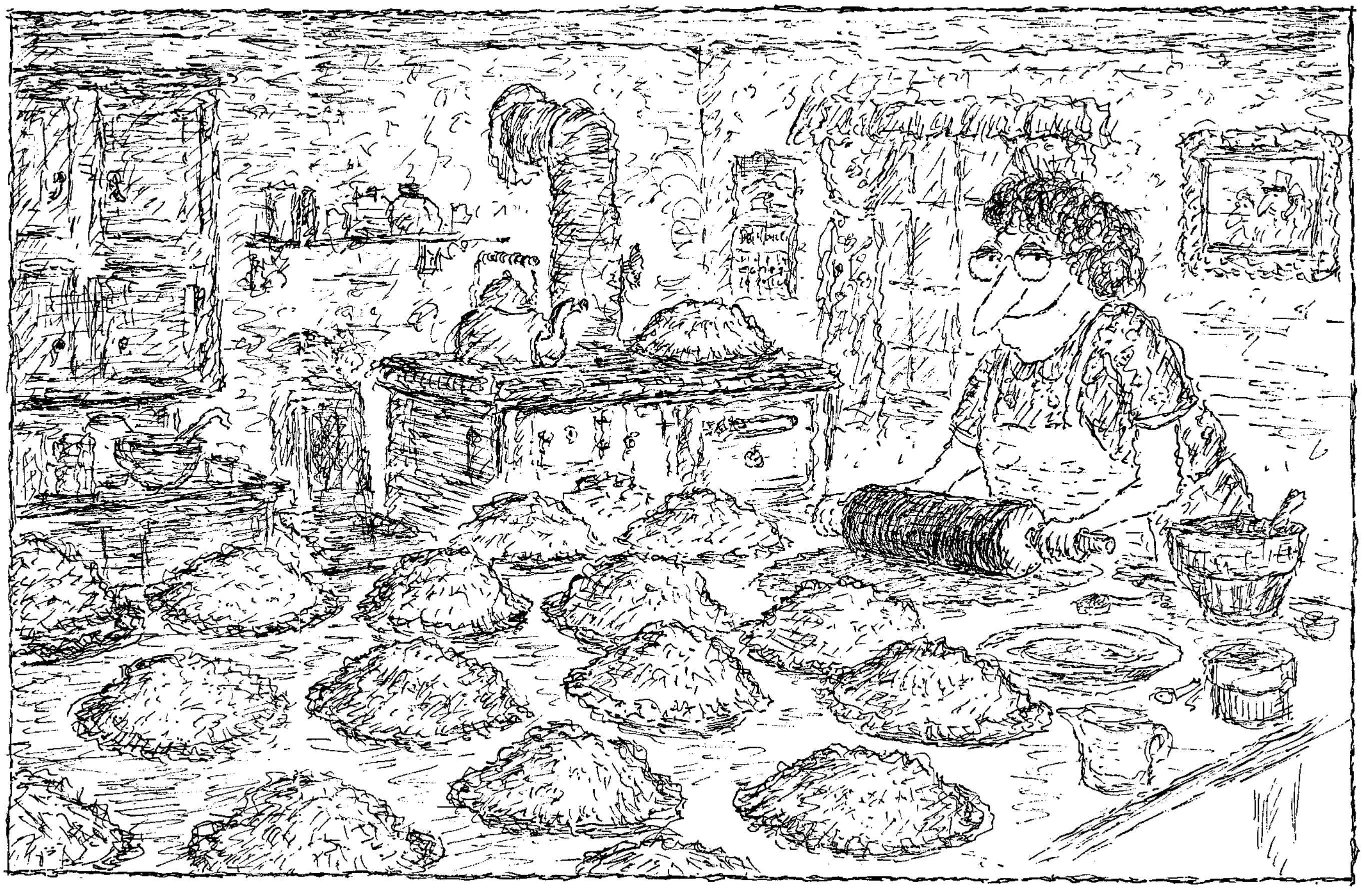
Harry B. Ferguson, Realtor, Beverly Hills, California: Listen, my friend, I've just sold an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar modified Danish Baroque on Crenshaw to an Italian industrialist who's afraid of getting kneecapped over there. Last week, we unloaded the old Wallace Beery mansion on a cousin of the Shah who wanted to get his money out in case of revolution, and we're getting nibbles on a four-hundred-thousand-dollar restored pool house in Bel Air from a Hong Kong banker who's worried about invasion from Red China. If we could figure out some way to put a scare into the Japanese, I'd be a happy man.



Leonidas (Caca) Huete, Playboy and Backgammon Champion, Caracas, Acapulco, Cap d'Antibes, Rome: Don't look at me. I only buy diamonds.



Leroy (Bubba) Scroggins, Middle Linebacker, Kansas City Chiefs: If the deal goes through for the Saudis to buy the club, I'm just going to play football like I would for any other owner. And I don't blame them for saying they'll move the team to Jidda if the city here won't build them a new upper deck and an executive Jacuzzi and an oasis. That's just normal front-office stuff in the N.F.L. I do think the Kansas City Camels is a real bad name for a football team. It sounds kind of lumpy.



"Aunt Tillie" Johnson, President of Aunt Tillie's Old-Fashioned American Apple Pies, Inc., Gettysburg, Pennsylvania: Land sakes alive, did folks around here fuss when I sold Aunt Tillie's Old-Fashioned American Apple Pies, Inc., to the Korean Central Intelligence Agency! But, you see, part of that is tax-deferred payment, and then I take my capital gains on part and shelter the rest in the Phoenix shopping center and a sweet little shrimp-boat writeoff, except what I've got in that machine-tool-company startup that just depreciates to beat the band. There's more to America than apple pie, kiddo.

—Calvin Trillin
and Edward Koren

ODDS

(A REVIEW OF "DE IMPOSSIBILITATE VITAE" AND "DE IMPOSSIBILITATE PROGNOSCENDI," BY PROFESSOR CEZAR KOUSKA)

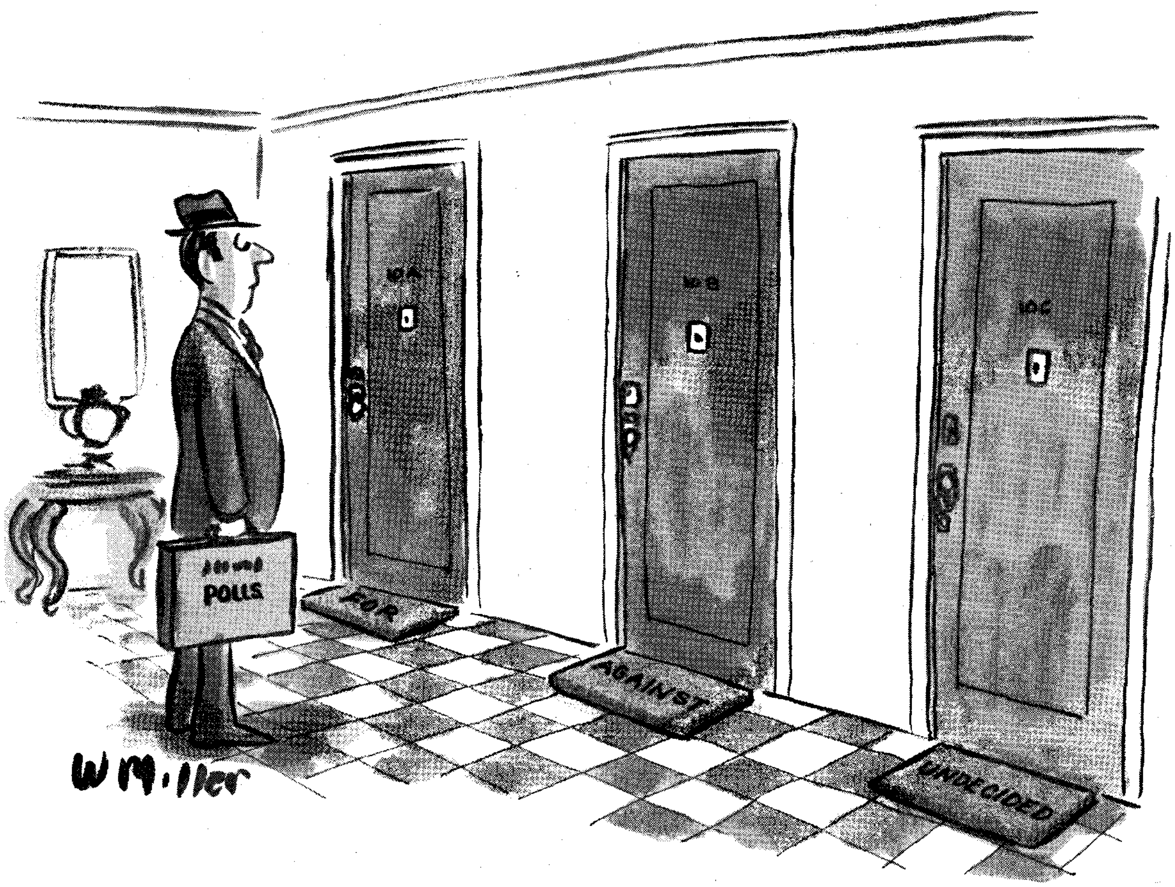
THE author calls himself Cezar Kouska on the cover but signs the introduction Benedykt Kouska. A misprint or a devious device? Personally, I prefer the name Benedykt; therefore I will stick with that. So, then, it is to Professor Benedykt Kouska that I owe some of the most pleasant hours of my life—hours spent in the perusal of his work. The views it expounds are unquestionably in conflict with scientific orthodoxy. We are not, however, dealing here with pure insanity. The thing lies halfway in between—in that transitional zone where there is neither day nor night, and where the mind loosens the bonds of logic yet does not pull them so far asunder as to fall into incoherence.

Professor Kouska has written a work which demonstrates that the following relationship of mutual exclusion obtains: either the theory of probability, on which stands natural history, is false to its very foundations, or the world of living things, with man at its head, does not exist. In the second volume, the Professor argues that if prognostication, or futurology, is ever to become a reality and not an empty illusion, not a conscious or unconscious deception, then that discipline cannot avail itself of the calculus of probability but demands the implementation of an altogether different reckoning—namely, to quote Kouska, "a theory, based on antipodal axioms, of the distribution of ensembles in actual fact unparalleled in the space-time continuum of higher-order events." (The quotation also serves to show that the reading of the work, in the theoretical sections, does present certain difficulties.)

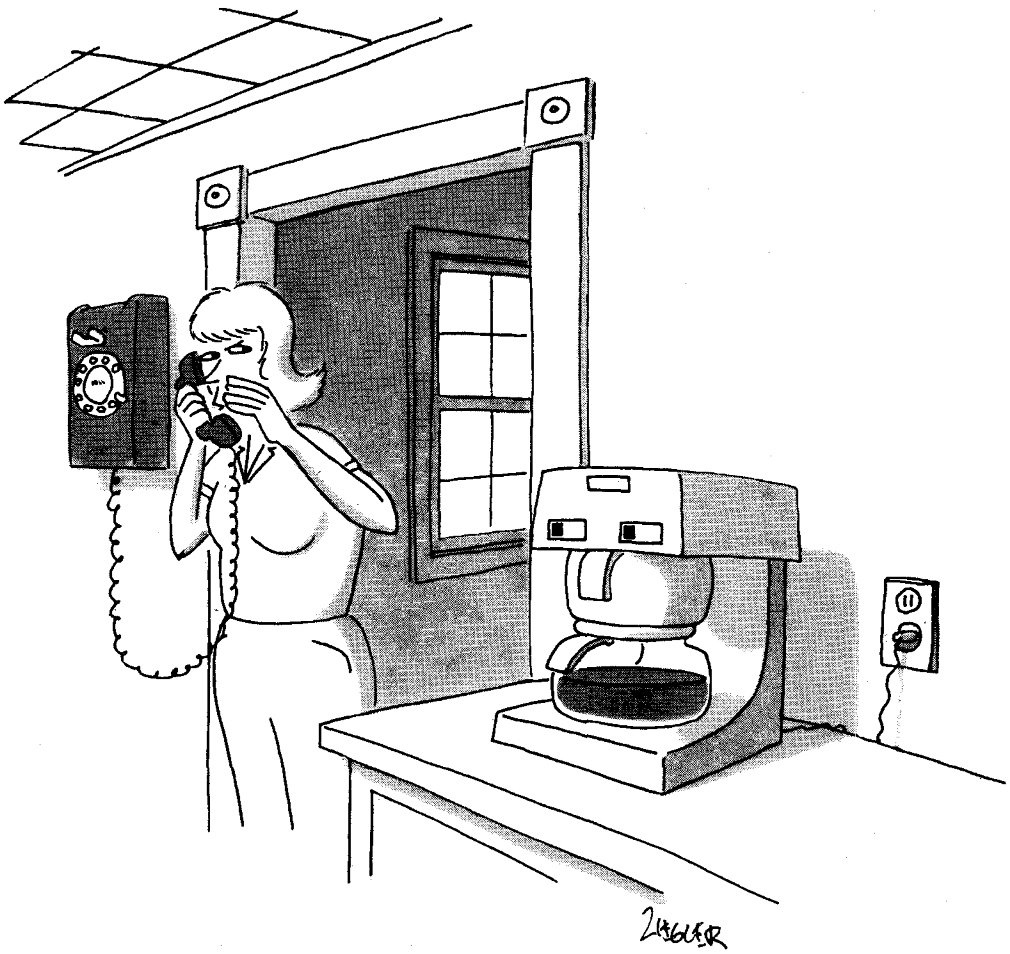
Benedykt Kouska begins the first volume by revealing that the theory of empirical probability is flawed in the middle. We employ the notion of probability when we do not know a thing *with certainty*. This uncertainty is either purely subjective (we do not know what will take place, but someone else may know) or objective (no one knows and no one can know). Subjective probability is a compass for an informational disability; not knowing which horse will come in first and guessing by the number of horses (if there are four, each has one chance in four of winning the race), I act like one who is sightless in a room full of furniture. Probability is like the cane that the blind man uses to feel his way. If he could see, he would not need the cane, and if I knew which horse was the fastest, I would not need probability theory. The question of the objectivity or the subjectivity of probability has divided the world of science into two camps. Some maintain that there exist two types of probability, as described above; others, that only the subjective exists, because regardless of what is to take place, we cannot acquire precise knowledge of it. Therefore, some lay the uncertainty of future events at the door of our lack of knowledge of them, whereas others place the uncertainty within the province of the events themselves.

That which takes place, if it really and truly takes place, takes place indeed: such is the main contention of Professor Kouska. Probability enters in only where a thing has not yet taken place. So saith science. But everyone is aware that the event of two bullets from two duellists flattening each other in midair, or of the breaking of one's tooth while eating a fish on a ring which by accident one had dropped overboard at sea six years before and which was swallowed by that very fish, or of the playing in three-four time of Tchaikovsky's Sonata in G Major in a store of kitchen utensils by shrapnel bursting during a siege (the metal balls striking the larger and smaller pots and pans exactly as the composition requires)—that any of these events is highly improbable. Science says, in this regard, that such phenomena occur with a very negligible frequency in the sets of occurrences to which they belong—that is, in the set of all duels, in the set of eating fish and finding lost objects in them, and in the set of bombardments of stores selling housewares.

According to Professor Kouska, however, science is selling us a line, because all its talk about sets is a complete fiction. The theory of probability can tell us how long we must wait for a certain event of a given and unusually low probability—or, in other words, how many times it will be necessary to repeat a duel, lose a ring, or fire at pots and pans before the above-mentioned remarkable things come



about. But this is nonsense, says Kouska, because in order to make a highly improbable thing come about, it is not at all necessary that the set of events to which it belongs represent a continuous series. If I throw ten coins at once, knowing that the chance of ten heads coming up at the same time, or ten tails, works out to barely 1:796, I certainly do not need to make upward of 796 throws in order that the probability of ten heads turning up, or ten tails, becomes equal to one. For I can always say that my throws are a continuation of an experiment comprising all the past throws of ten coins at once. Of such throws there must have been, in the course of the last five thousand years of Earth's history, an inordinate number; therefore, I have every right to expect that all my coins are going to land heads up or tails up straightaway. Meanwhile, says Professor Kouska, just you try and base your expectations on such reasoning! From the scientific point of view, this reasoning is entirely correct, for whether one throws the coins non-stop or puts them aside for a moment to eat a knish or go for a quick one at the corner bar—or whether, for that matter, it is not the same person who does the throwing but a different one each time, and not all in one day but each week or each year—has not the slightest effect or bearing on the distribution of the probability. Thus, the fact that those who threw ten coins were Phoenicians sitting on their sheepskins, and Greeks after they burned Troy, and Roman pimps in the time of the Caesars, and Gauls, and Teutons, and Ostrogoths, and Tartars, and Turks driving their captives to Stamboul, and rug merchants in Galata, and the merchants who trafficked in children from the Children's Crusade, and Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Robespierre, as well as a few dozen tens of thousands of other gamblers, is also wholly immaterial. Consequently, we can consider that the set is extremely large, and that therefore our chances of throwing ten heads or ten tails at once are positively enormous! But just you try and throw them, says Professor Kouska, addressing some learned physicist or other probability theorist, and gripping him by the elbow so that he can't escape, for scientists do not like having the falsity of their method pointed out to them. Just you try, and you'll see that nothing comes of it.



"I can't alk-tay ow-nay."

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NEXT, Professor Kouska undertakes an extensive thought experiment that relates not to some hypothetical phenomenon or other but to his own biography. We repeat here, in condensed form, some of the more interesting fragments of this analysis.

A certain army doctor, during the First World War, ejected a nurse from the operating room, for he was in the midst of surgery when she entered by mistake. Had the nurse been better acquainted with the hospital, she would not have mistaken the door to the operating room for the door to the first-aid station, and had she not entered the operating room, the surgeon would not have ejected her. Had he not ejected her, then his superior, the regiment doctor, would not have brought to his attention his unseemly behavior regarding the lady (for she was a volunteer nurse, a society miss), and had the superior not brought this to his attention, the young surgeon would not have considered it his duty to go and apologize to the nurse, would not have taken her to a café, fallen in love with her, and married her, whereby Professor Benedykt Kouska would not have come into the world as the child of this same married couple.

From this it would appear to follow that the probability of the coming into the world of Professor Benedykt Kouska was set by the probability of the nurse's confusing or not confusing the doors in that hospital in that certain year, month, day, and hour. But it is not that way at all. The young surgeon Kouska did not have, on that day, any operations scheduled; however, his colleague, Dr. Popichal, who wished to carry the laundry from the cleaner's to his aunt's, entered the house of the aunt, where because of a blown fuse the light over the stairwell was not working, because of which he fell off the third step and twisted his ankle. And because of that, Kouska had to take his place in surgery. Had the fuse not blown, Popichal would not have sprained his ankle, and therefore he would have been the one operating and not Kouska. Moreover, being an individual known for gallantry, Popichal would not have used strong language to remove the nurse who entered the operating room by mistake, and, not having insulted her, he would not have seen the need to arrange a tête-à-tête with her, but tête-à-tête or no tête-à-tête it is absolutely certain that from the possible union of Popichal and the nurse the result would have been not Benedykt Kouska but someone altogether different, with whose chances of coming into the world this study does not concern itself.

Professional statisticians, aware of the complicated nature of the events of this world, usually wriggle out of having to deal with the probability of such phenomena as someone's coming into the world. They say, to be rid of you, that what we have here is the coinciding of a great number of divaricate-source causal chains and that consequently the point in space-time in which a given egg merges with a given sperm is indeed determined in principle, *in abstracto;* however, *in concreto* one would never be able to accumulate knowledge of sufficient power (that is to say, all-embracing) for the formulation of any practical prognosis—with what probability there will be born an individual X of traits Y, or, in other words, how long people must reproduce before a certain individual, of traits Y, will with absolute certainty come into the world—to become feasible. But the impossibility is technical only, and not fundamental; it rests in the difficulties of collecting information and not in any absence in the world of such information to collect. This lie of statistical science Professor Benedykt Kouska intends to nail and expose.

As we know, the probability of Professor Kouska's being born does not reduce merely to the alternative of "right door, wrong door." Not with regard to this single coincidence must one reckon the chances of his birth but with regard to many: the coincidence of the nurse's being sent to that hospital and not another; the coincidence of her smile in the shadow cast by her coronet resembling, from a distance, the smile of the Mona Lisa; the coincidence, too, of the Archduke Ferdinand's having been shot in Sarajevo, for had he not been shot, war would not have broken out, and had war not broken out, the young lady would not have become a nurse; moreover, since she came from Olomouc and the surgeon from Moravska Ostrava, they most likely would never have met—in a hospital or anywhere else. One therefore has to take into account the general theory of the ballistics of shooting at archdukes, and because the hitting of the Archduke was conditioned by the motion of his automobile, the theory of the kinematics of automobile models of the year 1914 should also be considered, as well as the psychology of assassins, because not everyone in the place of that Serb would have shot at the Archduke, and even if someone had, he would not have been on target—not if his hands were shaking with excitement; therefore the fact that the Serb had a steady hand and eye also has its place in the probability distribution of the birth of Professor Kouska. One cannot ignore, either, the over-all political situation of Europe in the summer of 1914.

The marriage did not, in any case, come about in that year, or in 1915, when the young couple became acquainted in good earnest, because the surgeon was detailed to the fortress of Przemyśl. From there he was to travel later to Lvov, where lived the young maiden Marika, whom his parents had chosen to be his wife out of business considerations. As a result of Samsonov's offensive and the movements of the southern flank of the Russian forces, however, Przemyśl was besieged, and before long, instead of repairing to his Lvov betrothed, the surgeon proceeded into Russian captivity, after the fortress fell. As a prisoner, he remembered the nurse better than he did his fiancée, because the nurse was not only fair but sang the song "Sleep, Love, in Thy Bed of Flowers" much more sweetly than did Marika, who had an unremoved polyp on her vocal cords and consequently a constant hoarseness. Marika was, in fact, to have undergone an operation to remove the polyp in

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NORTH HAVEN

(In Memoriam: Robert Lowell)

I can make out the rigging of a schooner
a mile off; I can count
the new cones on the spruce. It is so still
the pale bay wears a milky skin; the sky
no clouds except for one long, carded horse's tail.

The islands haven't shifted since last summer,
even if I like to pretend they have—
drifting, in a dreamy sort of way,
a little north, a little south, or sidewise—
and that they're free within the blue frontiers of bay.

This month our favorite one is full of flowers:
buttercups, red clover, purple vetch,
hawkweed still burning, daisies pied, eyebright,
the fragrant bedstraw's incandescent stars,
and more, returned, to paint the meadows with delight.

The goldfinches are back, or others like them,
and the white-throated sparrow's five-note song,
pleading and pleading, brings tears to the eyes.
Nature repeats herself, or almost does:
repeat, repeat, repeat; revise, revise, revise.

Years ago, you told me it was here
(in 1932?) you first "discovered *girls*"
and learned to sail, and learned to kiss.
You had "such fun," you said, that classic summer.
("Fun"—it always seemed to leave you at a loss . . .)

You left North Haven, anchored in its rock,
afloat in mystic blue . . . And now—you've left
for good. You can't derange, or rearrange,
your poems again. (But the sparrows can their song.)
The words won't change again. Sad friend, you cannot change.

—Elizabeth Bishop

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JUST EMPLOYED
Whitney Darrow

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1914, but the otorhinolaryngologist who was supposed to remove the polyp, having lost a great deal of money in a Lvov casino and being unable to pay off his debt of honor (he was an officer), robbed the regimental till and fled to Italy. This caused Marika to conceive a great dislike for otorhinolaryngologists, and before she could decide on another she became betrothed. As Kouska's betrothed, she was obliged to sing "Sleep, Love, in Thy Bed of Flowers," and her singing, or, rather, the memory of that hoarse and wheezy voice, in contrast—detrimental to the betrothed—to the pure timbre of the Prague nurse, was responsible for the latter's gaining ascendancy, in the mind of the doctor-prisoner, over the image of his fiancée. So, returning to Prague in the year 1919, Kouska did not even think to look up his former fiancée but immediately went to the house in which the nurse was living as a marriageable miss.

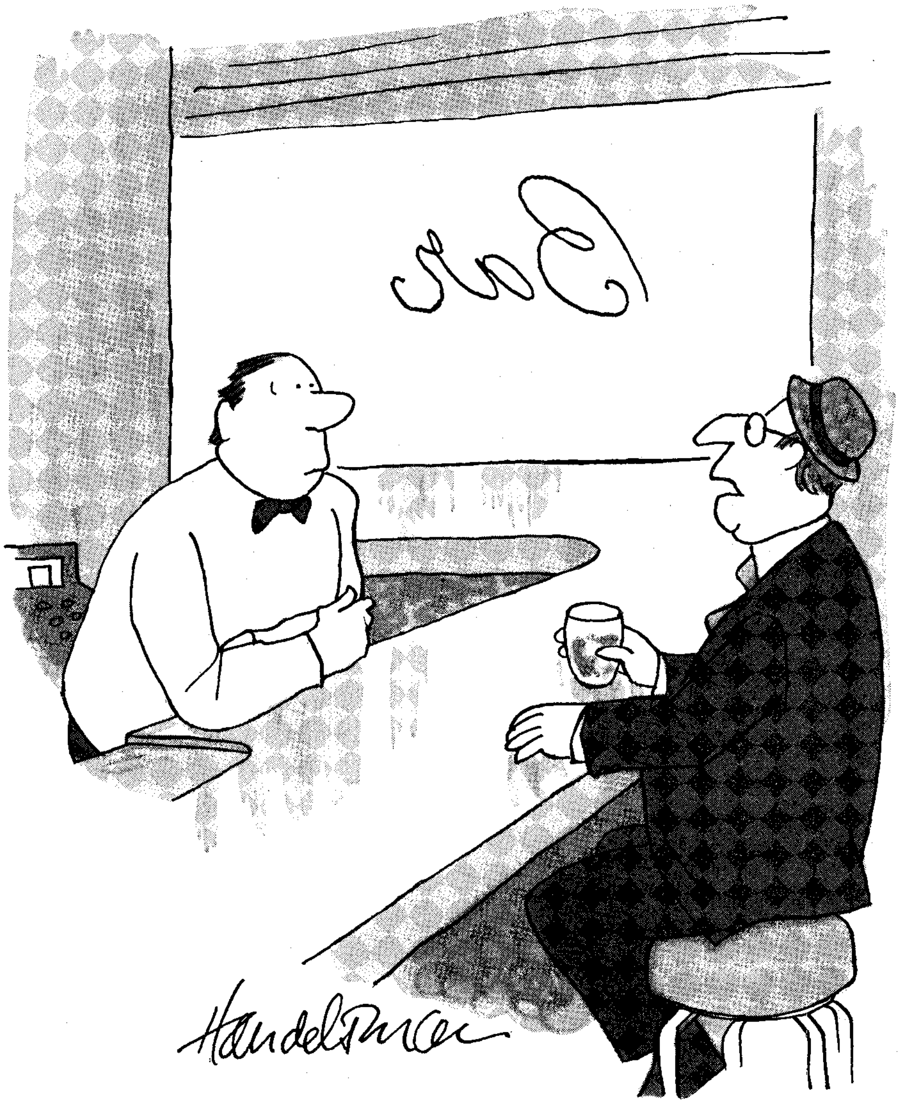
The nurse, however, had four other suitors; all four sought her hand in marriage, whereas between her and Kouska there was nothing concrete save the postcards he had sent her from captivity, and the postcards in themselves, smudged with the stamps of the military censor, could not have been expected to kindle in her heart any lasting feeling. Her first serious suitor was a certain Hamuras, a pilot who did not fly, because he got a hernia when he moved the airplane's rudder bar with his feet, and this happened because the rudder bars in the airplanes of those days were hard to move. (That was, after all, a very primitive era in aviation.) Now, Hamuras had been operated on once, but without success, for the hernia recurred—recurred because the doctor performing the operation had made a mistake in the catgut sutures—and the nurse was ashamed to wed the sort of flier who instead of flying spent his time either sitting in the reception room of the hospital or searching the ads in the newspaper for a genuine prewar truss, since he figured that such a truss would enable him to fly after all. On account of the war, however, a good truss was unobtainable.

One should note that at this juncture Professor Kouska's "to be or not to be" ties in with the history of aviation in general, and with the models of airplane used by the Austro-Hungarian Army in particular. Specifically, the birth of Professor Kouska was positively influenced by the fact that in 1911 the Austro-Hungarian government acquired a franchise to build monoplanes whose rudder bars were difficult to operate. The planes were to be manufactured by a plant in Wiener Neustadt, and this in fact took place. Now, in the course of the bidding, the French firm Gastambide-Mengin competed with this plant and its franchise (which came from an American firm, Curtiss), and the French firm stood a good chance, because Major General Prchl, of the Imperial Crown Commissariat, might have turned the scales in favor of the French model, because he had a French mistress, who was the governess of his children, and on account of this he secretly loved all things French. That, of course, would have altered the distribution of chance, since the French machine was a biplane with swept-back ailerons and a rudder blade that had an easily movable control bar, which would not have caused Hamuras his problem, in which circumstance the nurse might have married him after all. Granted, the biplane had a hard-to-work exhaust hammer, and Hamuras, rather delicate shoulders—he even suffered from what is known as *Schreibkrampf*, and because of that condition experienced difficulty in signing his name fully (Adolf Alfred von

Messen-Weydeneck zu Oryola und Münnesacks, Baron Hamuras). Even without the hernia, then, Hamuras could have, by reason of the weak arms, lost his appeal in the eyes of the nurse.

The French firm did not get the contract, however, for there popped up in the governess's path a certain two-bit tenor from an operetta troupe, who with remarkable speed gave her a baby. Major General Prchl drove her from his door, lost his affection for all things French, and the Army stayed with the Curtiss franchise held by the company from Wiener Neustadt. The governess met the tenor at the "Ring" when she went there with General Prchl's older daughters because the youngest had the whooping cough and they were trying to keep the healthy children away from the sick one, and if it had not been for that whooping cough, brought in by an acquaintance of the Prchls' cook—a man who served coffee in a smoking room and was wont to drop in on the Prchls in the morning (drop in on their cook, that is)—there would have been no illness, no taking the children to the "Ring," no meeting the tenor, and no infidelity, and thereby Gastambide-Mengin would have won out in the bidding after all. But, as it happened, Hamuras *was* rejected, and married the daughter of a purveyor to His Majesty the King and had three children by her.

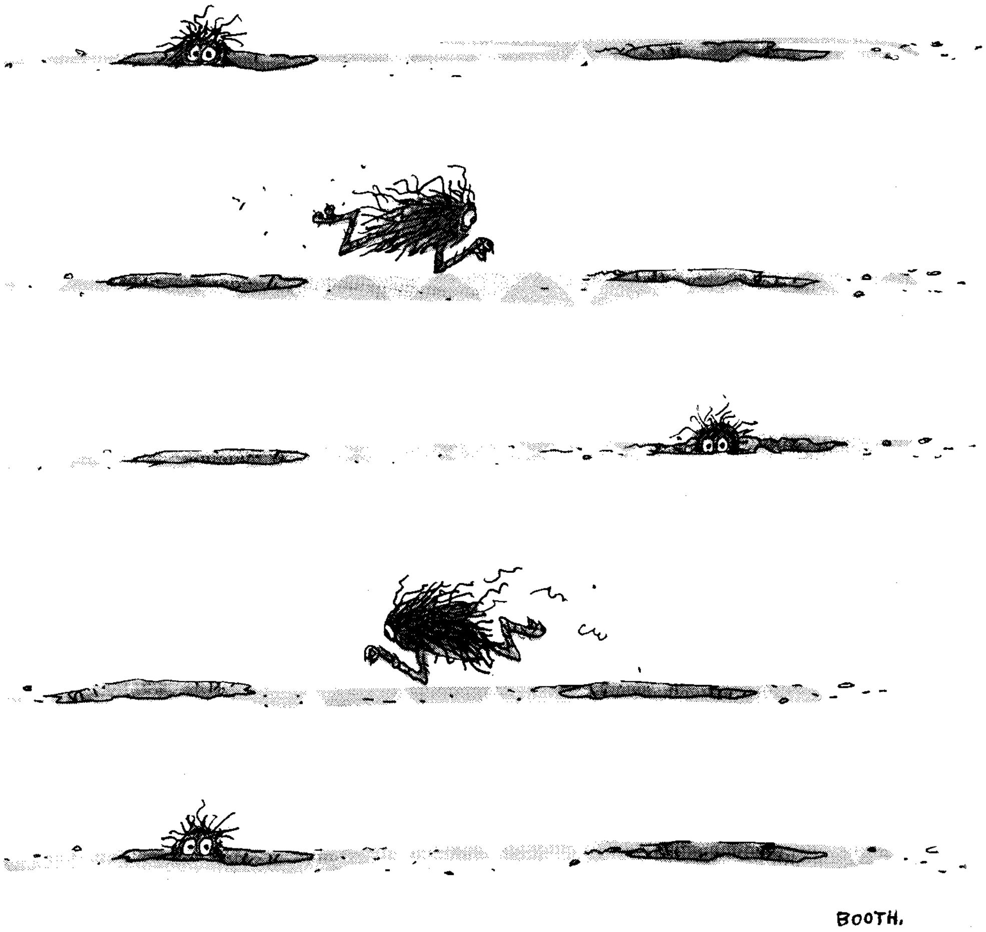
There was nothing wrong with the nurse's second suitor, Captain Mišnia, but he went to the Italian front and came down with rheumatism—this was in the winter, in the Alps—and later died. The Captain was taking a steam bath when a .22-calibre shell hit the building and sent him flying out naked into the snow. The snow took care of his rheumatism, they say, but gave him pneumonia. Had Professor Fleming discovered penicillin not in 1928 but, say, in 1910, Mišnia would have pulled out of the pneumonia, would have returned to Prague—having that right as a convalescent—and the chances of Professor Kouska's coming into the world would have been, by that, greatly diminished. And so the calendar of discoveries in the field of antibacterial drugs played a large role in the rise of our author, B. Kouska.



"Man's inhumanity to man is especially sad when you're the party of the second part."

The third suitor was a respectable wholesale dealer, but the young lady did not care for him. The fourth would have married her for certain, but it did not work out, on account of a beer. This beau had enormous debts and hoped to pay them off out of the dowry; he also had a highly checkered past. The young lady and her family, together with the suitor, went to a Red Cross raffle, and, as Hungarian veal birds were served for lunch, the father developed a terrific thirst, so he left the pavilion, where they all were listening to the military band, and had a mug of beer on draft, in the course of which he ran into an old schoolmate, who was just then leaving the raffle grounds. Had it not been for the beer, they would certainly not have come together. This schoolmate knew, through his sister-in-law, the entire past of the suitor of the young lady, and was not averse to telling her father everything and in full detail. It appears he also embellished a little here and there. In any event, the father returned most agitated and the engagement, which was nearly official, fell to pieces irretrievably. If the father had not eaten Hungarian veal birds, he would not have learned of the debts of the suitor, and the engagement would have gone through, and, as it would have been an engagement in wartime, the wedding would have followed in short order. An excessive amount of paprika in the veal birds on May 19, 1916, thus saved the life of Professor B. Kouska.

As for Kouska the surgeon, he returned from captivity with the rank of battalion doctor and proceeded to enter the lists of courtship. Evil tongues informed him of the suitors, and particularly of the late Captain Mišnia, who, presumably, had achieved a more than passing acquaintance with the young lady, though at the same time she had been answering the postcards from the prisoner of war. By nature impetuous, the surgeon was all set to break off the engagement after receiving, from some malicious person in Prague, several letters that the young lady had written to Mišnia (God knows how they ended up in that person's hands), along with an anonymous letter explaining how he, Kouska,



had been serving the young lady as a spare tire—that is, as a standby. But because of a conversation that the surgeon had with his grandfather—who had really been a father to him ever since childhood, because the surgeon's own father, a profligate and ne'er-do-well, had had little part in raising him—the breaking off of the engagement did not come about. The grandfather was an old man of unusually progressive views, and he believed that a young girl's head was easily turned, especially when the turner wore a uniform and pleaded the soldier's death that could befall him at any moment.

KOUSKA thus married the young lady. If, however, he had had a grandfather of other persuasions, or if the old liberal had passed away before his eightieth year, the marriage most certainly would not have taken place. The grandfather, it is true, led an exceedingly healthy mode of life and rigorously took the water cure prescribed by Father Kneipp, but to what extent the ice-cold shower each morning increased the chances of Professor B. Kouska's coming into the world by lengthening the grandfather's life it is impossible to determine. The father of the surgeon Kouska, a disciple of misogyny, would definitely not have interceded in behalf of the maligned maiden; but he had no influence over his son from the time when, having made the acquaintance of one Serge Mdivani, he became his secretary, went with him to Monte Carlo, and came back believing in a system of breaking the bank in roulette which was shown him by a certain widow-countess. Thanks to this system, he lost his entire fortune, was placed under custody, and was forced to give up his son to the care of his own father. Thus, had the surgeon's father not succumbed to the demon of gambling, the coming to pass of Professor Kouska would not have come to pass.

The factor here that tipped the scales in favor of the Professor's birth was, therefore, Mr. Serge, *vel* Sergius, Mdivani. Sick of his estate in Bosnia, and of his wife and mother-in-law, he engaged Kouska (the surgeon's father) as his secretary and took off with him for the waters, because Kouska *père* knew languages and was a man of the world, while Mdivani, notwithstanding his first name, knew no language besides Croatian. But had Mr. Mdivani in his youth been better looked after by *his* father, he would have studied his languages instead of chasing after the chambermaids, would not have needed a translator, and would not have taken the father of Kouska to the waters. The latter would not have returned from Monte Carlo as a gambler and would not have been cursed and cast out by his father, who would not have taken the surgeon under his wing as a child and would not have instilled liberal principles in him. The surgeon would have broken off with the young lady, and—once more—Professor Benedykt Kouska would not have made his appearance in this world. Now, Mr. Mdivani's father was not disposed to keep an eye on the progress of his son's education when the latter was supposed to be studying languages, because this son, by his looks, reminded him of a certain dignitary of the church, concerning whom Mr. Mdivani, Sr., harbored the suspicion that he—the dignitary—was the true father of little Sergius. Feeling, therefore, a subconscious dislike for little Sergius, he neglected him, as a result of which neglect Sergius did not learn, as he should have, his languages.

The question of the identity of the boy's father was in fact involved, because even the mother of little Sergius was not certain whether he was the son of her husband or of the parish priest, and she was not certain whose son he was because she believed in stares that affect the unborn. She believed in stares that affect the unborn because her authority in all things was her Gypsy grandmother. We are now speaking, it should be noted, of the relation between the grandmother of the mother of little Sergius Mdivani and the chances of the birth of Professor Benedykt Kouska. Mdivani was born in the year 1861, his mother in 1832, and the Gypsy grandmother in 1798. So, then, matters that transpired in Bosnia and Herzegovina toward the close of the eighteenth century—in other words, a hundred and thirty years before the birth of Professor Kouska—exerted a very real influence on the probability distribution of his coming into the world. But neither did the Gypsy grandmother appear in a vacuum. She was reluctant to marry a certain Orthodox Croat—particularly since at that time Yugoslavia was, of course, under the Turkish yoke and marriage to a giaour would bode no good for her. But the Gypsy maid had an uncle much older than she; he had fought under Napoleon, it was said, and had taken part in the retreat of the Grand Army from the environs of Moscow. In any case, from his soldier-

"All right—I'm ready for an update on the dollar."

• •

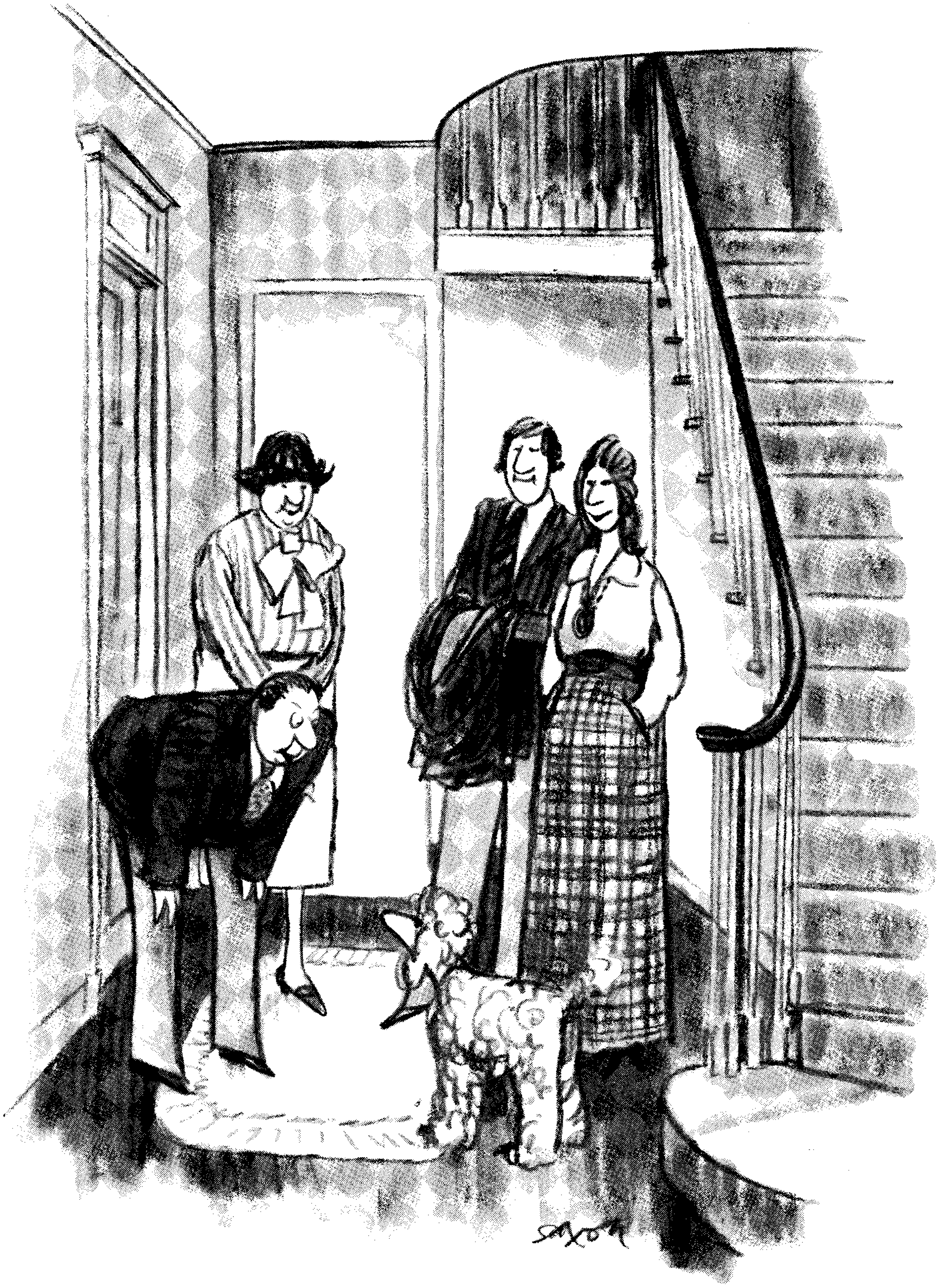
ing under the Emperor of the French he returned home with the conviction that interdenominational differences were of no great matter compared to those of war, and he therefore encouraged his niece to marry the Croat, for, though a giaour, the Croat was a good and comely youth. In marrying the Croat, the grandmother on Mr. Mdivani's mother's side thus increased the chances of Professor Kouska's birth. As for the uncle, he would not have fought under Napoleon had he not been living during the Italian campaign in the region of the Apennines, whither he was sent by his master, a sheep farmer, with a consignment of sheepskin coats. He was waylaid by a mounted patrol of the Imperial Guard and given the choice of enlisting or becoming a camp follower. He preferred to bear arms. Now, if the Gypsy uncle's master had not raised sheep, or if, raising them, he had not made sheepskin coats, for which there was a demand in Italy, and if he had not sent this uncle to Italy with the coats, then the mounted patrol would not have seized the Gypsy uncle, whereupon, not fighting his way across Europe, this uncle, his conservative opinions intact, would not have encouraged his niece to marry the Croat. And therewith the mother of little Sergius, having no Gypsy grandmother, would not have thought that merely from watching the parish priest spread his arms as he sang in a bass at the altar one could bear a son—the spit and image of the priest—and so, her conscience completely clear, she would not have feared her husband and would have defended herself against the charges of infidelity, and the husband, no longer seeing evil in the looks of little Sergius, would have minded the boy's education and Sergius would have learned his languages and would not have needed anyone as a translator, whereat the father of Kouska the surgeon would not have gone off with him to the waters, would not have become a gambler and a wastrel, and would have been able to urge his surgeon son to throw over the young lady for her dalliance with the late Captain Miśnia (R.I.P.), as a result of which there would have been, again, no Professor B. Kouska in the world.

But now observe: So far, we have examined the probability spectrum of the birth of Professor Kouska on the assumption that both his facultative parents existed. We reduced the probability of that birth by introducing very small, perfectly credible changes in the behavior of the father or mother of Professor Kouska, changes resulting from the actions of third parties (General Samsonov, the Gypsy grandmother, the mother of Mdivani, Baron Hamuras, the French governess of Major General Prchl, Emperor Francis Joseph I, the Archduke Ferdinand, the Wright brothers, the surgeon for the Baron's hernia, Marika's otorhinolaryngologist, etc.). But surely the very same type of analysis can be applied to the chances of the coming into the world of the young lady who as a nurse married the surgeon Kouska. Billions, trillions of circumstances had to occur as they did for the young lady to come into the world and for the future surgeon Kouska to come into the world. And in analogous fashion innumerable multitudes of occurrences conditioned the coming into the world of their parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, etc. It would seem to admit of no argument that, for example, had the tailor Vlastimil Kouska, born in 1673, not come into the world, then neither would his son, or grandson, or great-grandson, or the great-grandfather of Kouska the surgeon, or Kouska the surgeon himself, or, indeed, Professor Benedykt Kouska.

The same reasoning holds for those ancestors of the line of the Kouskas and the line of the nurse who were not yet people, being creatures who led a quadrumanous and arboreal existence in the Lower Eolithic, when the first paleopithecanthropus, having overtaken one of these quadrumanes and perceiving that it was a female with which he was dealing, possessed her beneath the eucalyptus tree that grew in the place where today stands the Mala Strana in Prague. As a result of the mixing of the chromosomes of the lubricious paleopithecanthropus and the quadrumanous protohuman primatrice, there arose that type of meiosis and that linkage of gene loci which, transmitted through the next thirty thousand generations, produced on the visage of the young lady nurse the very smile, faintly reminiscent of the smile of the Mona Lisa, from the canvas of Leonardo, that so enchanted the young surgeon Kouska. But this same eucalyptus could have grown (could it not?) four metres away, in which case the quadrumaness, fleeing from the paleopithecanthropus who pursued her, would not have stumbled on the tree's thick root and gone sprawling, and thereby would have clambered up the tree in time and would not have gotten pregnant, and if she had not gotten pregnant, then Hannibal's crossing of the Alps, the Crusades, the Hundred Years War, the taking by the Turks of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Moscow campaign of Napoleon, as well as several dozen trillion like events, undergoing slight changes, would have led to a situation in which in no wise could Professor Benedykt Kouska have been born—from which we can see that the range of the chances of his existence contains within it a subclass of probabilities involving the distribution of the eucalyptus trees that grew in the location of modern-day Prague roughly three hundred and forty-nine thousand years ago.

Obviously, it does not follow from this argument that the entire Universe is a machine designed to enable Professor Kouska to be born. Let us imagine that, a billion years before its genesis, an observer wishes to compute the chances of the Earth's coming into being. He cannot foresee exactly what shape, mass, or chemical composition the planet-making vortex will give to the nucleus of the future Earth. Nonetheless he predicts, on the strength of his knowledge of astrophysics, that the sun will have a family of planets and that among these planets there will be a planet No. 3. It may look different from the predicted Earth—it may be ten billion tons heavier or have two small moons instead of one large, and a greater percentage of its surface may be covered with water—but still it will be an Earth. Now, Professor Kouska, predicted by an observer in 500,000 B.C., would still be a person if born as a Buddhist monk or Oriental woman, but he clearly would no longer be Professor Kouska. Because objects such as suns, planets, clouds, rocks are not in the same way unique that all living organisms are.

EACH man is, thus, the first prize in a lottery, as it were—in the kind of lottery, moreover, where the winning ticket is a teragigamegamulticentillion-to-one shot. Why, then, do we not daily feel the astronomically monstrous minuteness of the chance of our own or another's coming into the world? For the reason, answers Professor Kouska, that no matter how unlikely a thing is, if it happens, it happens. And also because in an ordinary lottery we see the vast number of losing tickets along with that single one which wins, whereas in the lottery of existence the tickets that miss are nowhere to be seen. "The chances that lose in the lottery of being are invisible!" explains Professor Kouska. For, surely, to lose in this sweepstakes amounts to not being born, and he who has not been born cannot be said



"And this, I presume, is Fluffy?"

to *be*—not a whit. We quote the author now, starting on line 24 of page 619 of Volume I ("De Impossibilitate Vitae"):

Some people come into the world as the issue of unions that on both the spear and distaff sides were arranged long in advance, so that the future father of the given individual and his future mother, even when children, were destined for each other. A man who sees the light of day as a child of such a marriage might have the impression that the probability of his existence was considerable, in contradistinction to one who learns that his father met his mother in the course of the great migrations of wartime, or that, quite simply, he was conceived because some hussar of Napoleon, while making his escape across the Berezina, took not only a mug of water from the lass he came upon at the edge of the village but also her maidenhead. To such a man it might seem that had the hussar hurried more, feeling the Cossack hundreds at his back, or had his mother not been looking for God knows what at the edge of the village but stayed at home by the chimney corner as befitted her, he would never have been—in other words, that the chance of his existence hung on a thread when compared to the chance of existence of him whose parents had been destined for each other in advance.

SHORT VIEWS IN AFRICA

I

The elephant
comes past the Visitor two feet away,
watched through the blind's
chink. His shoulder strides,
he places like plush a foot,
then another.
The tufted tail goes by.

High up, at night, the Visitor sees
the herd come out:
singly, in moonlight, from the bush, the trees;
by twos; in a file of huge three;
scoop mud, blow, breathe. 103 elephants.

The Visitor
is healed by elephants,
pretends they will stay; falls asleep
kneeling at the sill. At four
the Visitor's eyes open:
the herd, rocking and shifting,
blowing, putting plashy feet,
is preparing to leave.
When the sun wakes her
they are somewhere else.

II

The best surprise is death.
She dreaded this
but it fits lightly. Even the frantic spurt,
ripped flank, snapped neck
settle so easily to: rock,
gold grass, stubble, bones, bones.

Everywhere, bones.
Simple, the bones of beasts.
This is the short view,
like a cut nerve—peace.
The bones are everywhere like grace
in the early sun.

III

The long, warped triangle
of the giraffe's pretty face,
the paintbrush lashes, the roving head
over the thornbush cruise, shy and leafy.
This air is pure with ignorance of death.

Cat-lax the lion blinks
in noon's thin shade.
Lioness raises her head, stares,
lowers it; in a heap
the cubs are burrowed, dazed
with red food.

The skeletons inside the warm fur
go by paces, by springs, by stalks,
to their final sun;
to light, wind, grass.
Knowledgeable,
the Visitor watches the lions.

IV

In Olduvai are the bones
that block the way to ignorance.
Which bones, which minute first
looked on death and said, "That
belongs to me." Then said, then later said,
". . . belongs to what I love."

The Visitor can imagine herself—
imagines herself—
into the short sunny view:
bones unrelated, messageless,
the million bones benevolently whitening,
crying nothing
but hunger and motion;
not secretive of the permanent desire; not
saying
Mary Ann Kelly, Beloved.
Xenophon lies here.
I was Hannah.

V

Well. Bless the giraffe,
the elephant, the lioness, the short
blessed view.

Kneel at the window.
Wait under the thorntree
for the sun. Go away
carrying your difference, you cannot leave it.
Say, Not God
himself would dare to lay it on you without
relief.
Tell your secret bones: Wait.

—JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

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Such notions are mistaken, because it makes absolutely no sense to assert that the calculation of the probability of anyone's birth has to be begun from the coming into the world of the future father and the future mother of the given individual. If we have a labyrinth composed of a thousand rooms, then the probability of going from the beginning to the end of the labyrinth is determined by the sum of all the choices in all the consecutive rooms through which passes the seeker of the way and not by the isolated probability of his finding the right door in some single room. If he takes a wrong turn in Room No. 100, he will be every bit as lost as if he took the wrong turn in the first or the thousandth room. And, similarly, there is no reason to assert that only *my* birth took place against great odds while the births of my parents did not, or those of their parents, grandmothers, great-grandmothers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, etc.—back to the birth of life on Earth. And it makes no sense to say that the fact of any specific person's existence is a phenomenon of very low probability. Very low relative to what? From where is the calculation to be made? Without the fixing of a zero point—i.e., of a beginning place for a scale of computation—measurement, and therefore the estimation of probability, becomes an empty word.

It does not follow, from this reasoning, that my coming into the world was assured or predetermined back before the earth took form. Quite the contrary. What follows is that I might not have been at all and no one would have so much as noticed. Everything that statistics has to say regarding the prognostication of individual births is rubbish. For it maintains that any man, howsoever unlikely he be in himself, is still possible as a realization of certain chances. But I have demonstrated that, taking any individual whatever—Mucek the Baker, for example—one can say the following: It is possible to select a moment in the past when the prediction of Mucek the Baker's coming to be will have a probability

"Hooray for Con Ed!"

• •

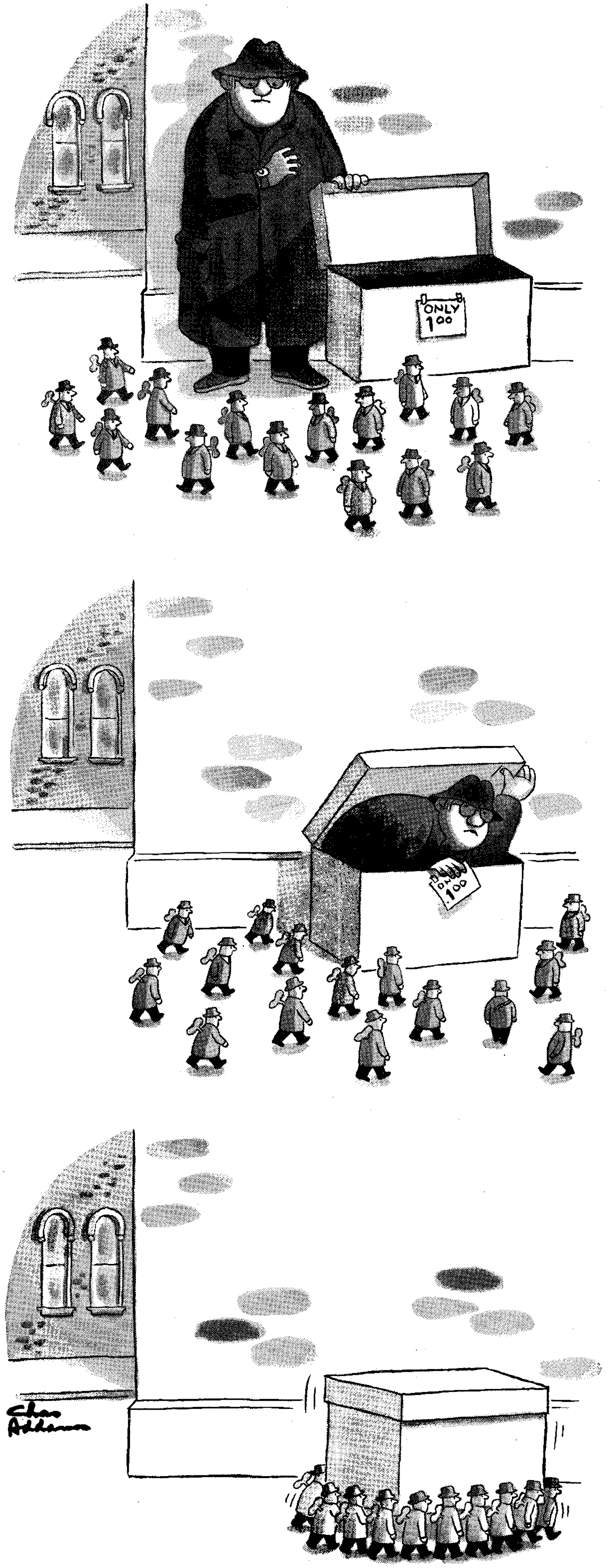
as near zero as desired. When my parents found themselves in the marriage bed, the chances of my coming into the world worked out to, let us say, one in one hundred thousand (taking into account, among other things, the infant mortality rate). During the siege of the fortress of Przemyśl, the chances of my being born equalled one in a billion; in the year 1900 one in a trillion; in 1800 one in a quadrillion; and so on. A hypothetical observer computing the chances of my birth under the eucalyptus, at the Mala Strana in the time of the Interglacial, would set the chances of my ever seeing the light of day at one in a centillion. Magnitudes of the order of giga appear when the point of estimation is moved back a billion years, of the order of tera three billion years, etc.

In other words, one can always find a point on the time axis from which an estimate of the chances of any person's birth yields an improbability as great as one likes—that is to say, an impossibility, because a probability that approaches zero is the same thing as an improbability that approaches infinity. In saying this, we do not deny that we or anyone else exists in this world. On the contrary: Neither in our own being nor in another's do we entertain the least doubt. In saying what we have said, we merely repeat what science claims, for it is the conclusion of physics and not of common sense that not a single man exists or ever did. And here is the proof. Physics maintains that that which has one chance in a centillion of happening will not happen, because even if the event in question is of the type that takes place every second, it still cannot be expected ever to take place in the Universe.

The number of seconds that will elapse between the present day and the end of the Universe is less than a centillion. The stars will give up all their energy much sooner, and therefore the time of duration of the Universe is shorter than the time needed to await a thing that happens only once in one centillion seconds. From the standpoint of physics, to wait for an event so little likely is equivalent to waiting for an impossibility. Physics calls such phenomena thermodynamic miracles. To this class would belong, for example, the freezing of water in a pot standing over a flame, or the rising from the floor of fragments of a broken glass and their joining together to make a whole glass. Calculation shows that such "miracles" are nevertheless more probable than a thing whose chance is one in one centillion.

We should add now that our estimate has so far taken into account only half of the matter—namely, the macroscopic data. Besides these, the birth of a specific individual is contingent on circumstances that are microscopic—i.e., the question of which sperm combines with which egg of a given pair of persons. Had my mother conceived me at a different day and hour, then I would have been born not myself but someone other, which can be seen from the fact that my mother did indeed conceive at a different day and hour (a year and a half before my birth), and gave birth to a little girl, my sister, regarding whom it should require no proof, I think, to say that she is not myself. This microstatistics also would have to be considered in the estimation of the chances of my arising, and when included in the reckoning it raises the centillions of improbability to the myrioillions.

So, then, from the standpoint of thermodynamic physics, the existence of any man is a phenomenon of cosmic impossibility. When it assumes as given that



certain people exist, physics may predict that these people will give birth to other people, but as to which specific individuals will be born, physics must either be silent or fall into complete absurdity. And therefore either physics is in error when it proclaims the universal validity of its theory of probability, or people do not exist—and likewise dogs, sharks, mosses, lichens, tapeworms, bats, and liverworts do not exist, since what has been proven here holds for everything that lives. *Ex physicali positione vita impossibilis est, quod erat demonstrandum.*

WITH these words concludes the work "De Impossibilitate Vitae," which actually represents a huge preparation for the matter of the second of the two volumes. In "De Impossibilitate Prognoscendi," the author proclaims the futility of historical predictions that are founded on probabilism—a matter he has already touched upon. He proposes to show that history contains no facts but those that are the most thoroughly improbable from the standpoint of probability theory. Professor Kouska sets an imaginary futurologist down on the threshold of the twentieth century and endows him with all the knowledge that was then available, and puts to this figure a series of questions:

Do you consider it probable that soon there will be discovered a silvery metal, similar to lead, capable of destroying life on Earth should two hemispheres composed of this metal be brought together by a simple movement of the hands, to make of them something resembling a large orange? Do you consider it possible that this old carriage here, in which Karl Benz, Esq., has mounted a rattling engine of one and a half horsepower, will before long multiply to such an extent that from its asphyxiating fumes and combustion exhausts day will turn into night in the great cities, and that the problem of placing this vehicle somewhere, when the drive is finished, will grow into the main misfortune of the mightiest metropolises? Do you consider it probable that owing to the principle of fireworks people will soon begin taking walks upon the moon, while their perambulations will at the very same moment be visible to hundreds of millions of other people in their homes on Earth? Do you consider it possible that soon we will be able to make artificial heavenly bodies, equipped with instruments that enable one from cosmic space to keep track of the movement of any man in a field or on a city street? Do you think it likely that a machine will be built that plays chess better than you, composes music, translates from language to language, and performs in the space of a few minutes calculations that all the accountants, auditors, and bookkeepers in the world put together could not accomplish in a lifetime? Do you consider it possible that very shortly there will arise in the center of Europe huge industrial plants in which living people will be burned in ovens, and that these unfortunates will number in the *millions*?

It is clear, states Professor Kouska, that in the year 1900 only a lunatic would have granted all these events even the remotest credibility. And yet they have come to pass. If, then, nothing but improbabilities have taken place, why should this pattern suddenly undergo a radical change so that from now on only what we consider to be credible, probable, and possible will

Give a Jewel.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
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London
1873·1911·1924
Produced & Bottled in England
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLAND
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND
CORPORATION
YORK, N.Y.
Importers
NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Beefeater
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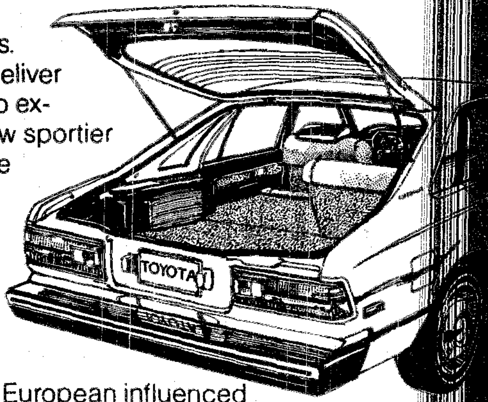

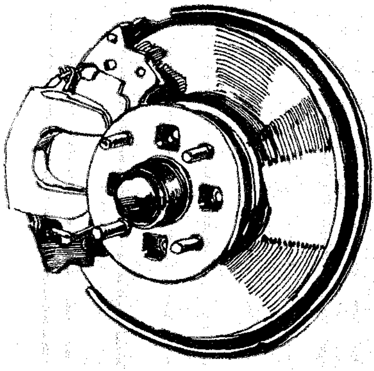

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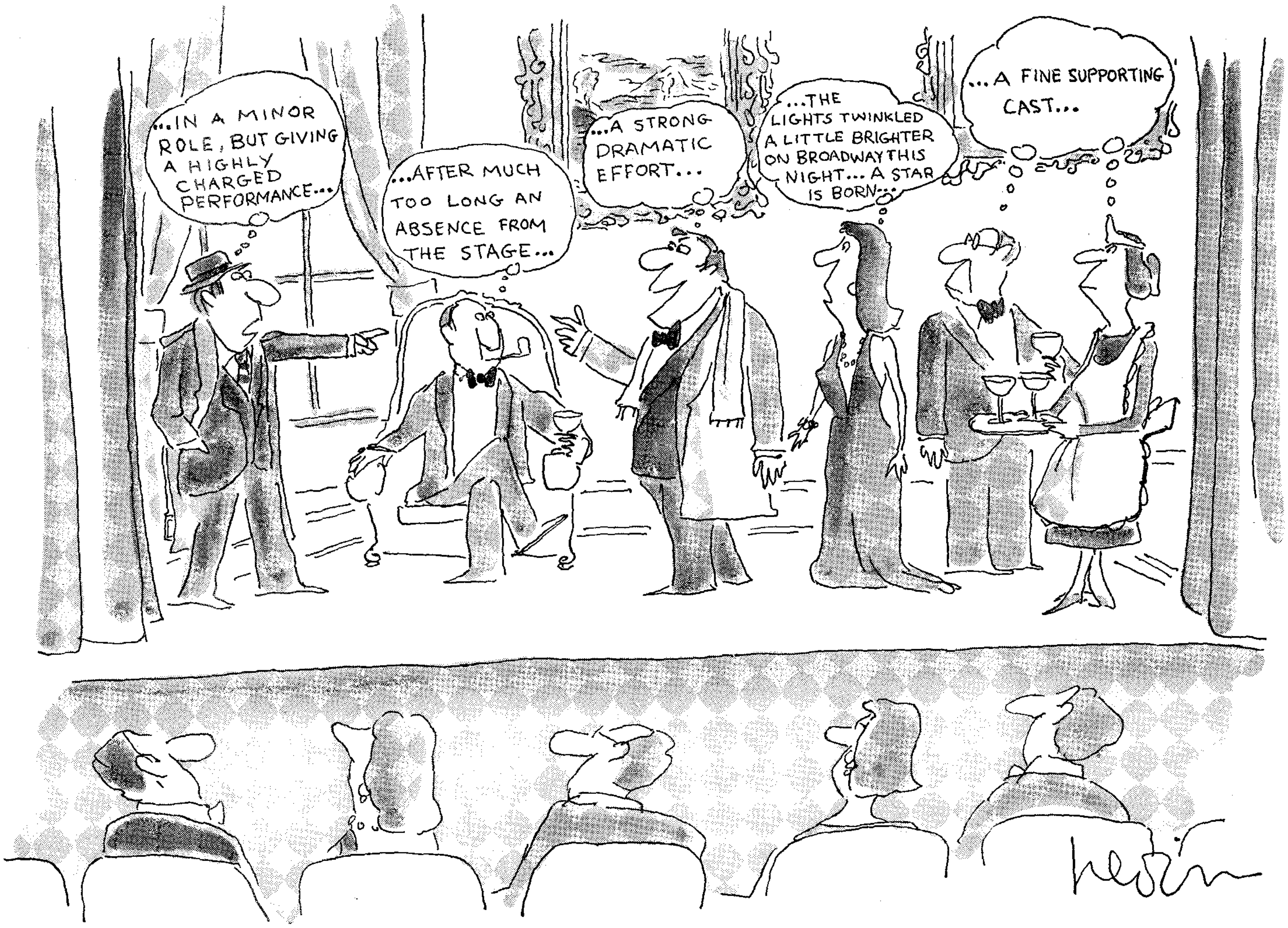
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...AFTER MUCH TOO LONG AN ABSENCE FROM THE STAGE...
...A STRONG DRAMATIC EFFORT...
...THE LIGHTS TWINKLED A LITTLE BRIGHTER ON BROADWAY THIS NIGHT... A STAR IS BORN...
...A FINE SUPPORTING CAST...

• •

come true? Predict the future however you will, gentlemen—he says to the futurologists—so long as you do not rest your predictions on the computation of maximal chances.

The imposing work of Professor Kouska without a doubt merits recognition. Still, this scholar, in the heat of the cognitive moment, fell into an error, for which he has been taken to task by Professor Bedřich Vrchlicka in a lengthy critical article appearing in the pages of *Agricultural News*. Professor Vrchlicka contends that Professor Kouska's whole anti-probabilistic line of reasoning is based on an assumption both unstated and mistaken. For behind the façade of Kouska's argumentation lies concealed what Vrchlicka calls "a metaphysical wonderment at existence," which, he says, might be couched in these words: "How is it that I exist now of all times, in this body of all bodies, in such a form and not another? How is it that I was not any of the millions of people who existed formerly, nor will be any of those millions who have yet to be born?" Even assuming that such a question makes sense, says Professor Vrchlicka, it has nothing whatever to do with physics. But on the surface it appears that it may, for one could rephrase it thus:

> Every man who has existed—i.e., lived till now—was the corporeal realization of a particular pattern of genes, the building blocks of heredity. We could in principle reproduce all the patterns that have been realized up to the present day. We would then find ourselves before a gigantic table filled with rows of genotypic formulae, each one of which would exactly correspond to a particular man, who arose from it through embryonic growth. The question then leaps to one's lips: In what way, precisely, does that one genetic pattern in the table which corresponds to *me*, to *my* body, differ from all the others, that as a result of this difference it is *I* who am the living incarnation of that pattern into matter? That is: What *physical* conditions, what *material* circumstances ought I take into account to arrive at an understanding of this difference, to comprehend why it is I can say of all the other formulae on the table, "Those refer to Other People," and of only one formula, "This refers to me; this is I AM"?

It is absurd to think—explains Professor Vrchlicka—that physics today or in a century, or in a thousand years, could provide an answer to a question so framed. The question has no meaning in physics, because physics is not itself a person; consequently, when engaged in the investigation of anything, whether it be bodies heavenly or human, physics makes no distinction between me and you, this one and that one. The fact that I say of myself "I" and of another "he" physics contrives in its own way to interpret (relying on the general theory of logical automata, the theory of self-organizing systems, etc.), but it does not actually perceive the existential dissimilarity between "I" and "he." To be sure, physics does reveal the *uniqueness* of individual people, because every man (omitting twins!) is the incarnation of a different genetic formula.

But the metaphysical wonderment implicit in Kouska's line of reasoning would not be diminished one jot, says Professor Vrchlicka, even were all people incarnations of one and the same genetic formula. For an individual could still ask what brings about the fact that "I" am not "someone else," that I was born not in the time of the Pharaohs or in the Arctic but now and here, and it would still not be possible to obtain an answer to such a question from physics. The differences that oc-

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New York Public Library, Vandamm Collection cur between me and other people, Vrchlicka says, begin with the fact that I am myself, that I cannot jump outside myself or exchange existences with anyone else, and it is only afterward and secondarily that I notice that my appearance and my nature are not the same as those of all the rest of the living (and the dead). This most important difference, primary for me, simply does not exist for physics, and nothing more remains to be said on the subject. And therefore what causes the blindness of physics and physicists to this problem is not the theory of probability.

By introducing the issue of the estimation of his chances of coming into the world, Professor Kouska has, according to Vrchlicka, led himself and the reader astray. Professor Kouska believes that to the question "What conditions had to be met in order that I, Kouska, could be born?" physics will answer "The conditions that had to be met were, physically, improbable in the extreme!" Now, this is not the case. The real question is: "I see I am a living man, one of millions. I would like to know in what physical way I differ from all other people—those who were, who are, and who are to be—so that I was not, and am not, any of them but represent only myself and say of myself 'I.'" Physics does not answer this question by resorting to probabilities; it declares that from its point of view there is between the asker and all other people no physical difference that will explain the existential one. And thus Kouska's "proof" neither assails nor upsets the theory of probability, for it has nothing at all to do with it!

The present reviewer's reading of such conflicting opinions from two such illustrious thinkers has thrown him into great perplexity. He is unable to resolve the dilemma, and the only definite thing he has carried away with him from reading the work of Professor B. Kouska is a thoroughgoing knowledge of the events that led to the rise of a scholar of so colorful a family history. As for the crux of the quarrel, it had best be turned over to specialists more qualified.

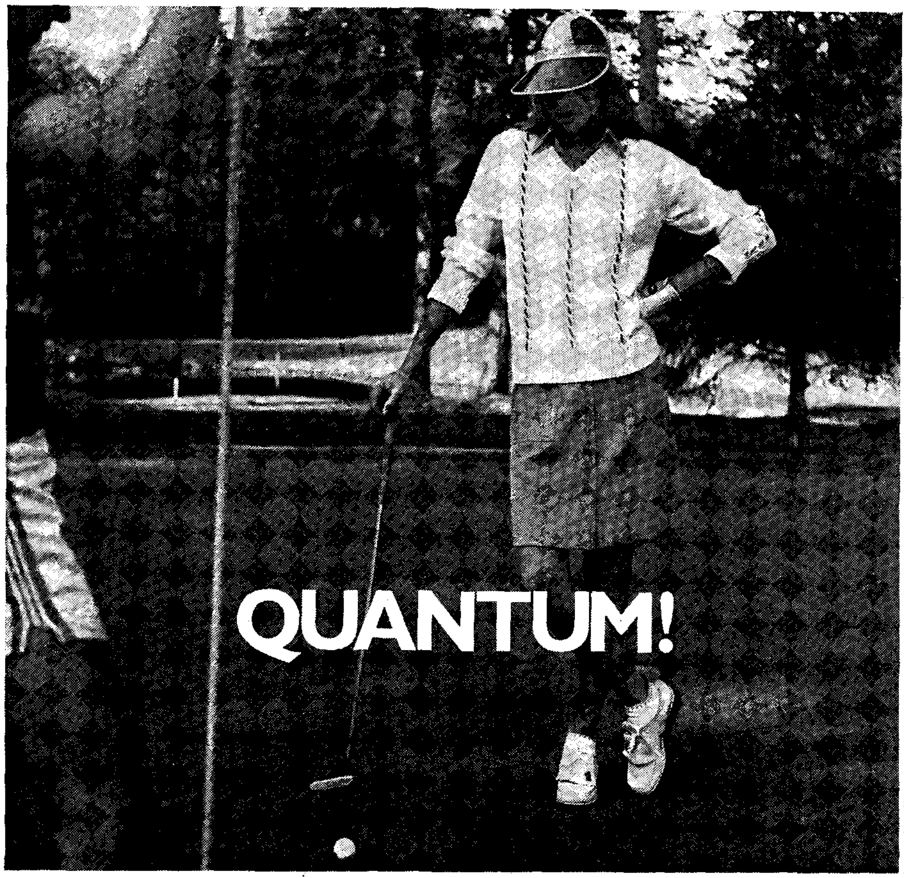
—Stanislaw Lem

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Michael Kandel.*)

•

James McLendon saw an execution in Florida when he was 17. Now he hasn't written a fictional account of four executions, based on that experience. Page 6-C.
—*Atlanta Journal & Constitution.*

Good for him.



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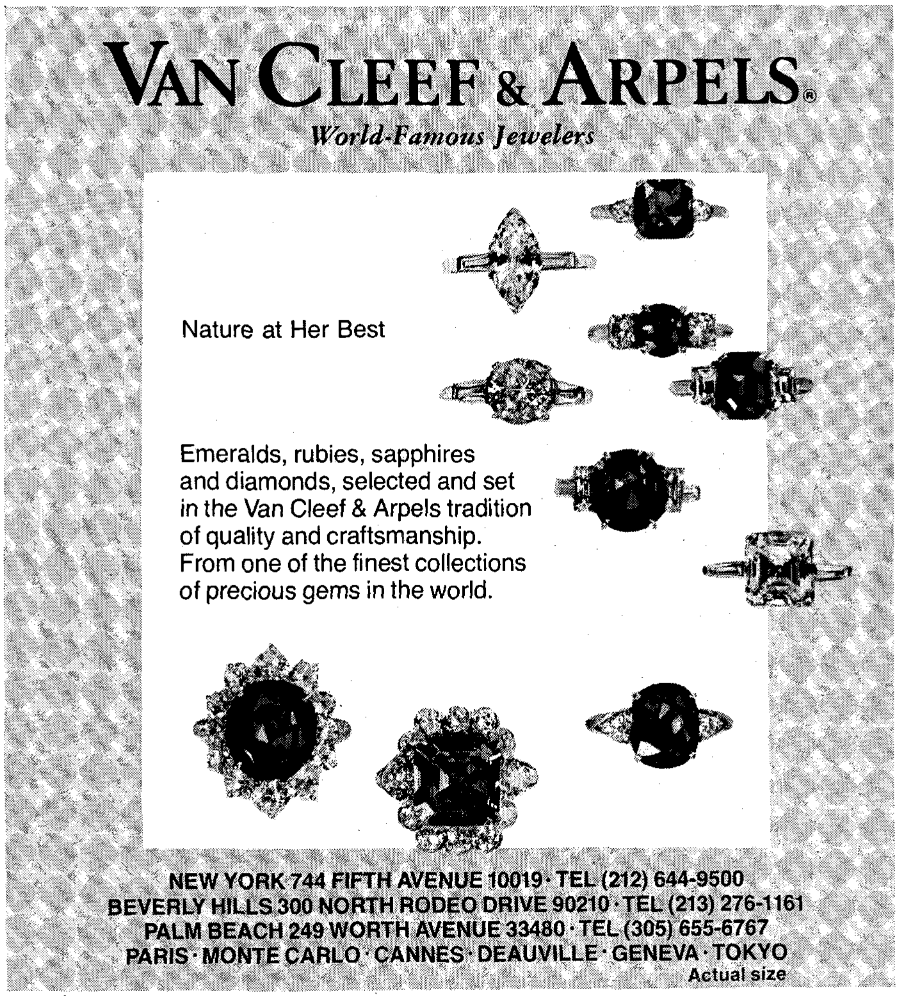
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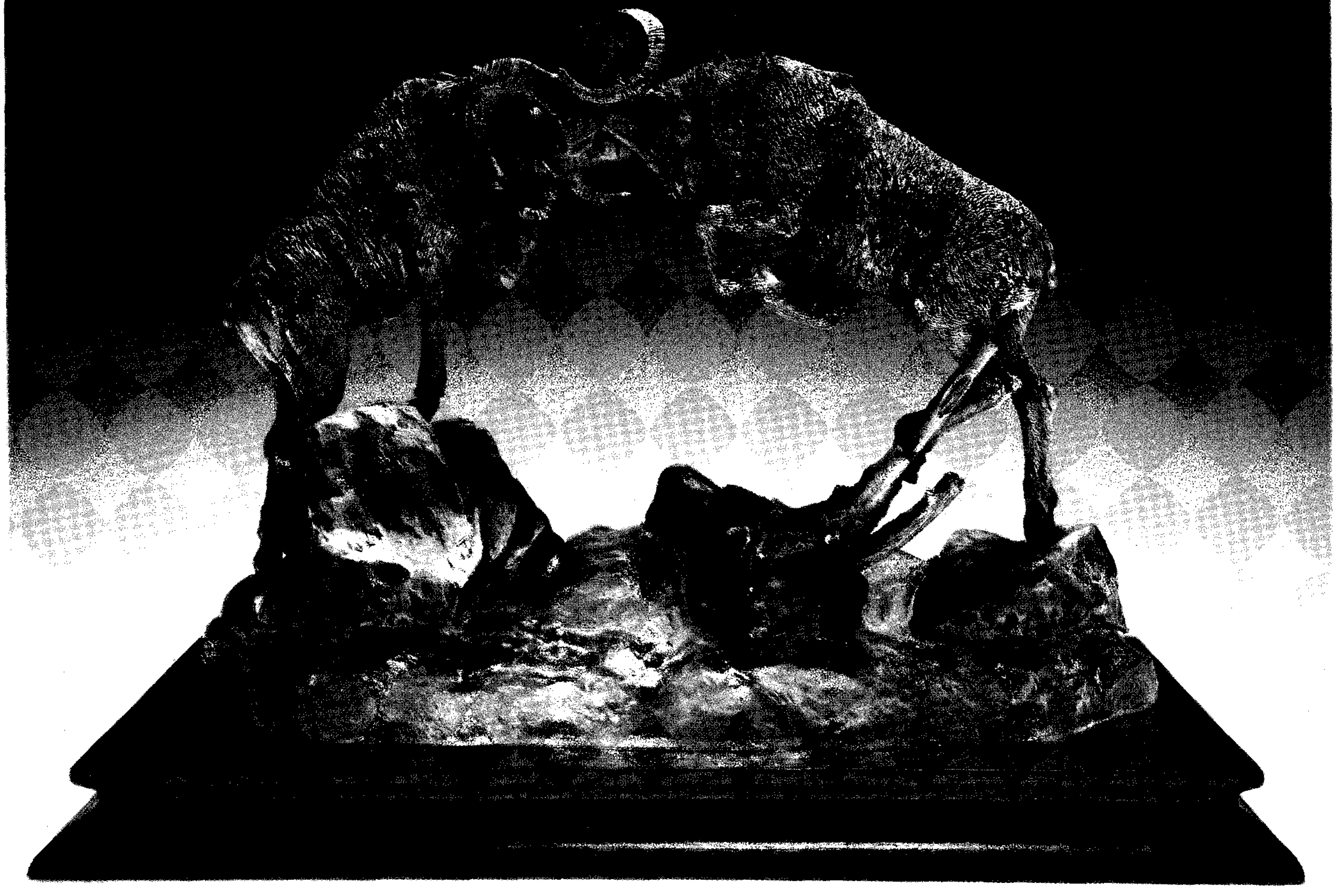

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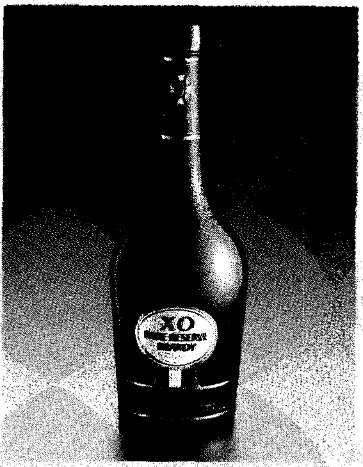

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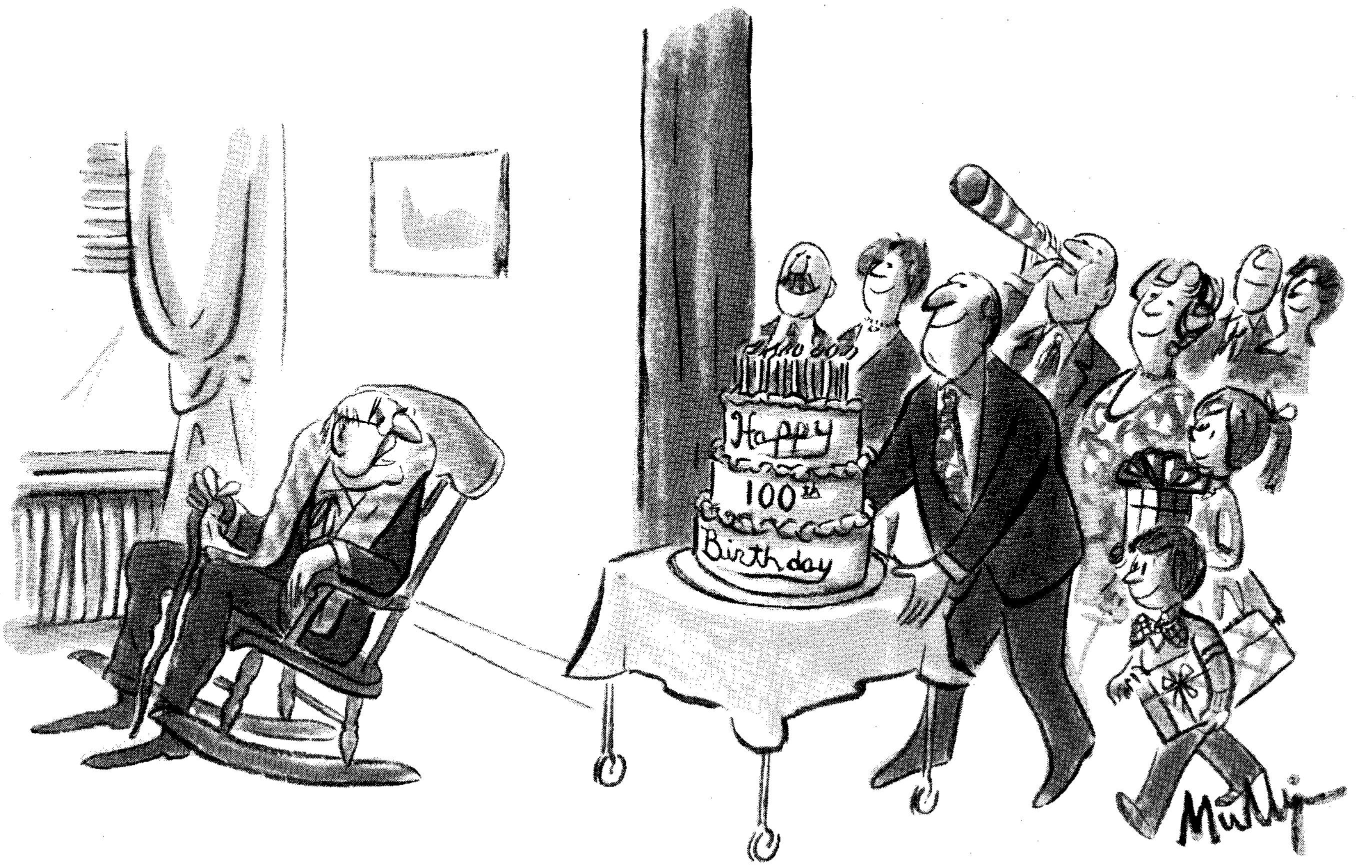
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

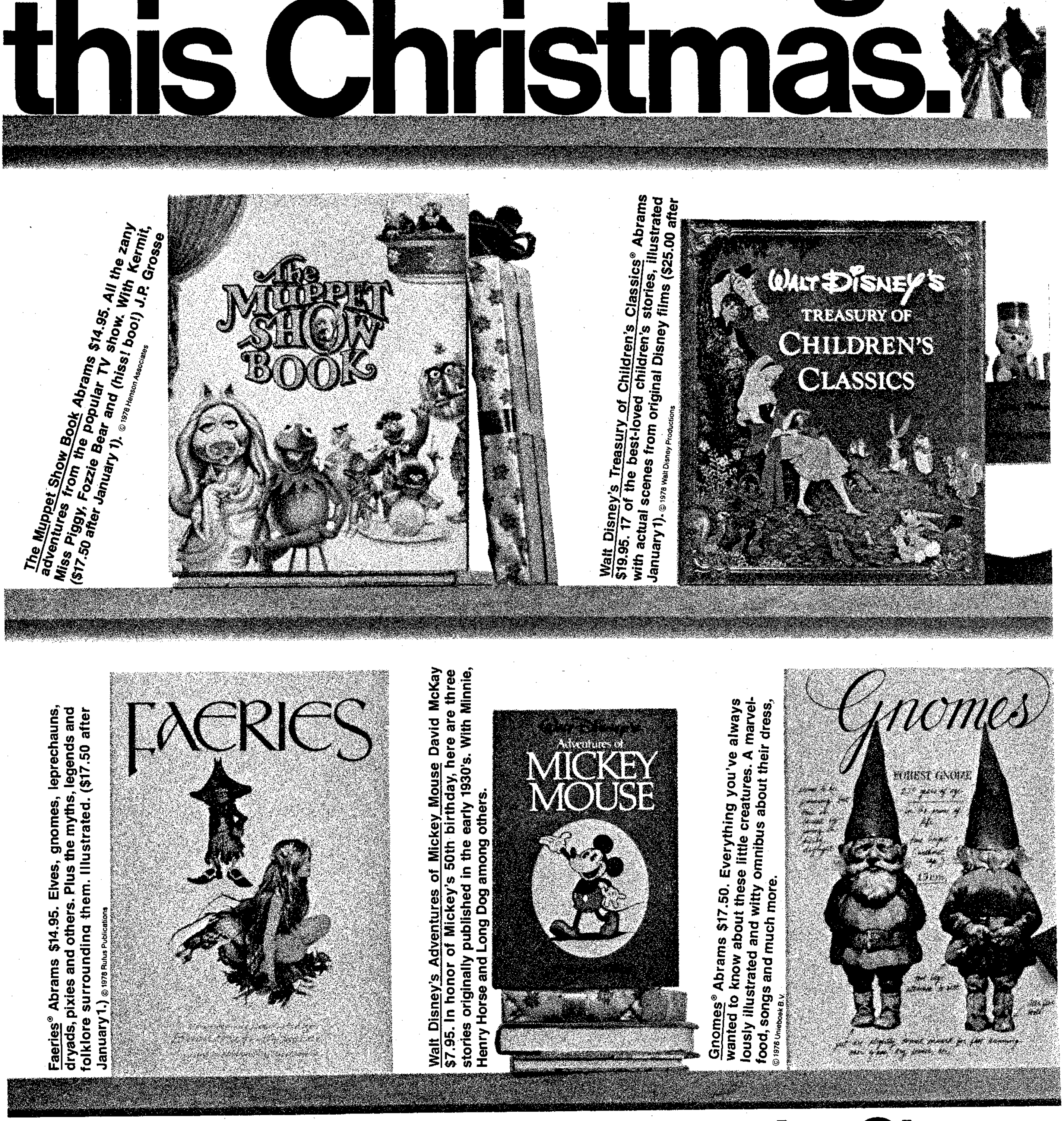
IF ever there was a born dramatist, it is the South African Athol Fugard, whose "Nongogo" will run at the Manhattan Theatre Club through December 10th. The play, one of his earliest, was written and performed in South Africa in the late fifties and was first done in London in 1974, among other facts nobody wants to know. What is interesting is that Mr. Fugard appears to have found his subject and, to a large extent, his talent immediately. Himself a white man, he has written play after play about the various races—singly and in combination—imprisoned in his racist country, but in doing so he has never stooped to propaganda or case history. "Nongogo" is set in the black district of Johannesburg, and all the characters are black. A woman and a man who, early in their lives, were so humiliated and defiled that they consider themselves almost literally filth see a chance to become human and clean, take it, and ultimately fail. The action covers two days in a shebeen, or speakeasy, that is owned and operated by a woman called Queeny. "*Nongogo*" is the black word for a cheap whore, which she once was, with a pimp, who still drops in at all hours with unwanted supervision and advice. Early one morning, a young fellow named Johnny comes calling with a suitcase full of tablecloths. He sells her one, and enchants her with his talk of materials and colors. He has decided to be his own boss, he says, selling fabrics to housewives and ultimately, perhaps, becoming an interior decorator, because he likes to match colors. Queeny enters his dream and runs away with it, talking of setting up a shop someday and forming a partnership, and she backs him with ten pounds. Ten years earlier, as a boy of seventeen, he was sent to the mines, where he was brutalized and sodomized by the miners. He has never had a girl, and she has never, in any real sense, had a man. They plan to go into business together and live together, but the pimp wrecks their plans.

The small touches in the play and the excitement they generate—the whipping of the bright cloths on and off the table, for example—more than make up for its occasional awkwardness. If the plot seems melodramatic and arbitrary, and its hopeless ending forced, it is because the playwright has not yet learned to conceal his hand, but he has learned—or is on his way to learning—everything else of importance. The characters, their feelings, and the lines they speak (when the lines are not too openly expository) are admirably done, and there is enough suspense and wonder to keep things on the boil. The acting, under the direction of Oz Scott, is very good. As Queeny, at first listless and bitter, then suddenly elated and coming to life, filled with hope, and finally crushed, Mary Alice gives a rich performance. Thomas Martell Brimm plays the pimp with a jaunty worldliness and subtle menace that are very effective. John McCurry is effective, too, as an outsize, bewildered cripple, devoted to Queeny, and so is Roger Lawson as a local man whose wife is having a baby while he sits drinking at the shebeen and trying to think of a name for the child, because that is all he'll be able to give it. Terry Alexander is engaging and touching as Johnny. The good sets, costumes, and lighting are by David Potts, Rachel Kurland, and Victor En Yu Tan, respectively.

THE Colonnades Theatre Lab has opened its season with Louis Phillips' "The Ballroom in St. Patrick's Cathedral," a loosely knit play about a Greek family (extended) in a town in Massachusetts. The time is 1945; in



"My goodness! Is it one hundred years already?"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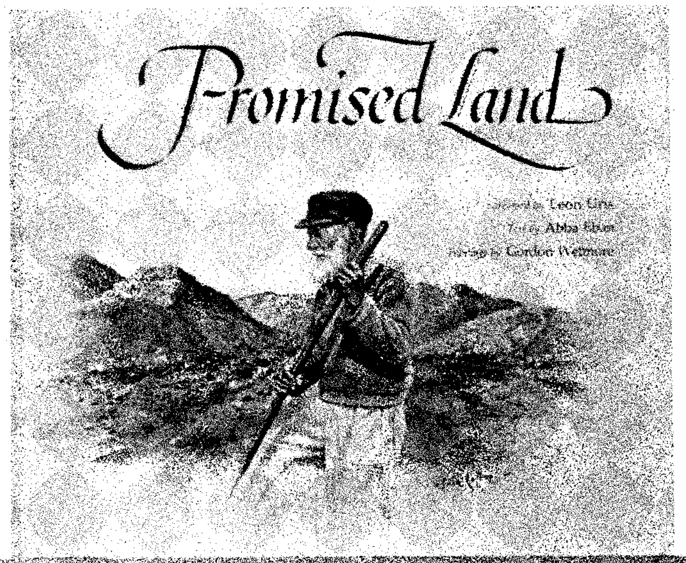
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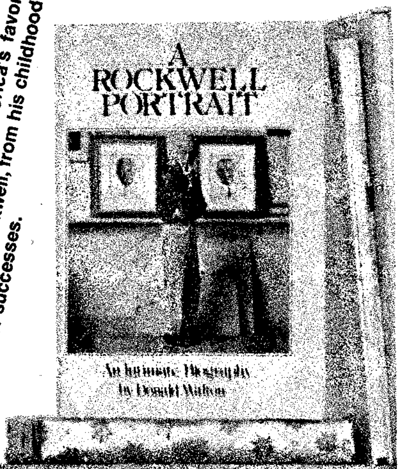
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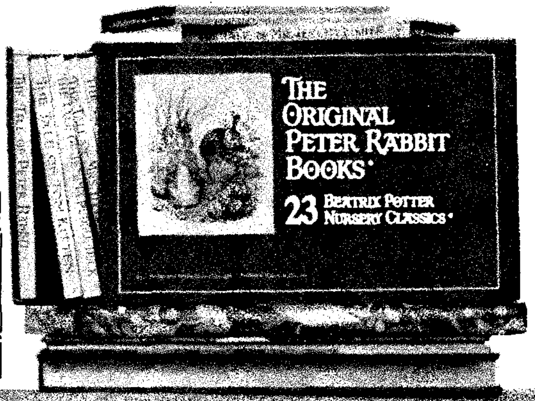
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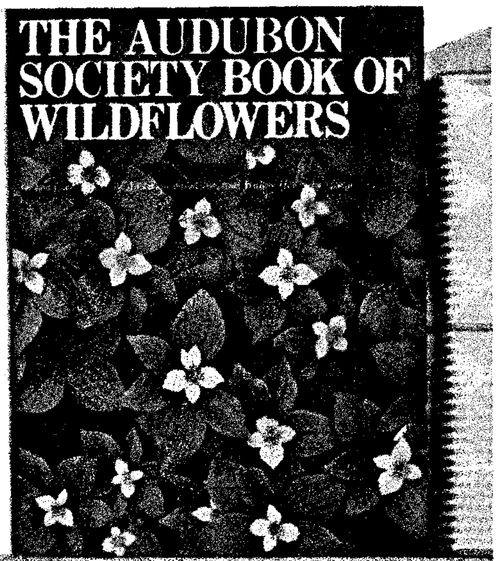
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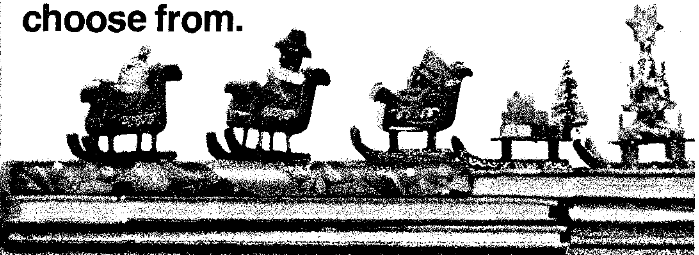

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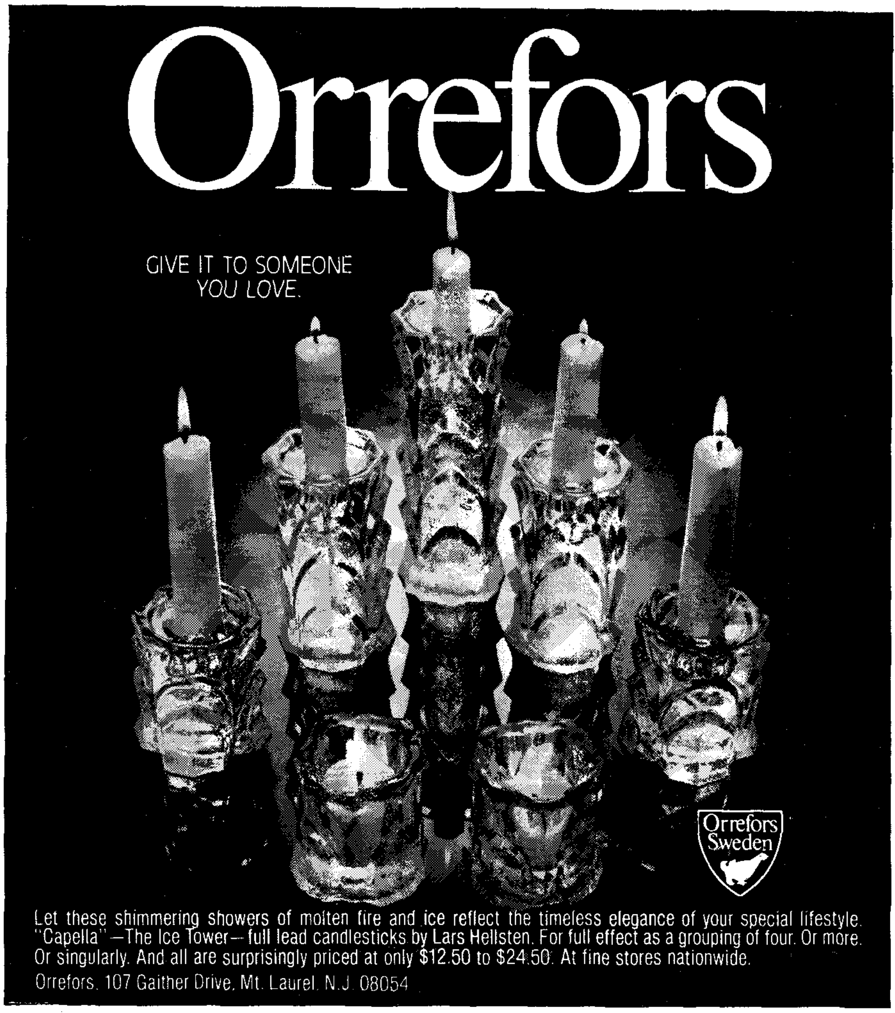

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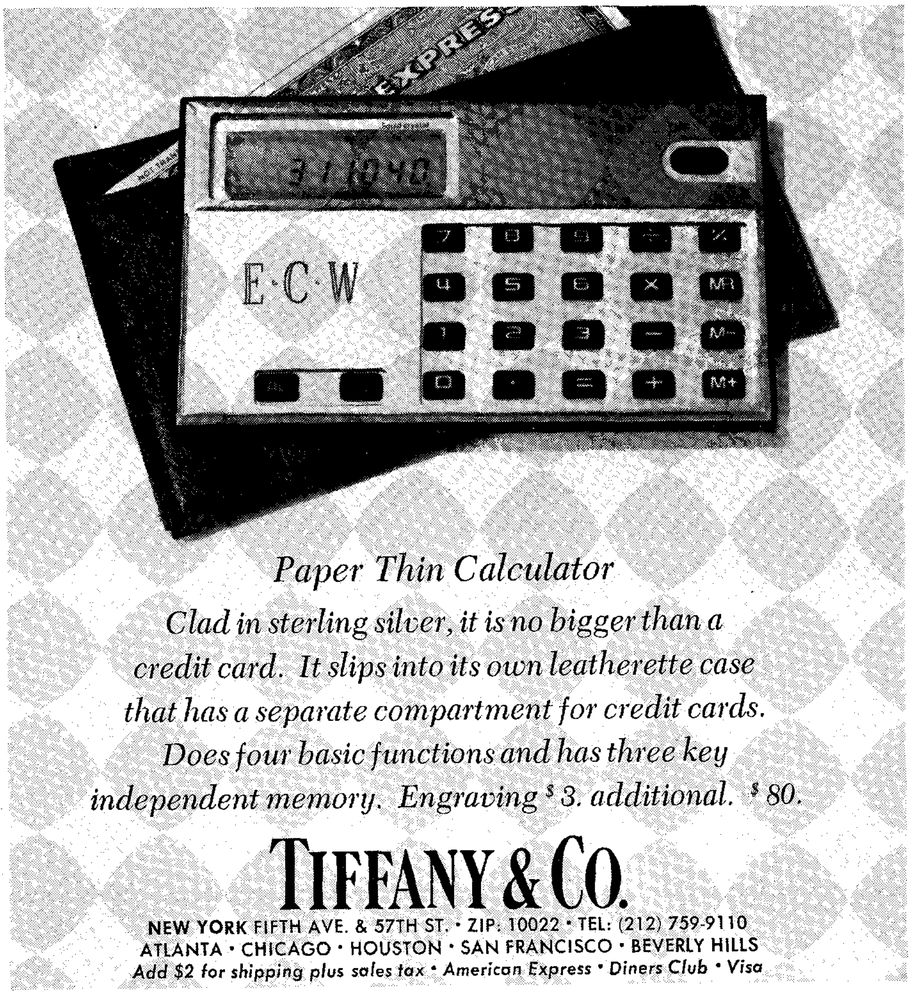

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the first scene, we hear the voice of Harry Truman over a radio addressing the final session of the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, and in a scene near the end we hear an announcement of the Japanese surrender. The style is episodic (as was that of last year's Colonnades production, "Molière in Spite of Himself," with which this play will run in repertory). The aim of the dramatist and of the director, Michael Lessac (who is also the artistic director of the Colonnades), seems to be to create the world of these Greek-Americans, a world as enclosed and of itself as that of William Saroyan's Fresno. The scenes shift back and forth from a hospital room, where a little boy lies dying, to the hospital emergency waiting room to a restaurant, where two men of the family work, to the kitchen of a chicken farm and, at the end, to a cemetery and an attic. Aside from the built-in tension of the dying boy, there is little dramatic tautness, but, that said, it must also be said that the play is much more absorbing than "Molière," dealing as it does with matters of importance and with people whose company one can enjoy. The principal roles are the parents of the boy—the father volatile, angry, and racked with guilt; the mother stunned and grief-stricken and resentful—and they are very well acted by Louis Giambolvo and Jacqueline Cassel. Among the supporting roles, all performed well, are relatives and friends and in-laws and strangers, among the last a crazy old Japanese woman who wanders around the corridors of the hospital and into the rooms and will not be shooed off. The odd, arresting, uninformative, poor title refers to a running joke that is told—not to say pushed—several times in the play. The sets (Maura Smolover) and the lighting (Randy Becker) look especially good in this beautiful little theatre. —EDITH OLIVER

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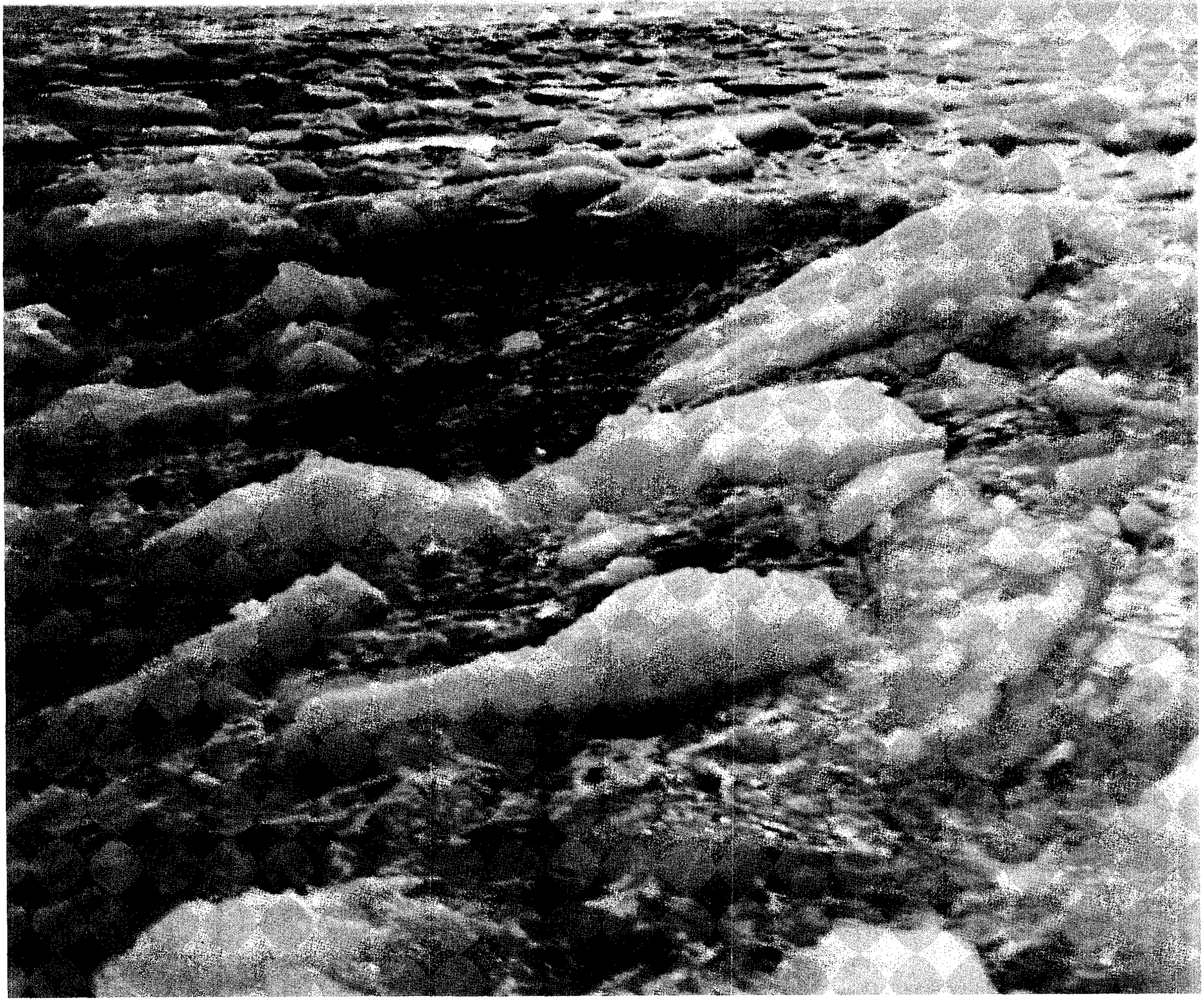

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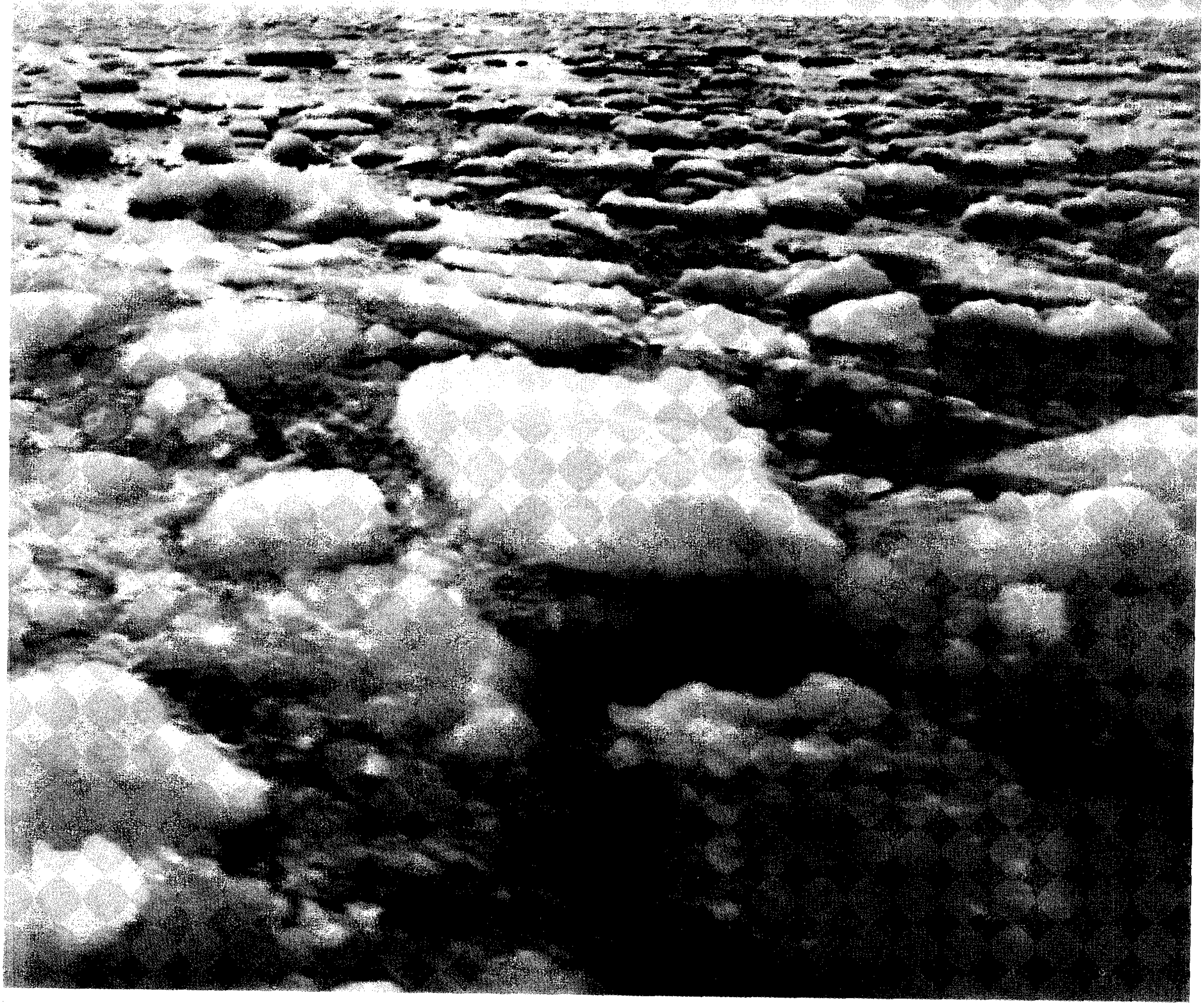

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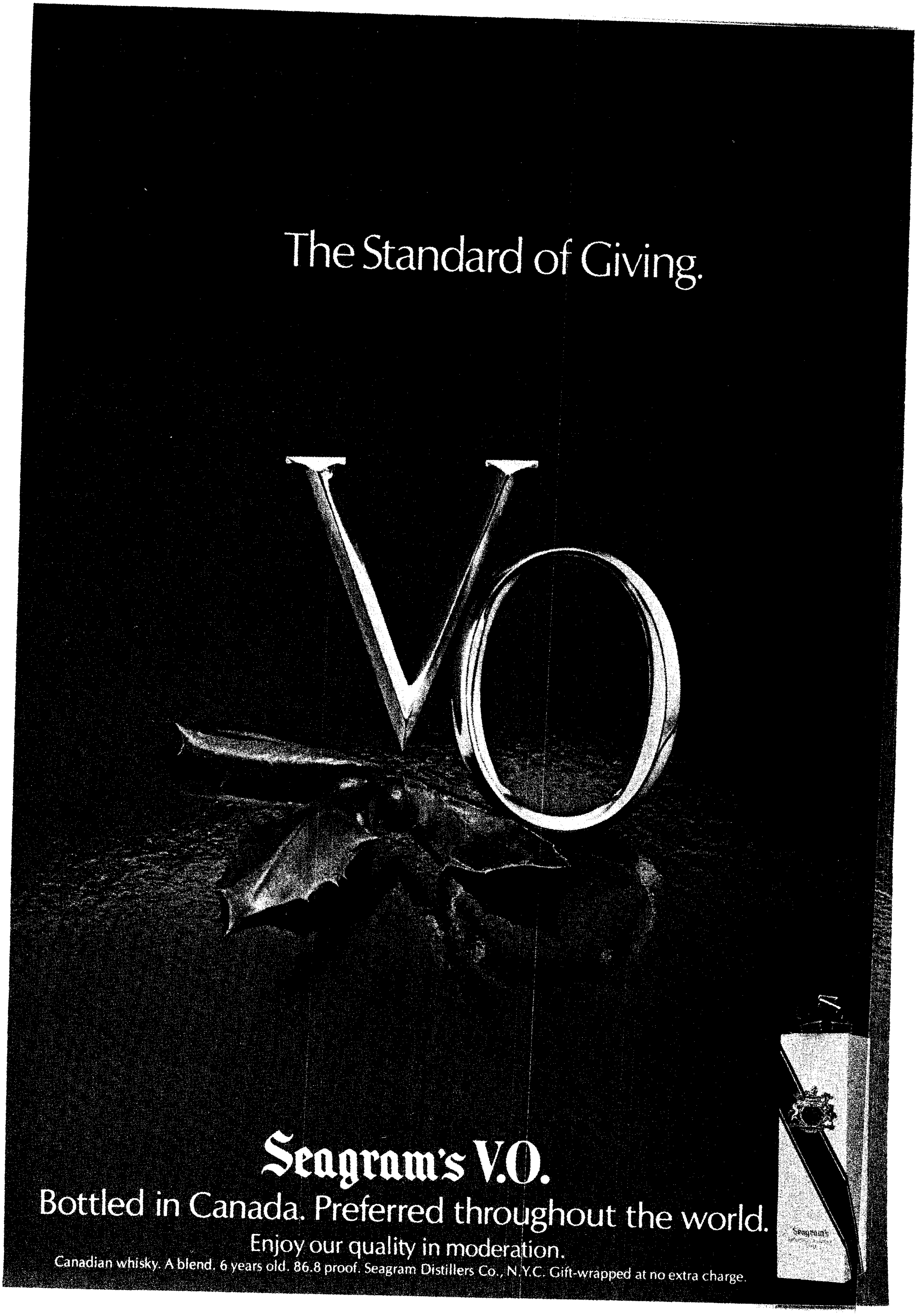

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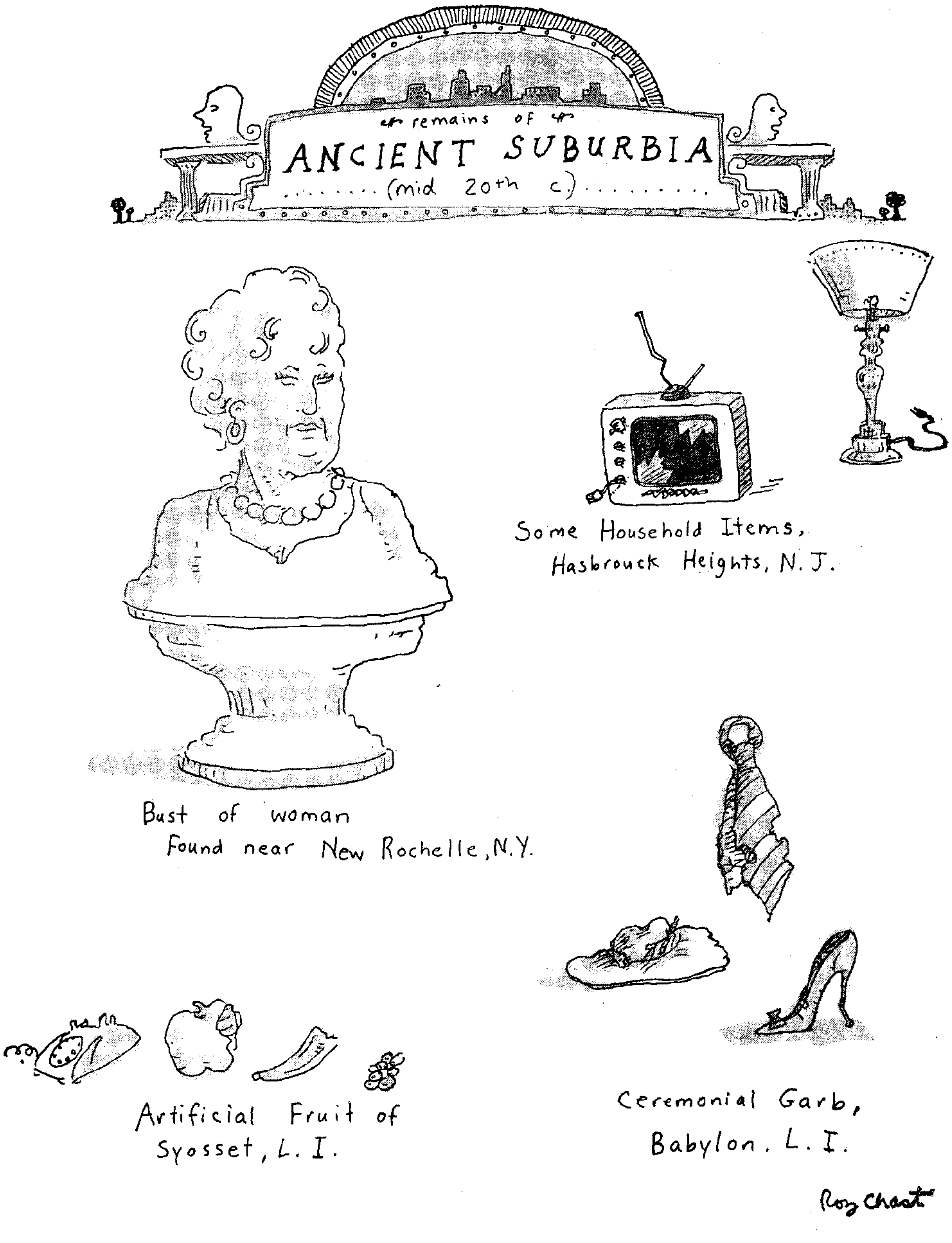
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Rich Possession

IN the first act of Schubert's opera "Alfonso und Estrella," Troila, the exiled king of Leon, places a chain around the neck of his son Alfonso as a pledge of his promise that one day the youth will be allowed to leave the valley in which they live; and Alfonso sings, several times, "May this chain shine like a star on my path, in every sorrow be my treasure, my talisman." Later in the act, Mauregato, the usurping king, declares that, according to a sacred vow, "only he who returns the chain of Eurich, still missing from the ancient regalia," may win the hand of his daughter Estrella. In Act II, Estrella is lost: "Who will point out the path to me, surrounded by crag and forest?" she sings, six times. Alfonso answers her question, and a sequence of three duets divided by two arias ensues—probably the longest love scene in opera before Act II of "Tristan." Alfonso begins the last duet with "As memento of the most lovely moment, please accept this chain," and Estrella accepts it. Two scenes later, Mauregato is astonished to see his daughter return to court wearing the chain of Eurich. In a beautiful aria, she reveals that it was given to her by a golden-haired stranger; further explanation is cut short by the irruption of rebels led by Adolfo, Mauregato's generalissimo, who wants Estrella, and the throne, for himself. Such a series of events would be perfectly acceptable in a magic opera—even one in heroic vein—where chains of coincidence can reassure us that mighty spirits are guiding mortals toward a happy ending. And they are appropriate enough in comedy. (In Henri Rabaud's "Mârouf," for example, we are charmed when Mârouf stumbles upon a genie and a treasure just in time to save his neck from the Sultan's axe.) But they make a slightly ridiculous effect in a high drama of chivalry and adventure laid in medieval Spain. The difference between chance and destiny may be one only of tone (in Calderón's comedies, Wagner once remarked, chance plays the role allotted to fate in the tragedies), but it is essential to get the tone right. The librettist of "Alfonso," Schubert's friend and companion Franz von Schober, got it wrong. In later years, he confessed that his text was "such a miserable, stillborn, bungling piece of work that even so great a genius as Schubert was unable to bring it to life." Schubert, hoping for a Berlin production, sent "Alfonso" to the great soprano Anna Milder—Beethoven's first Leonore, and famous as Gluck's Iphigenia, Alcestis, and Armida. With mingled tact and perception, Milder replied that it would not quite suit the tastes of the public "accustomed to the grand tragic high opera [as composed by Spontini, the musical director of the Berlin Opera] or the comic opera of the French." She advised Schubert to tackle a one-acter on an Oriental subject. "Alfonso" remained unstaged until Liszt mounted it in Weimar in 1854, twenty-six years after Schubert's death. That was in a heavily abridged form. So far as I know, "Alfonso" has never been staged in a complete edition. Last month, in Detroit, there was a concert performance that was billed as the American première. About three-quarters of the score was done, perhaps a little more: there was two and a half hours of music.

SCHUBERT wrote two grand romantic operas, "Alfonso" (1821-22) and "Fierrabras" (1823), and worked on a dozen or so other stage pieces, some of which he finished, some not. In the complete edition, his dramatic works form the bulkiest section. From about 1812, when he was fifteen, to 1823, he nearly always had an opera on the stocks. Only the one-act Singspiel "Die Zwillingsbrüder" reached the stage in his lifetime (it was done six times at the Kärntnerthortheater in 1820); yet not until 1823—after the rejection of "Fierrabras" and "Die Verschworenen" and the failure of the musical play "Rosamunde," which was withdrawn after two performances at the Theater an der Wien—did he renounce his ambition to be a dramatic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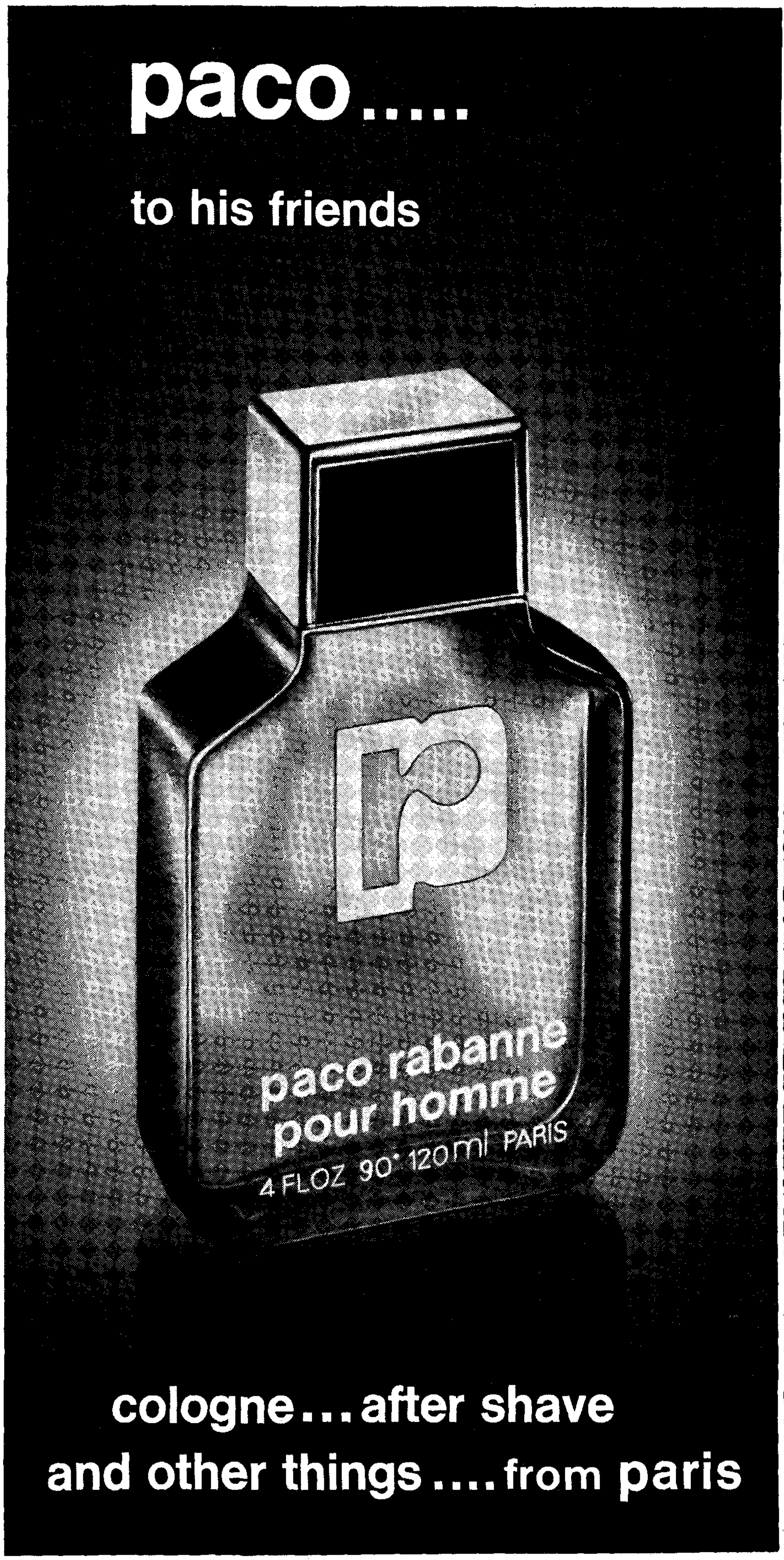
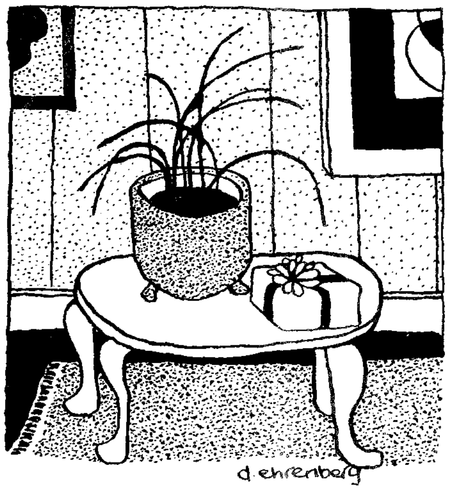


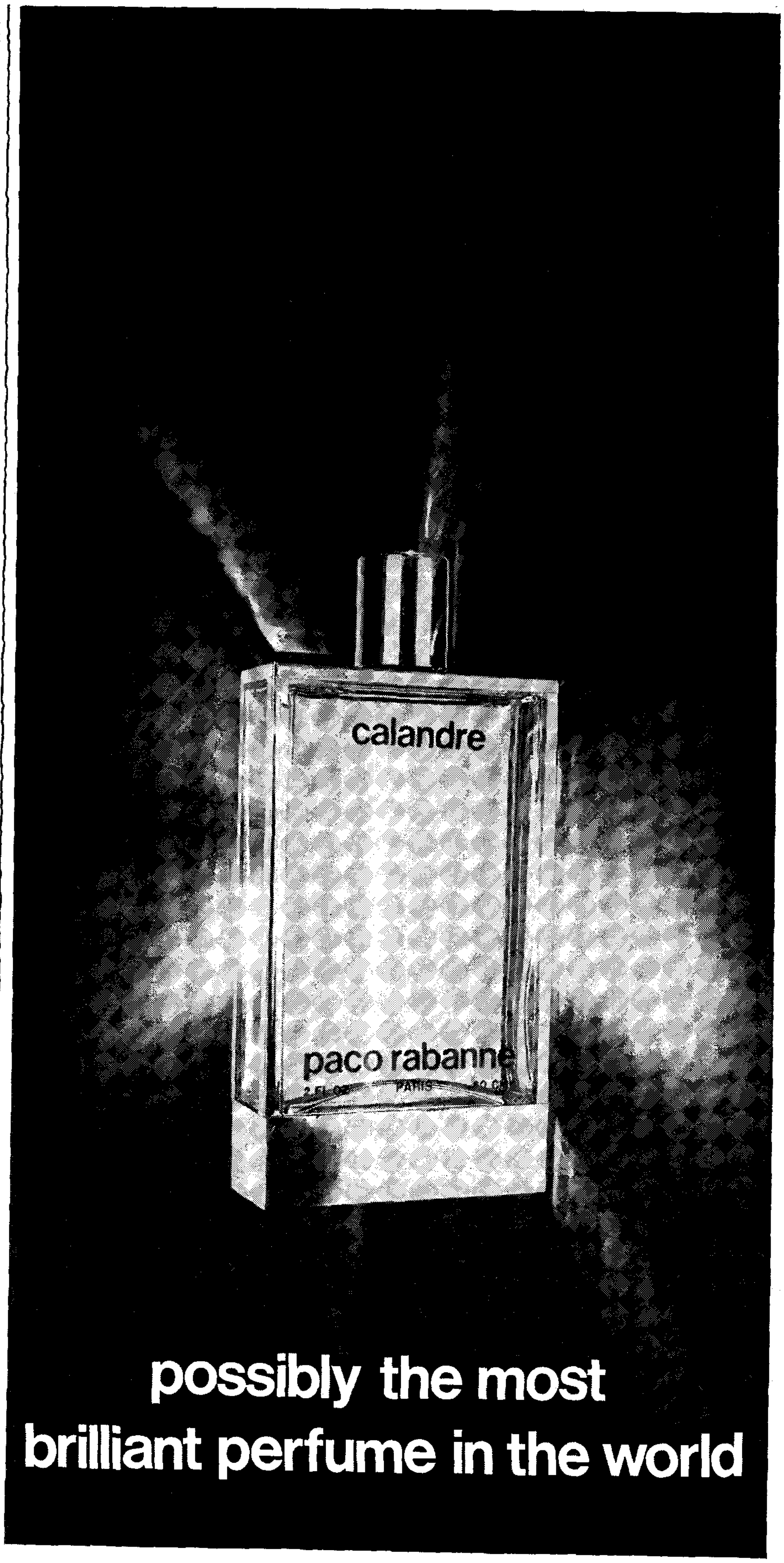
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

composer. (And then not completely: "Alfonso" was sent to Milder in 1825; and in his last years there was some sporadic work on a piece called "Der Graf von Gleichen.") Three questions suggest themselves. Why did Schubert, in the face of repeated frustration, continue year after year to try to write for the theatre? Why were his pieces not done at the time? And why today, in this age of operatic exploration, when the works of Handel and Haydn and such pieces as Beethoven's "Leonore," Weber's "Euryanthe," and Schumann's "Genoveva" are performed from time to time, are these thousands of pages by one of the world's greatest and best-loved composers left largely unheard and almost entirely unstaged?

I don't think there are any simple, single answers. Since opera then as now was the most profitable kind of composition—provided the piece got done—financial inducement may supply a partial answer to the first question. But it seems to me that Schubert also had a vision of a kind of opera he wanted and felt qualified to write—one derived in part from the magic entertainments of which "The Magic Flute" is the transcendent example, in part from the heroic, elevated dramas of which "Fidelio" is the transcendent example, and in part from the tunefulness and picturesqueness of Rossini's serious operas. In 1820, when "Die Zwillingsbrüder" appeared at the Kärntnerthor, Schubert's musical play "Die Zauberharfe" was staged at the Theater an der Wien, and his theatrical future may have seemed bright. Early the next year, he composed extra numbers for the Kärntnerthor production of Hérold's "La Clochette," and for a while he was a repetiteur at the theatre. (There he coached Caroline Unger, later the prima donna of Donizetti's "Belisario," "Maria di Rudenz," and other operas, for her Vienna début, in "Così Fan Tutte.") In December, 1821, the great Neapolitan impresario Domenico Barbaia took over the management of the Kärntnerthor and the Theater an der Wien. Rossini and Donizetti were at various times Barbaia's house composers and musical directors; he launched Mercadante and Bellini on their careers; for a while his empire stretched from the San Carlo in Naples, through La Scala in Milan, to Vienna. And this Diaghilev of his day was no foe to German opera. Once in Vienna, he commissioned new pieces from Weber and Schubert, put on the famous 1822 revival of "Fidelio," and asked Beethoven for another opera. Beethoven's conversation books of the time produce a flurry of suggestions about possible subjects. (What kind of piece might he have written for Sontag, Fodor, Colbran, Unger, Rubini, Davide, Donzelli, Lablache—the Barbaia stars who sang Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini?) Weber, although he had been specifically asked for "an opera in the style of 'Der Freischütz,'" produced the chivalric farrago "Euryanthe," which was not a success, and which has obstinately resisted later attempts to bring it to life. Schubert submitted "Alfonso," and it was rejected.

A one-word answer to Schubert's lack of operatic success in his lifetime might be "Rossini." In Vienna, as in Italy, Paris, and London, Rossini was all-conquering. His music first reached the Kärntnerthor in 1816, with "L'Inganno Felice." "Tancredi," "L'Italiana," "Ciro in Babilonia," "Elisabetta," "La Gazza Ladra," "Otello," "Il Barbiere," "Il Turco," "Cenerentola," "Armida," "Mosè," and the rest followed in a steady stream, flowing through both the Kärntnerthor and the Theater an der Wien, done sometimes in German, sometimes in Italian. Rossini fever reached its height with the composer's visit to the city, in 1822, and continued to rage. On the bill of a Beethoven concert, in 1824, "Di tanti palpiti," the hit number from "Tancredi," appears between the Kyrie of the Missa Solemnis and the Ninth Symphony. (It was sung by Davide, while Sontag, Unger, and Donzelli, Bellini's first Pollione, sang in the Beethoven works.) In the 1824-25 season, Fodor starred in "Semiramide" sixty times. Schubert's admiration for Rossini is documented, and Rossini's powerful influence on Schubert's music has often been noted. In 1951, Alfred Einstein remarked that "there is much that is accepted as purely Schubertian which would be better described





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as pseudo-Rossini;" and today, when Rossini's serious operas are better known than they were then, the source of such things as the canonic trio in the first finale of "Alfonso" and of several episodes of romantic scene painting is more easily recognized. Moreover, today, when Rossini is no longer considered beneath respectable musicological concern, the debt that the finale of the Great C-Major Symphony owes to the stretto of the first-act finale in "Il Barbiere" can be acknowledged without embarrassment. What need stressing, rather, are differences between Schubert's operas and Rossini's, if one attempts to discover why the former had no success with a theatrical public whose enthusiasm for the latter was boundless. Differences are not hard to find. Schubert had no command of the *convenienze*—the tested and successful formulas that determined the vocal distribution, the form, and the sequence of numbers in Italian opera. Rossini's command of them was absolute, and though he departs from them often, it is always with deliberate mastery. But when Schubert begins the third act of "Alfonso" with six ensembles all employing the soprano, the effect is clumsy, amateurish, and undramatic.

"Alfonso" sounds direct echoes not only of Rossini but also of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. In addition, there are more complicated echoes—of Mozart as reflected in Rossini, Cherubini as reflected in Beethoven, perhaps Gluck as reflected in Salieri. The aim in "Alfonso" and "Fierrabras," it seems to me, is to unite the high seriousness of Gluck, Cherubini, and Spontini (whose "Vestale" and "Cortez" were played in Vienna), the directness of Beethoven, the picturesqueness of Weber, and the ready appeal of Rossini. It sounds an attractive formula, but the result is slow-moving. Promising dramatic ideas—there are several of them—are worked out with untheatrical diligence for page upon page. Just about every action is treated to large-scale musical exposition, repetition, development, restatement, and emphatic coda. There is no feeling for stage time. One might say that Schubert, like Haydn, was far too thorough and expansive a musician to be a successful opera composer. Yet, like Haydn, in his operas he wrote page upon page of music that is well worth hearing. So one might also say that no one knows Schubert who does *not* know his operas. For one thing, although the orchestration is nearly always too massive for its purpose, it

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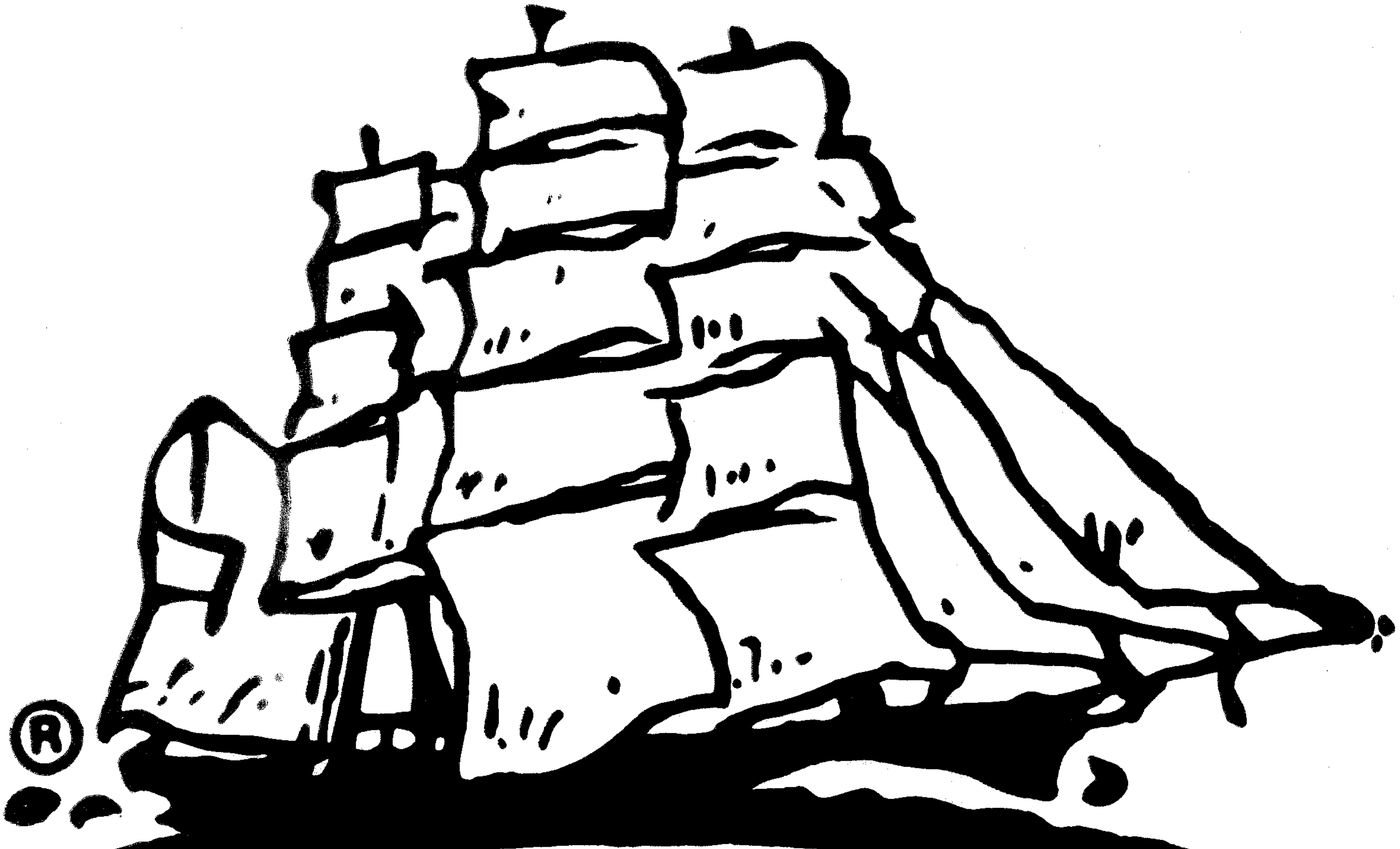

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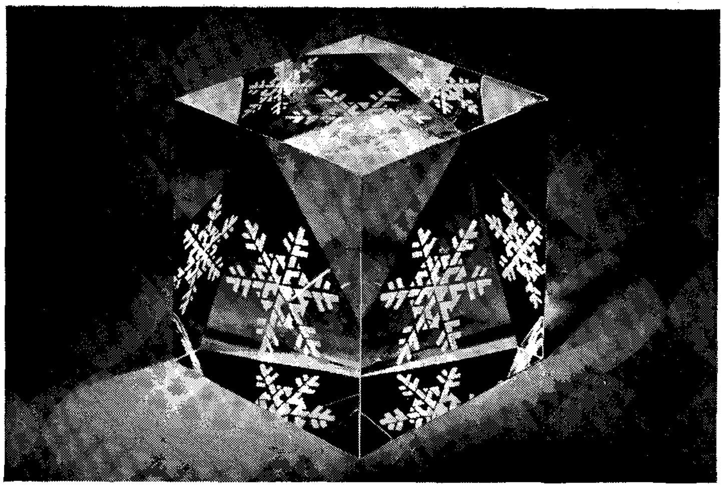

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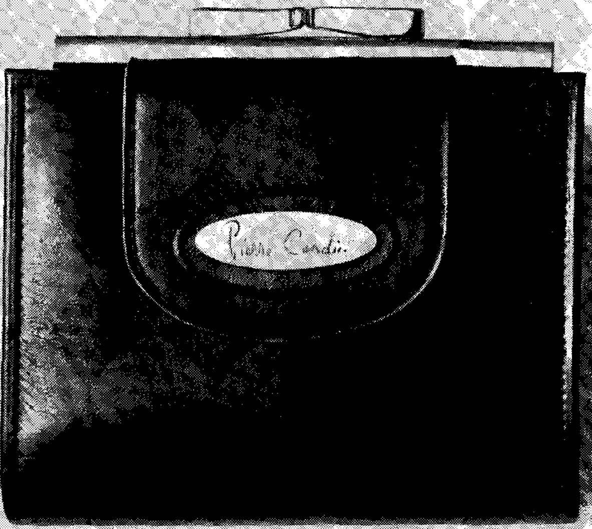

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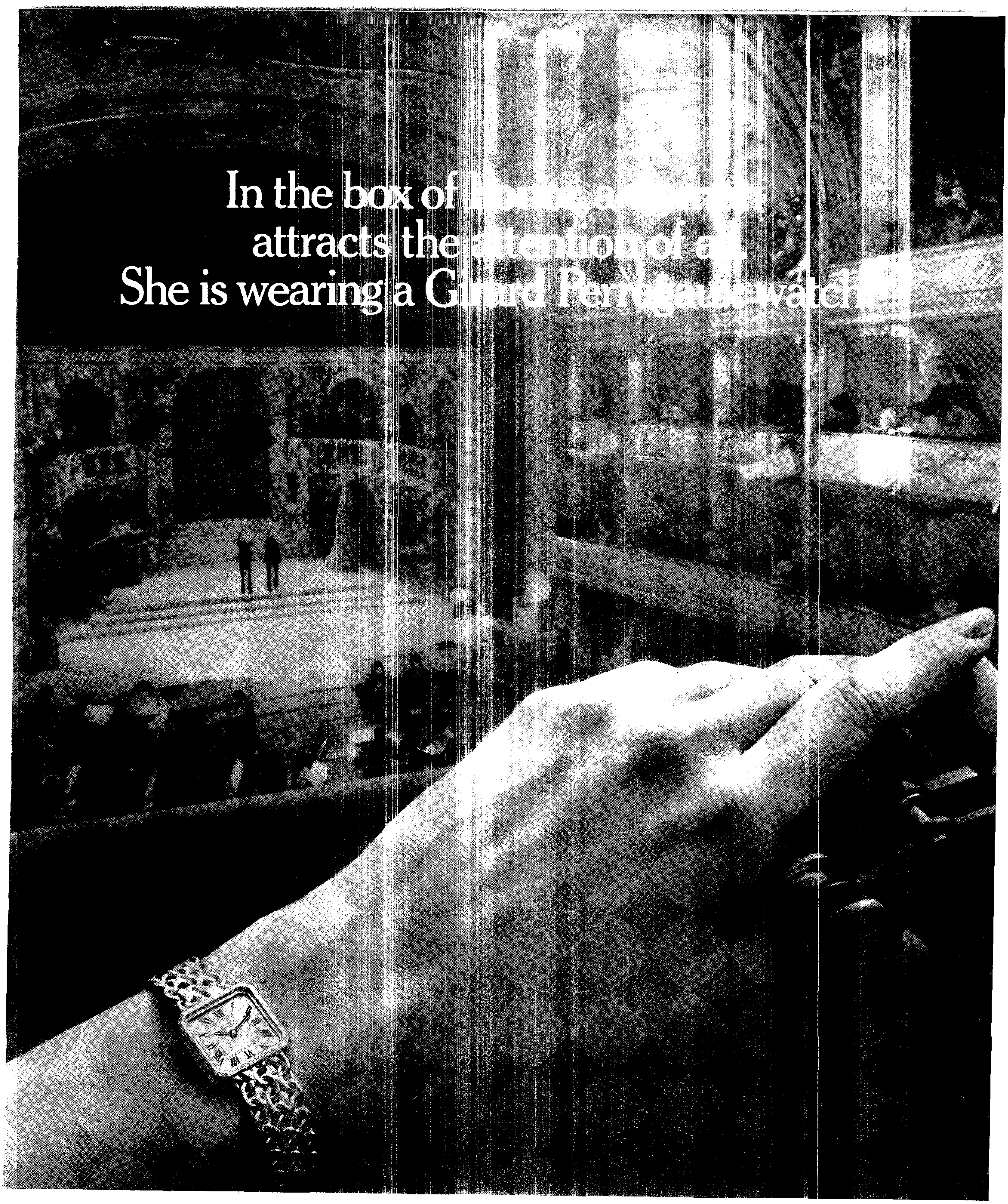
Maurice J. E. Brown, writing in 1959, declared of "Alfonso" and "Fierrabras" that "the only reason why these operas continue to be unstaged today is the inaccessibility of the music." The full scores—soprano, alto, and tenor lines in C clef—appear in the complete edition. "How different the problem would be," Brown said, "if the two works were available in vocal scores." Since then, performing materials have been made: "Alfonso" has been done at the Edinburgh Festival, in concert, and by the Italian Radio (in Detroit the Italian parts were used), and last year it was staged by Reading University; "Fierrabras" was done by the BBC in 1971. Those performances, and now the Detroit "Alfonso," produced confirmation of the old verdicts, rather than reappraisal. I agree with Brown that the actual plots are perhaps not as silly or as uninteresting as is often said; the action of "Fierrabras," based loosely on Calderón, has some merit in it. But they are very clumsily handled, and, as I have suggested, the musical manner is often inappropriate to the matter. The true test, however, will come when the pieces are staged in style by a major company. It is disappointing that the Schubert sesquicentennial should pass in this country unmarked by any important stage productions. Massenet's "Esclarmonde" has reached the San Francisco and Met stages; surely "Alfonso," for all its evident faults, has a larger claim to be heard on them? The City Opera has done Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt;" why not "Fierrabras"? Only the little one-acter "Die Verschworenen" gets played from time to time. Otherwise, we must listen to Schubert's operas on records and in the occasional broadcast or concert performance. "Die Verschworenen," "Die Zwillingsbrüder," and "Der Vierjährige Posten," a lively little Singspiel of 1815, are already available on Electrola recordings, distributed in this country by Peters International. The singers are good; Helen Donath, Peter Schreier, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Kurt Moll are among them. And an "Alfonso," with Edith Mathis and Schreier in the title roles, is due from Angel early next year.

The Detroit "Alfonso" made an excellent case for the music. It was very much a concert version: the piece was sung not in English but in German; no libretto was on sale, and the houselights were dimmed to a point that dis-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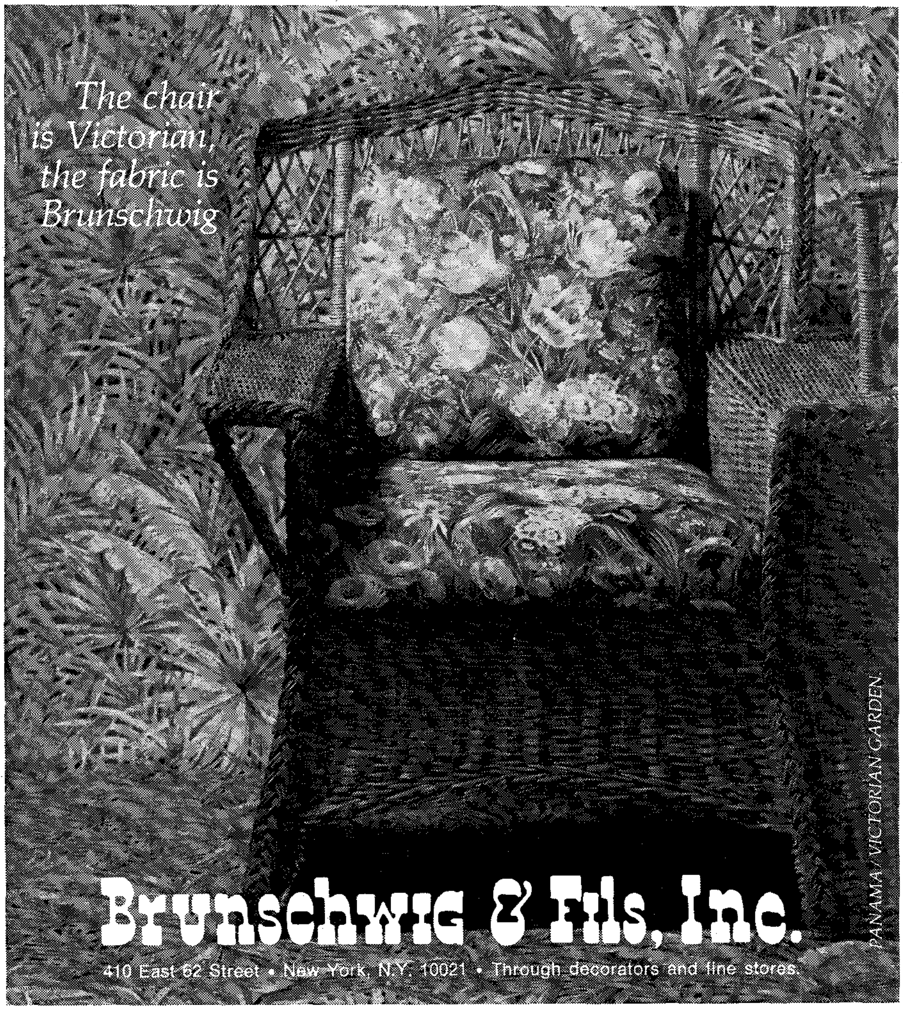
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couraged close attention to the synopsis in the program. Antal Dorati, who conducted, deployed the Detroit Symphony at a fuller strength than Schubert can have envisaged, but then he was performing in a much larger house—the Ford Auditorium—than any the composer could have known. Elisabeth Söderström was a wonderful Estrella. The part lies ideally for her: her voice was lustrous, clear of focus, and beautiful in timbre. She sang the music as if she loved it, in a way to make listeners love it, too. Curtis Rayam, the Alfonso, is a young-heroic tenor with fresh, well-formed tones; they were a little raw to start with but then warmed into a winning sound. William Parker, the Troila, is a fine young-heroic baritone, with the timbre and manner, at once romantic and noble, of Wagner's Wolfram. (Rayam can be heard, briefly, on New World Records NW 220, as the undervoice in C. A. White's "Trusting;" Parker sings Indian cycles by Arthur Farwell and Charles Wakefield Cadman on NW 213, and a recital of twentieth-century American songs on NW 300.) Peter Lagger as a vigorous Adolfo, Steven Kimbrough as Mauregato, and Catherine Grimshaw, Thomas Parker, and Bruce Hall in small parts completed an admirable cast. The Kenneth Jewell Chorale and the Detroit Lutheran Singers made a strong chorus. Dorati conducted with spirit, with appreciation of the colors and verve of the music, and also with feeling for the lyrical episodes. There were some delicately molded instrumental solos. One would have liked a performance in rather more intimate surroundings; at times conductor, singers, and players seemed to be forcing the piece out into the huge space, determined to make it go. It did go. The cuts were mainly of repeats. A few of them were regrettable—for Schubert sometimes seems more long-winded when his very long, elaborately balanced periods are curtailed—but they had been carefully considered. And cuts, we are told, are inevitable nowadays when long operas—except those by Wagner—are revived. Riccardo Muti, in Florence, seems to be the only conductor both able and willing to do pieces like "Guillaume Tell" and "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" unabridged.

—ANDREW PORTER

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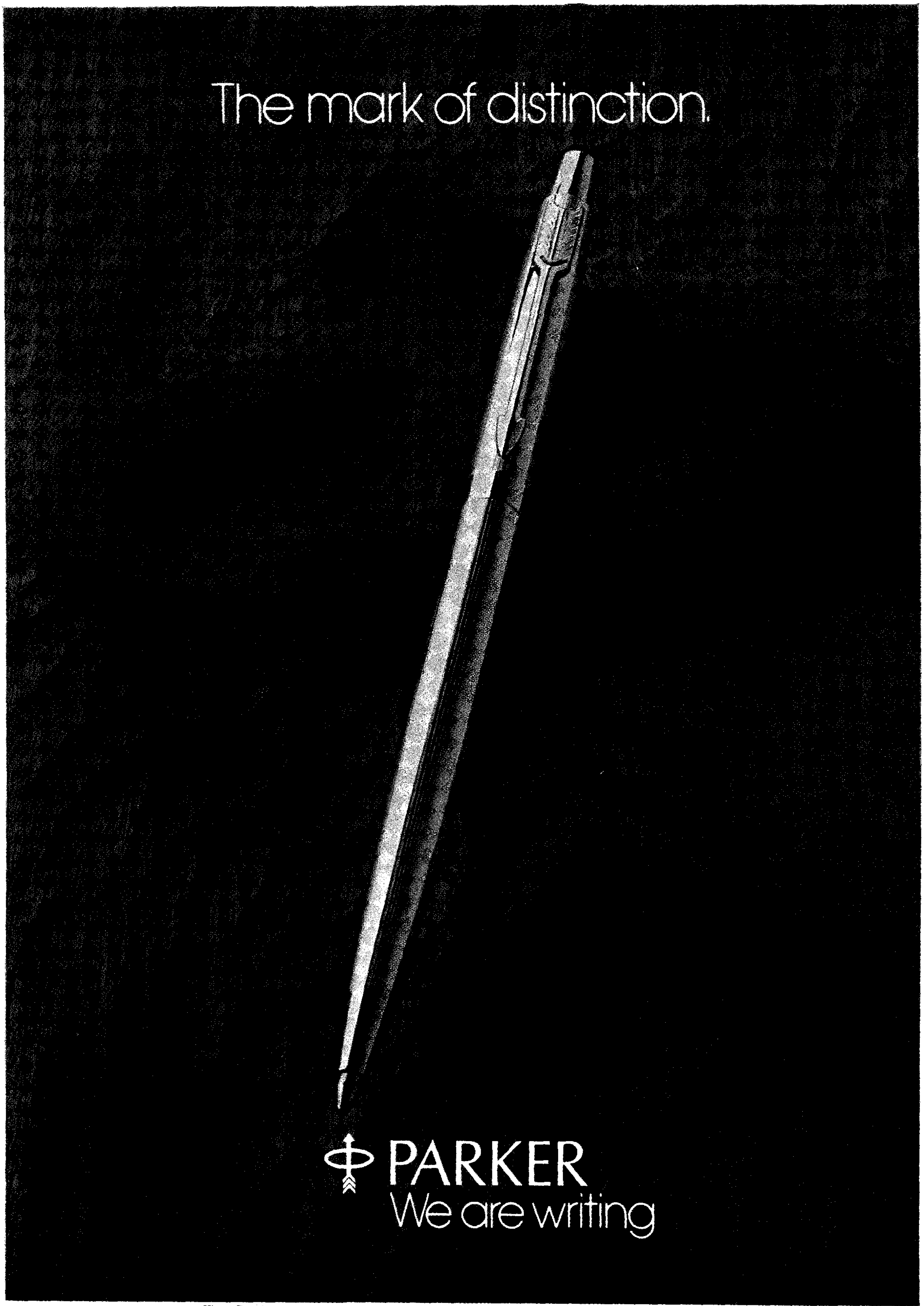
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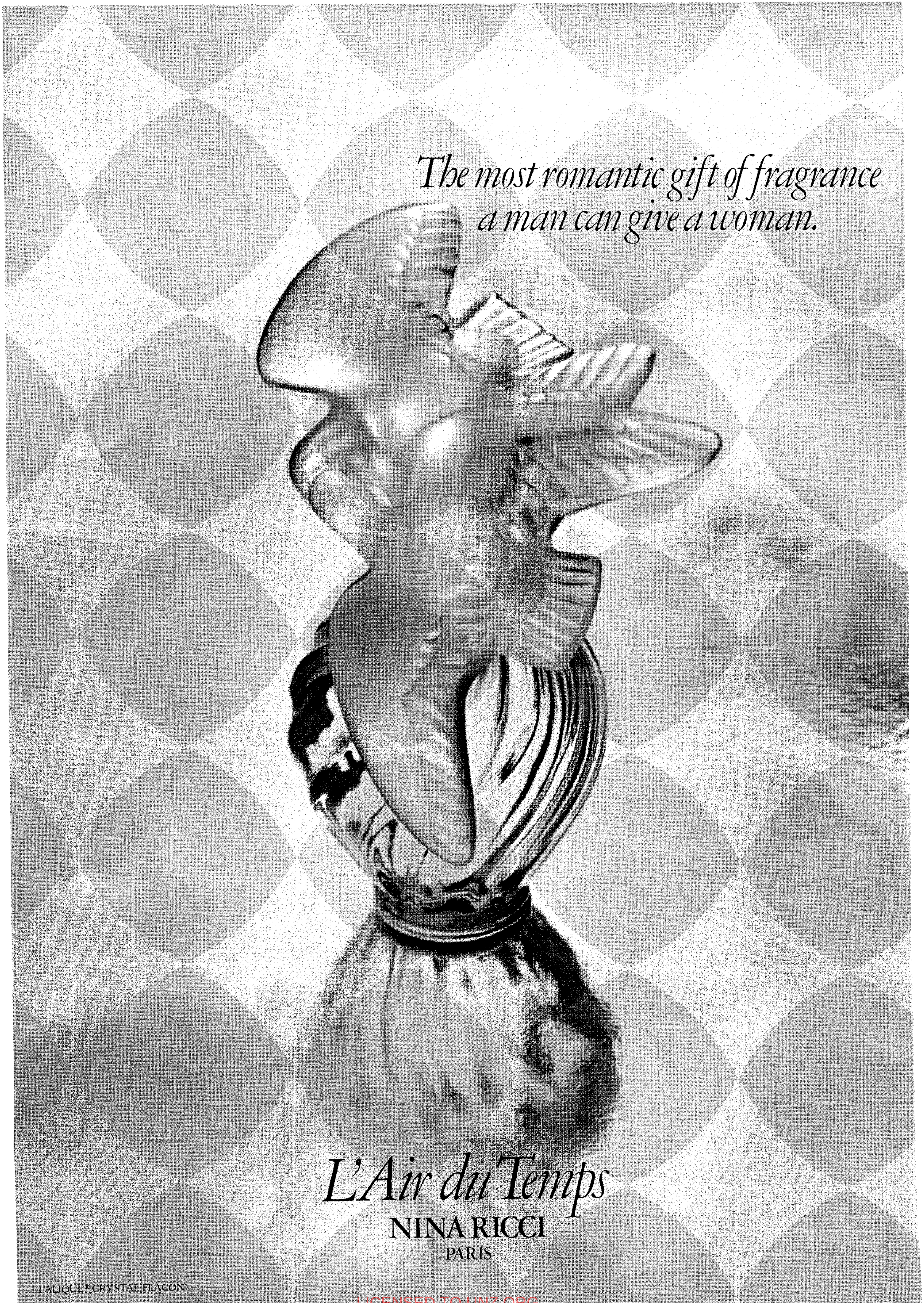
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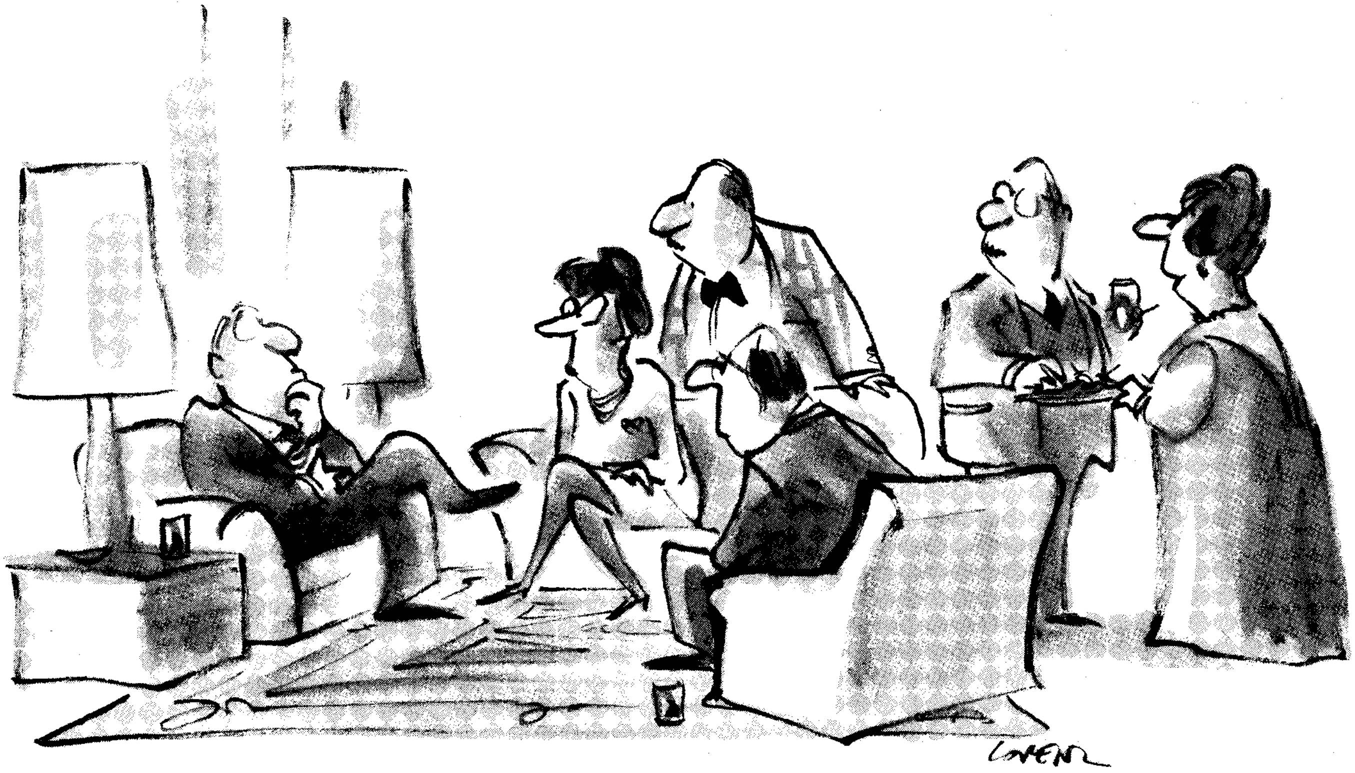
IN "Goin' South," a barnyard comedy set in the old West, which Jack Nicholson directed and stars in, his face is given over to full-time ogling: he bats his eyelids, wiggles his eyebrows, and gives us his rooster-that-fully-intends-to-jump-the-hen smile. When movie actors also direct, they're rarely able to bring anything new to their own performances, but with Nicholson it's not just that we don't get anything new—we get the old in an unrestrained form. In most of his roles, Nicholson saves his grin for a few devastating flashes; each time we see it, it's a revelation of the demon he's got bottled up. Here there's nothing hidden and nothing hell-bent or sinister; he grins all the time—he's just a fatuous actor, a leering leprechaun. He looks shorter than usual, because he stands in a semi-squat, with his britches riding low. As a director, he's so generous with views of his backside you'd think he was taking pictures of a starlet; he likes it so much he's named for it—Henry Moon. Hauled back from across the Rio Grande by a posse, Moon is about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen."

Nicholson didn't appear in the 1971 "Drive, He Said," the only other film he has directed; it was perhaps the most ambitious, chaotic, and daring of the counterculture films—it had a deranged, dissociated vitality. Though Nicholson couldn't pace it or bring it together, he did seem to have control of the actors, and you knew that nobody was just trying to charm you—they were all trying to get something new onto the screen. This time, Nicholson is out to charm us; there's nothing the matter with that, but, not having had any serious intentions, Nicholson seems to have had nothing to restrain his hammiest impulses: he's like a young kid pretending to be an old coot, chawing toothlessly—the new Gabby Hayes. He talks as if he needed to blow his nose—this must be his idea of a funny voice. Nicholson's prankish performance dominates the movie, and, with his prankishness also coming out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. Henry Moon bays at the moon; he runs around in a stocking cap; he plunges into mud and hops up looking as gleaming-eyed as Old Nick. He stiffens his neck and turns his head slightly so that we can see those cartoon eyes, squinched up dementedly. With spiny tufts of hair sticking out from his head and beard, he's a crested cuckoo bird—he's got everything but tail feathers. Yet the other characters don't seem to notice anything odd about him; even his wife, who's meant to be sensible and practical-minded, appears to accept this cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob as a normal fellow. "Drive, He Said" featured Karen Black, perhaps the most oral of actresses, and now, as Henry Moon, Nicholson keeps working his mouth, with the tongue darting out and dangling lewdly; he's like a commercial for a porno film. (What a hard-core comedy team he and Black would make.) He's so busy being raunchy he neglects to make any romantic contact with the heroine. Mary Steenburgen, in her film début, seems vague and recessive, but this could be because the script (there are four writers listed) doesn't do anything to reveal her character, and this inexperienced actress doesn't know how to project and reach out to us. Her small, flat, nasal voice isn't much help. She has a delicate, distinguished face, with a resemblance to Anjelica Huston, but she also suggests



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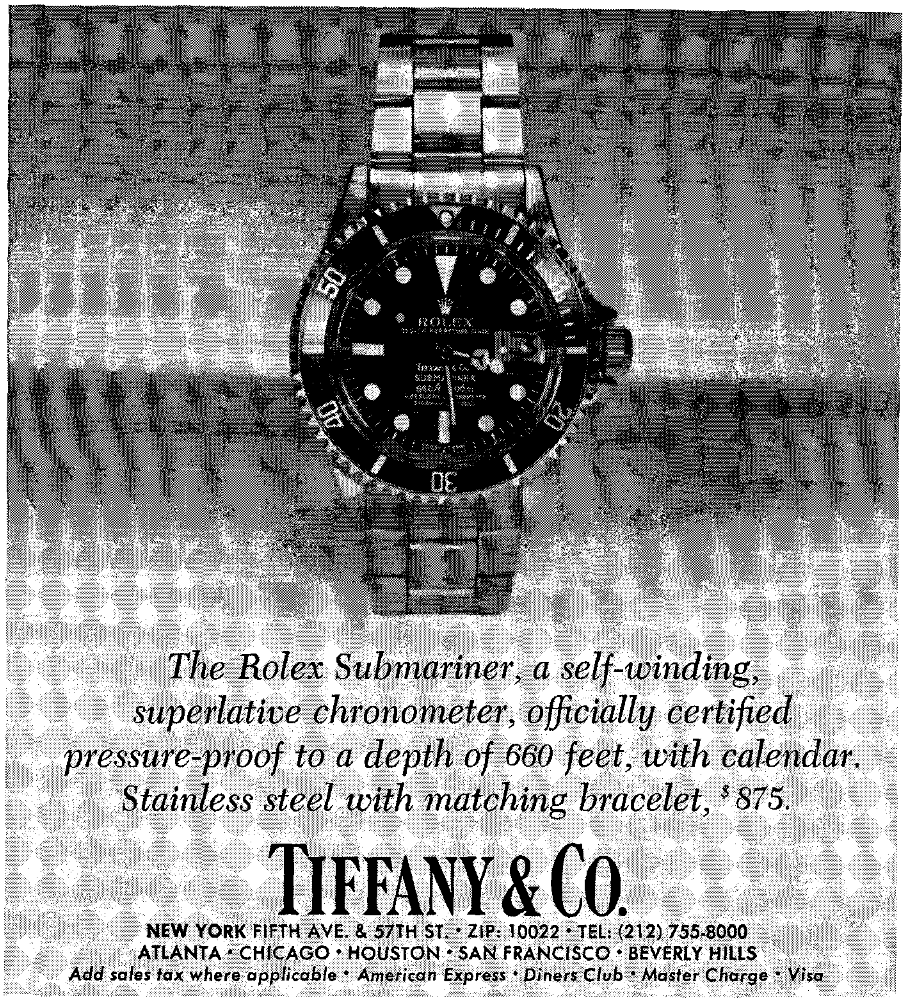
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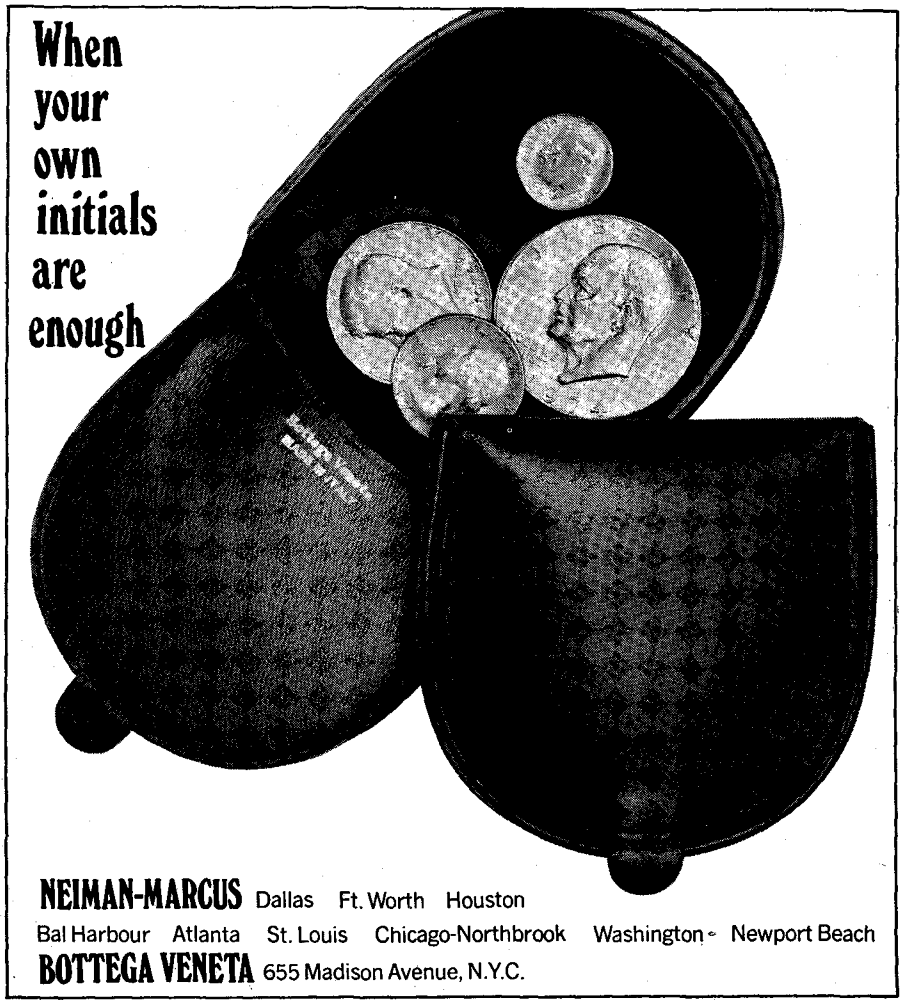
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a twitchy, tremulous Olive Oyl, and she seems to clutch her character to herself, like a recluse. Her not being quite there may make Nicholson feel he should have enough personality for two—so he gives us enough for two dozen.

Nicholson must have selected most of the rest of the cast for how grotesque they could be made to appear, then egged them on to overact, and instructed the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, to get in as close as he possibly could. The faces often seem to be squashed against the lens. There's no aesthetic distance in "Goin' South": Nicholson doesn't even leave enough space between himself and us for us to care about him. The camera angles are eccentric and overbearing in almost every shot that has dialogue in it. Near the beginning, when Moon is in the jailhouse and the members of his old gang come to see him, the sequence appears to have been photographed in the hold of a slave ship; the outlaws' heads press in on us, with their faces so distorted that even the sexy girl among them (Veronica Cartwright) has bulging eyeballs. Throughout the film, the sequences don't give us a feeling of a visual progression—they're like random views pieced together. The effect is very similar to that of Terrence Malick's "Days of Heaven," which was also shot by Almendros. What we're getting isn't cinematography—it's just photography. In "Days of Heaven," I got the impression that the director had constantly broken into the dialogue flow—that he had become dissatisfied with the scenes and didn't let them play out naturally—but I didn't get the impression that there had ever been a *visual* flow to disrupt. It may be that both these directors didn't know what they were after and left too much to the famous cinematographer, who made his reputation by working with directors who knew exactly what they were after. Or it could be that Malick wanted fastidious photographic-plate imagery—stills to be revered—and wasn't interested in the more instinctive aspects of moviemaking, such as tempo. But when Nicholson hires Almendros and turns him loose on a burlesque Western that has reworkings of Hal Roach slapstick routines, Almendros falls back on the austere dark-toned lighting that he's known for, and the jokes go into a classy deep freeze.

John Belushi made his movie début in "Goin' South" (though his second film, "Animal House," was released first); he plays a Mexican-American

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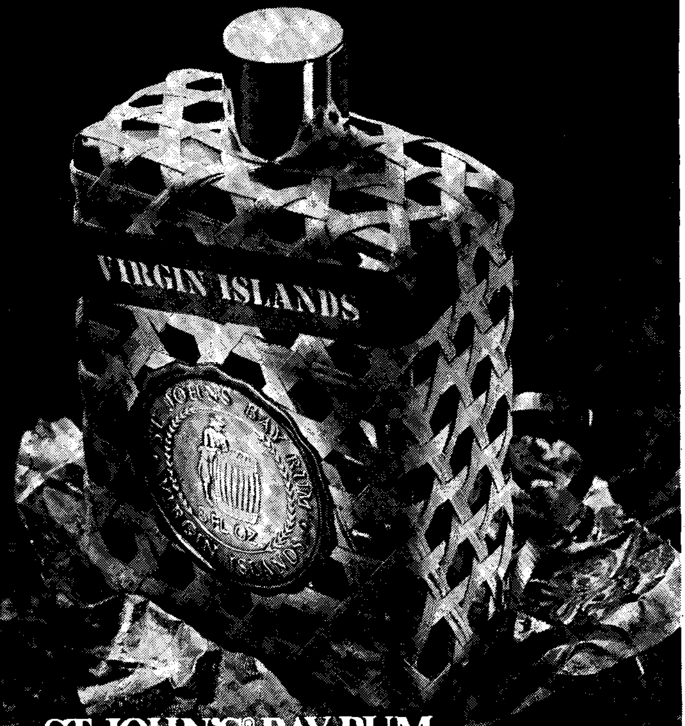

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deputy sheriff. Clive James, in his television column in the London *Observer*, recently distinguished between the Mexican characters in earlier American movies: "There were two kinds of Mexican, bad-teeth and straight-teeth. The bad-teeth Mexican, who usually had a name like Gonzalez Gonzalez Gonzalez, said: 'Hey gringo, you throw down the gon and we no hort you.' The straight-teeth Mexican wore tailored suits and said: 'Senorita, since you have come to our hacienda I feel lightness in my heart for the first time since my sister was trampled by her horse.' " Belushi does a takeoff of one of the most jagged-toothed of them all—Alfonso Bedoya, of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre"—but Nicholson has stolen his thunder; by comparison, poor Belushi is a model of mandarin refinement. The only performer who has a dynamic presence—who isn't just acting crazy—is Veronica Cartwright. She has the kind of talent that Nicholson has when he isn't thinking with his rump. Wasn't there anybody on the set (in Durango, Mexico) who could tell Nicholson to give it a rest? An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping. Nicholson jumps, all right, but "Goin' South" is inert.

WATCHING Anthony Hopkins perform as the star of "Magic" is maybe about as close as one can get to watching the formation of a geological stratum. He is so toned down in his passive desperation that he's funereal: you look at him and you don't expect anything good to happen. And since he has no light or happy range and doesn't show a capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, an American vaudevillian—he's the least corky of actors, and maybe the least like an American and the least like a vaudevillian, too. It's true that Corky is meant to be sweating and anxious—a performer who hates the audience. But the gloomily withdrawn Anthony Hopkins of this movie has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. At first, when Corky, who's a card-trick magician, is unable to make contact with his audience, we don't feel his suffering, because Hopkins is unable to make contact with us. A year later, Corky has a new act: he's still doing card tricks, but he has also become a ventriloquist, with a scatological dummy called Fats, who keeps putting him

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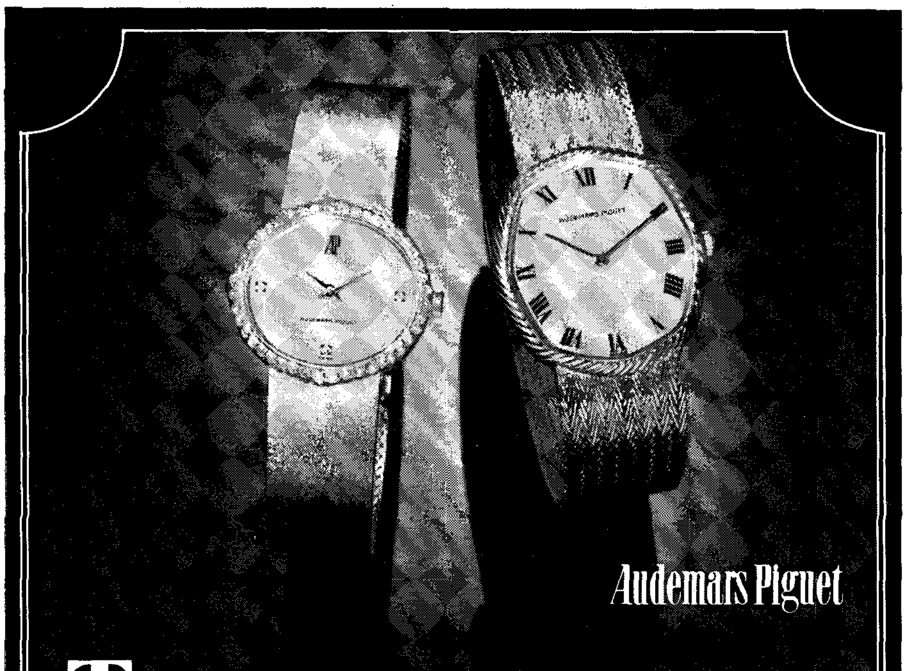
down with standard cheap sex jokes. This act looks just as hopeless as the old one, but we're told that it's a wow, and Corky's agent, Ben Greene (Burgess Meredith), books Corky and Fats on the talk shows—Mike Douglas, Johnny Carson, and the rest. (There's no explanation of how this "X-rated dummy" functions on TV.) Corky's new act is such a big hit that he's about to sign a contract for a network special that could lead to his having his own show—as soon as he takes the routine physical examination that the network requires. But Corky balks at this; having a great deal more faith in doctors than the rest of us, he seems to think that in the course of a routine physical a doctor will detect that he's schizophrenic—that he's being dominated by Fats. (The moviemakers don't leave anything to the imagination: the dummy, who looks like a lascivious caricature of Hopkins, has a larger head than he does; we can see at once who's in command.) In terror of the network's physical, Corky leaves New York and goes to a lonely spot in the Catskills, to find the cheerleader he had a crush on in high school, fifteen years earlier; she's right where she used to be, and he rents a cabin from her. Once he heads into the country, there aren't enough things going on in the story: there's nothing for Corky to do but deteriorate, and the film shuts down. William Goldman received a million plus for his novel and adaptation, yet the script is so thin and the cast is so small (with Ann-Margret as the girl and Ed Lauter as her husband) that "Magic" seems to be a made-for-TV movie—the kind with people going mad in isolated settings, where moviemaking is cheapest.

The only hope for a film with this subject is that it tease us—that it keep us in suspense about whether it's a psychological thriller, in which Fats is the hostile, violent side of Corky, or an occult horror story, in which Fats is a devil doll. But Goldman, having specialized in brotherly buddies and now having simplified that theme down to a split personality, merely prolongs and vulgarizes the Michael Redgrave schizophrenic-ventriloquist sequence in "Dead of Night," and he seems to have scarcely bothered to polish his script. (Does the producer, Joseph E. Levine, just wait for something to come in with Goldman's name on it, and then rush into production?) When we first see Corky, we aren't given any indication of where in him this hate-filled demon might have sprung from, and after Corky has split he seems no different—he's still the same bundle of



There is a store that demands the sort of standard the people at Audemars Piguet meet. Note here, how the woman's watch surrounds time with diamonds. How the man's watch frames time with an octagonal gold braid. Both ultra-thin watches have intricately woven bands of 18-karat yellow gold. Woman's watch, 7,500. Man's 5,200. The store is in New York City. It is Gubelin.

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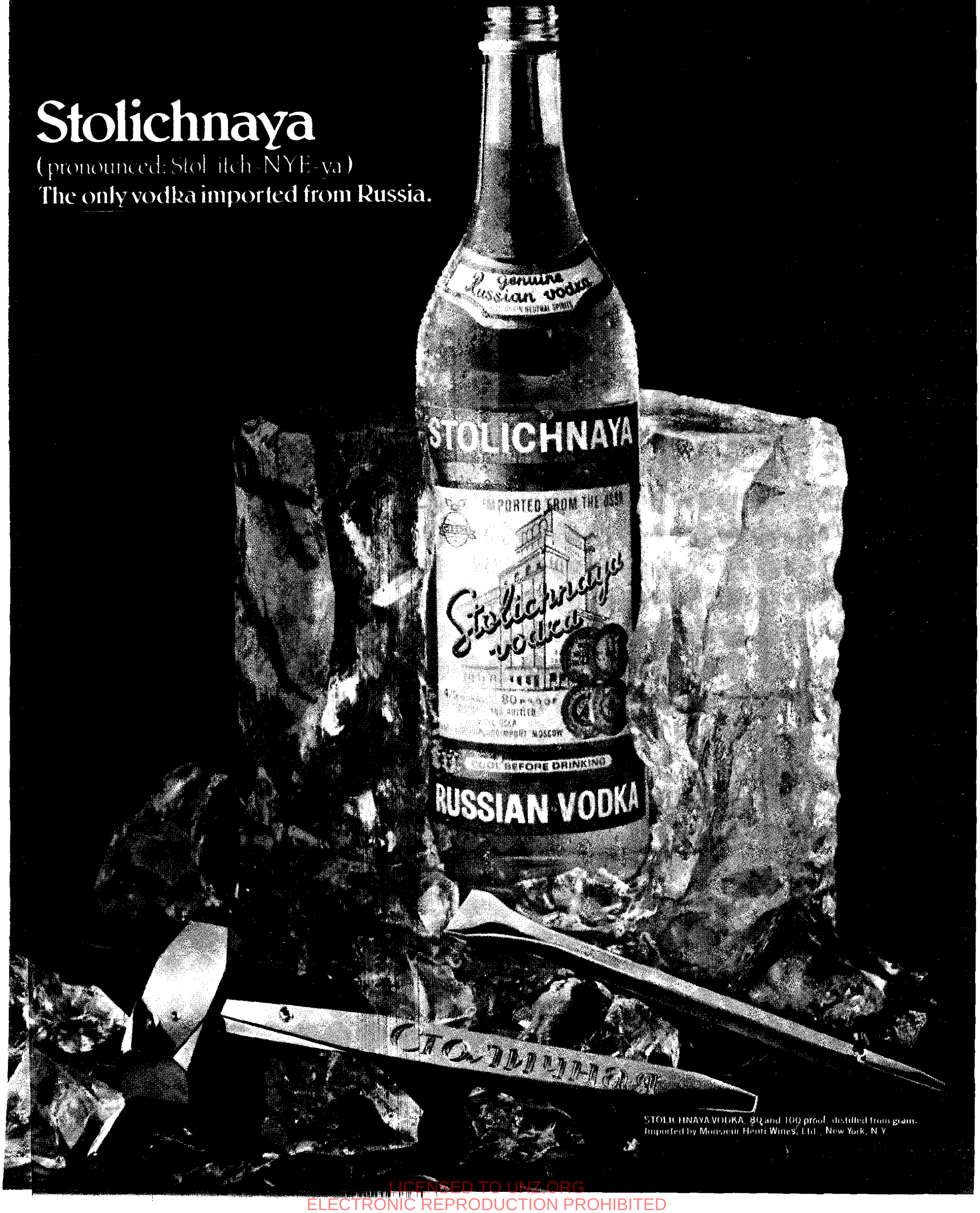
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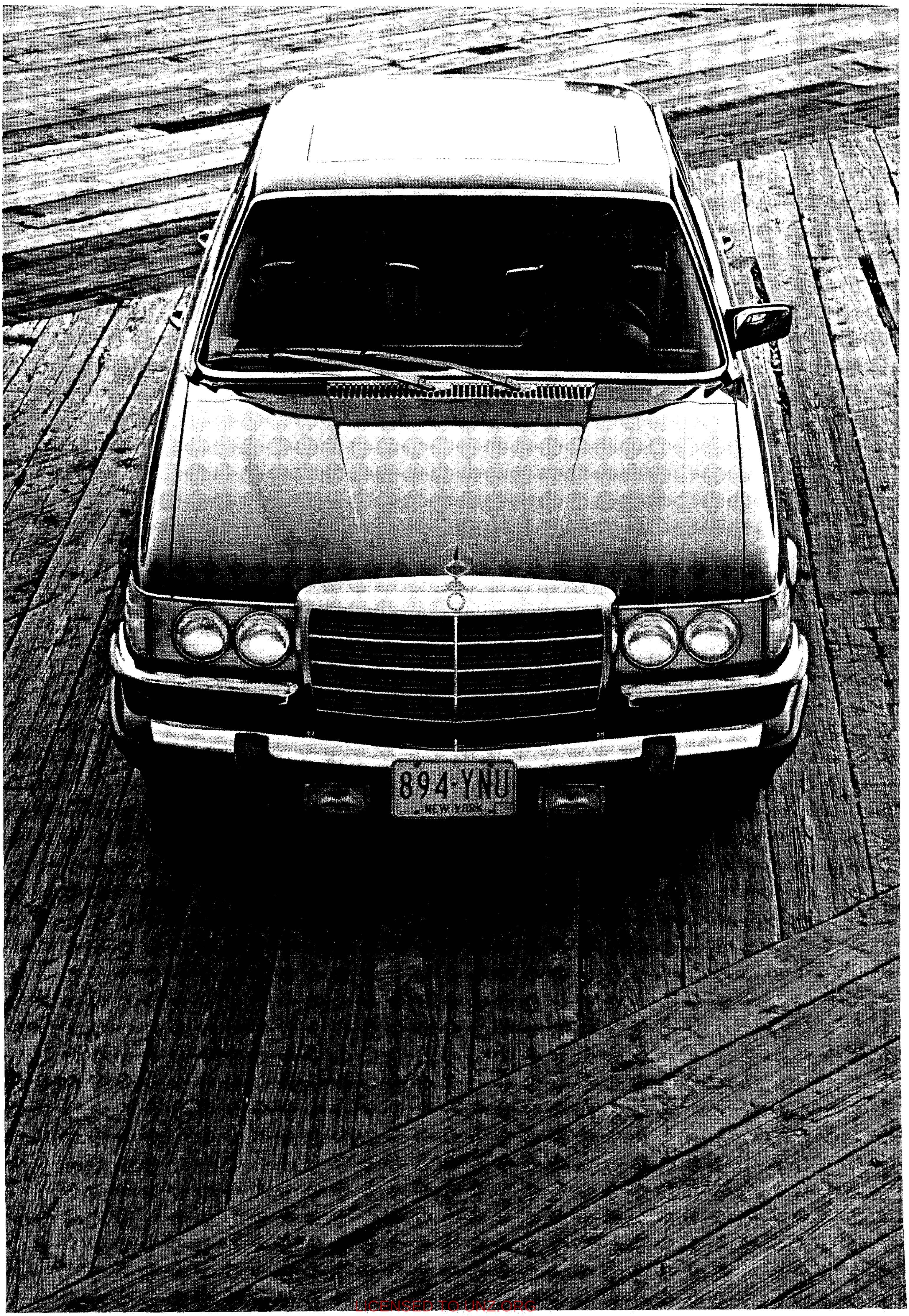
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NEW YORK

Mercedes-Benz simply calls it the 280 SE; it might well be called the ultimate six-cylinder sedan.

The appeal of the six-cylinder automobile seems to stem from its practicality for today's driving—and also from something more tangible: "The sound and feel of a good six," observes the English authority L.J.K. Setright,* "are more delightful than from any other number of cylinders less than twelve."

Something of a mystique is involved. And the Mercedes-Benz 280 SE sedan is a six with more mystique than most. Indeed, here is perhaps the most desirable home a six-cylinder engine could have.

A six for six-footers

At 17 feet in length, the 280 SE ranks as the largest six Mercedes-Benz builds for its passenger cars. It is space well used: better than three feet of front legroom, for instance. Rear headroom of more than three feet. In the trunk, 14.96 cubic feet of luggage space, with the spare tire considerately tucked out of the way beneath the floor.

And the 280 SE must rank as one of the best *equipped* six-cylinder sedans built today. Nearly every extra appointment offered by Mercedes-Benz is built into every 280 SE as standard equipment. A partial list: climate control, power steering, AM/FM stereo, rear reading lamps, electric windows, power brakes, automatic cruise control, central locking system.

Also standard is a 4-speed automatic transmission. Nudge the shift lever into "D" and move off; the flow of power from engine to rear wheels is as nearly liquid as engineering skill can devise. Every shaft and every gear of this transmission is mounted on roller or ball bearings.

Smoothness, continued

Each 280 SE engine is painstakingly balanced and damped against vibration. The engineers specified a forged steel crankshaft with seven main bearings. They cradled the engine in place with three rubber-insulated mounts and two special shock absorbers. (Given one at each wheel and another built into the car's steering system, this gives the 280 SE a grand total of *seven* shock absorbers.)

The engine's "breathing" apparatus is no mere carburetor but a fuel-injection system—and no mere fuel-injection system but a *nonelectronic* device, less complex than the computerized units so widely used today.

In the interests of long wear, piston rings are coated with costly molybdenum. The cylinder head is cast in light alloy to save weight.

Seven decades of Mercedes-Benz expertise in building six-cylinder engines have gone into the 280 SE's power plant. It lives up to its lineage.

Beyond the boulevards

Its creators gave the 280 SE sedan the rare luxury of *engineering depth.* It is designed as if meant to contend with abnormal conditions in the normal run of events: not smooth roads but rough, not straight roads but twisting ones, not a rare panic stop but repeated panic stops.

You needn't be leery of taking this sedan off the turnpike. It has intestinal fortitude. More specifically, it has:

Fully independent suspension: even the rear wheels both flex on their own separate axles, helping the 280 SE to ease over bumps and cling more tenaciously in curves.

Four-wheel disc brakes: expert opinion has long held that disc brakes resist fade, dissipate heat and shrug off the effects of dust and water so much better than drums that no serious performance car can ignore them. So serious is the 280 SE that discs are mounted not only in front but at all four wheels.

Monocoque body: the structural core of the 280 SE is not just a frame with body bolted on but a single unit, formed by welding the entire body and the frame floor together. The chatter of the welding rigs ceases only after the 6000th weld.

Four more strong points are the tapered cone door locks at each of the 280 SE's four doors. The U.S. government has passed strength standards for automobile door locks. These devices far exceed them.

Padding with a purpose

The 280 SE's interior is extensively padded—but less for opulence than for your protection. Soft and yielding materials pad the doors and other obvious places but also the door pillars and ledges, the upper edge of the windshield, even the knob on the shift lever.

The built-in bi-level climate control system is considerate in another way. It is designed so that you can set a selected temperature once and it will be automatically maintained 365 days a year—heating, dehumidifying and cooling with robot efficiency. Its ducts tunnel even into the front doors, so you can be bathed in comfort even from the sides.

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You will find your 280 SE a delightfully *convenient* machine to drive, with much engineering thought devoted to making your life simpler.

Turn the key in the driver's door, for instance, and silent *vacuum* power instantly locks all four doors, the trunk lid and the fuel filler port. Turn the key again and they instantly unlock.

Select a cruising speed above 25 mph and automatic cruise control not only maintains it but, with the tap of a fingertip, *restores* it after you have speeded up or slowed down.

If your front brake pads should need replacement, a small lamp on the instrument panel will flash the message.

Further surprising facts and impressive figures await you when you examine the 280 SE sedan in the showroom. And your test drive should prove a revelation in itself.

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*L.J.K. Setright is an Editor of *Car and Driver* magazine

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Why should Rioja Wines* be uncorked at least half an hour before enjoying them?

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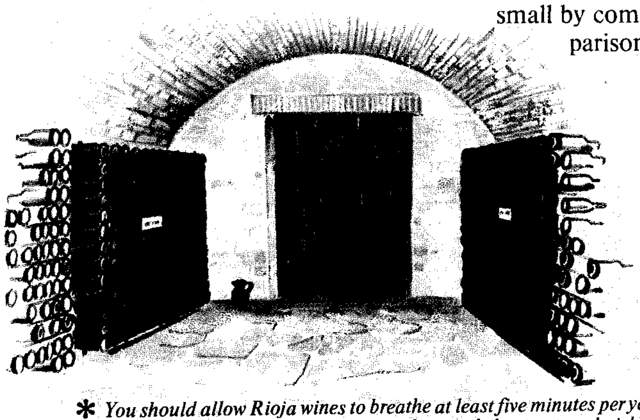
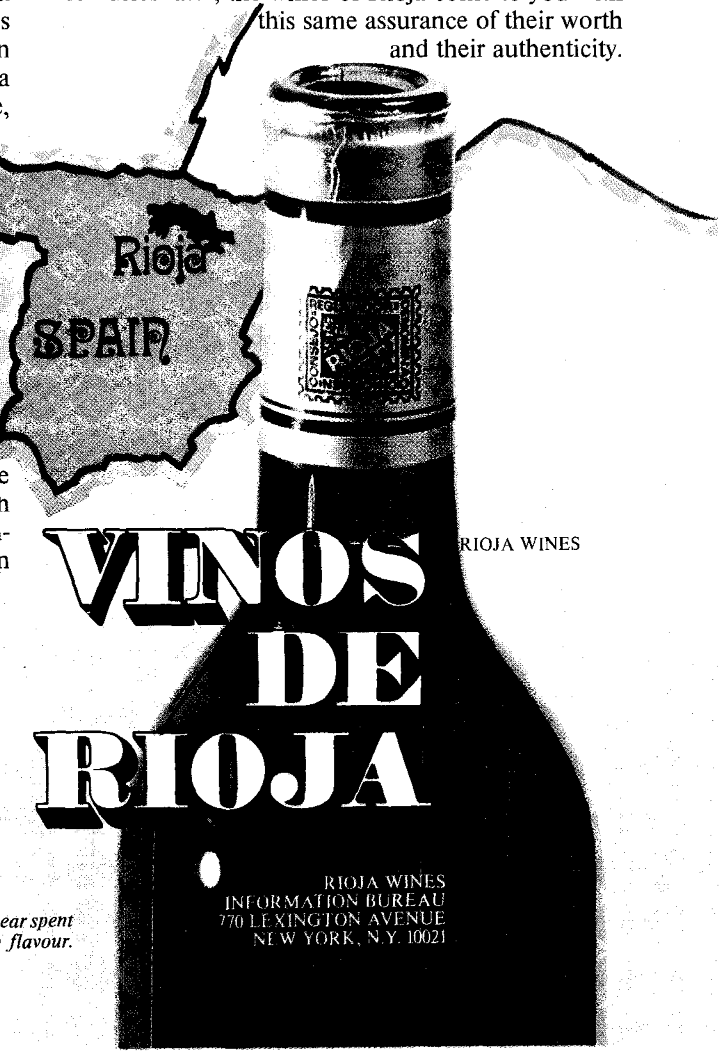
Rioja. Just the mention of the name enlivens the conversations of wine aficionados all over Europe. "Yes", they say, "that fertile valley in Spain only 200 miles south of Bordeaux that is justly famous for extraordinary wines – wonderful Rioja where you can still find great vintages at reasonable prices. If you haven't discovered the wines of Rioja, it is time you added them to the list of great wines you already know. For Rioja is at once Spain's smallest winegrowing region and its best. Nestled on either side of the Ebro river in norther Spain, Rioja is a winemaker's dream come true for here, the grape, the climate and a talented breed of people have conspired to produce some of the world's finest wines, all with that special taste of Spanish nobility. Connoisseurs have come to prize Rioja wines for their vibrancy and depth of character - qualities which have been nurtured in the vineyards. But the major secret behind the uniqueness of Rioja wines lies hidden in the cavernous wine cellars of the bodegas. Here, in a subterranean atmosphere redolent with the heady aroma of pressed grape, the age-old Rioja winemaking customs are carried out in the same manner they were a hundred years ago. Although small by comparison to the world's other important wine-growing regions, Rioja produces an assortment of wines to suit every taste and all occasion. Because all Rioja wines are aged in wood for many years, it's important to give the wine time to breathe before serving. This will bring out the full flavor and bouquet. If possible, Rioja wines should be uncorked at least twenty minutes before serving. And when you pull the cork, take a moment to look at it and appreciate the special qualities of Spanish cork which help Rioja wines to mature in the bottle. As early as 1560, Rioja vintners formed an association to regulate – and guarantee – the quality and origin of their exported wines. Today, more than four centuries later, the wines of Rioja come to you with this same assurance of their worth and their authenticity.





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smothered angst. Hopkins leaves all the emotion to the dummy. Probably nobody dared point out to Goldman that card tricks are not terribly photogenic, but, once Hopkins had been cast, couldn't the moviemakers at least have asked Goldman to write a few lines changing the character from a Borscht Belt American to a transplanted Englishman? Hopkins expends all his effort on trying to sound American; the result is that Corky has a dulled-out, from-nowhere way of talking, while Fats sounds like a Limey tough. The director, Richard Attenborough, grinds along so seriously that there's no suspense, no ambiguity—just the unpleasantness of watching most of the tiny cast being eliminated. Each piece of bad news arrives on schedule. There's nothing much to look at, unless one enjoys watching the microphone hover at the top of the frame when Corky and his newly found cheerleader sit in her house in front of the fireplace; a few minutes later, he returns to his cabin and leans back against the door, and the mike drops down as if to clunk him on the skull—which isn't such a bad idea. "Magic" is an atrocious-looking movie; the cinematographer, Victor Kemper, makes every interior look like a cold latrine. When Corky and his agent meet for the lunch at which the agent tells him about the network special, it's a celebration lunch at The Four Seasons—surely one of the most spacious and elegant restaurants in the country. Lighted by Kemper, it looks like a Burger King. —PAULINE KAEL

•

But virtuosity was certainly secure and the endurance was admirable throughout an evening that might be called one of the most musically stimulating in years and for years to come, although there are members of the Phoenix Chamber Music Society who tire easily of Bach and would debate the merits. But the opinion here is that Bach is basics and without question the semifinal influence of all chamber music, as Mozart and Beethoven themselves acknowledged.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) Arizona Republic.*

Both of whom made the playoffs.

•

BROKEN RECORD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Vancouver (B.C.) Province*]

Q—I have a large grape ivy that was doing fine for years. Suddenly it started to drop leaves; they are dry and like paper. What happened?

A—Hard to tell, but it sounds like the plant needs fresh soil and some good air circulation. Grape ivy plant needs fresh soil and good air circulation. Grape ivy plants tend to drop leaves if they get too dry and are in a place without good air circulation.

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A WORRIED MAN

SHIZUO TSUJI is the proprietor of the École Technique Hôtelière Tsuji, in Osaka, the largest professional cooking school in Japan; the author of twenty-nine books on gastronomy, travel, and music; a lover of Bach and the owner of one of the world's largest private collections of Bach recordings; a wearer of Savile Row clothes; an honorary recipient of the Meilleur Ouvrier de France award, presented to him by the French Government for his mastery and promotion of French cuisine; a tireless traveller and a cosseted guest in great restaurants and hotels from Hong Kong to Hamburg; and perhaps the only man who could properly be called, as he has been by Craig Claiborne, "a sort of Renaissance man of Japanese and world gastronomy."

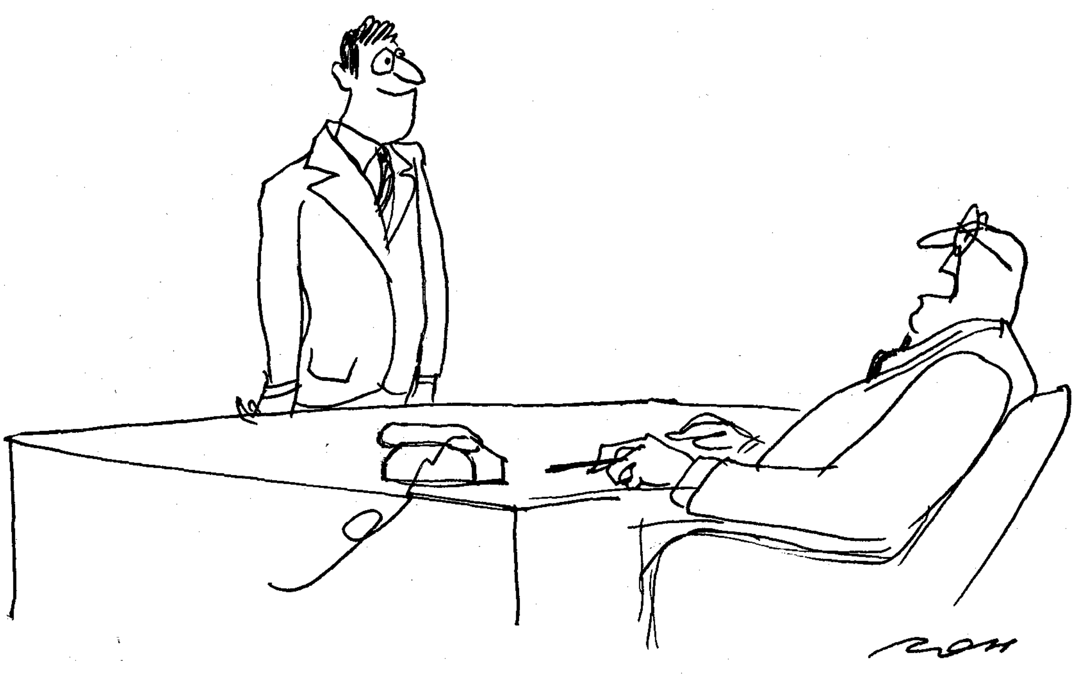
Rather stocky, exceedingly polite, and given to smiling frequently, Tsuji is forty-five years old. He was born in Tokyo, the son of a baker. His father managed to send him to Waseda University, where, contemplating an academic career, he majored in French literature. After graduating, however, he turned to journalism, and found a job as a crime reporter on a newspaper in Osaka, the city that is known as the gastronomic capital of Japan. There he met and married a beautiful young woman named Katsuko Tsuji (they were not related), whose father owned a cooking school for housewives and who shortly after his daughter's marriage convinced Shizuo to leave journalism and help him establish a school to train men as chefs. Shizuo was willing, though not culinarily overqualified. To give his chosen successor a start in the right direction, Shizuo's father-in-law gave him a check for the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars and told him to take Katsuko on a round-the-world trip, to eat in the best restaurants, and to learn everything he could about food.

The young Tsujis started their gastronomic tour in the autumn of 1961, in San Francisco. There they met and were befriended by M. F. K. Fisher, the food writer, a friend of mine for many years, who suggested that they look me up when they got to New York. Before they got here, they visited Marblehead, Massachusetts, where they initiated what proved to be a long and close friendship with the late Samuel Chamberlain, the artist and writer on landscapes, architecture, and food. He presented a copy of his book "Bouquet de France, an Epicurean Tour of the French Provinces" to Tsuji, and supplied him with letters of introduction to the owners and chefs of several noted restaurants in France, including Mme. Mado Point, the widow of the great chef Fernand Point and his successor as head of their long-celebrated three-star Restaurant de la Pyramide, in Vienne.

On arriving in New York, Mr. Tsuji called me, and, in a bemused moment, I invited him and his wife to lunch at Stouffer's. The menu featured such memorable dishes as mock veal cutlet, tuna-fish surprise, and a dessert called cherry kuchen, not to mention a plentiful serving of Sally Lunn bread. Perhaps because his English was then rather hesitant, Tsuji seemed at a loss for words to comment on the food, but he smiled politely and downed it. He was more voluble about the Tsuji school, which, he told me, was then housed in a two-story building and had ninety-eight students, who spent a year studying Japanese, French, and, to a certain extent, Chinese cuisine. He went on to say, with engaging modesty, that he hoped to double the enrollment within four or five years. After lunch, Mrs. Tsuji, who did not speak English well, said goodbye in the form of a thousand-watt smile, while Tsuji thanked me for what he called a "most interesting meal," and said he hoped we would meet again.

The other day, in London, we did. As I was having tea in the lounge of the Connaught, Tsuji came in, recognized me, and hurried over to shake hands. He was accompanied by his wife and by a retinue of three smiling men, all of them wearing dark suits, horn-rimmed spectacles, and Nikons. These he introduced as his assistants—his brother Hideo, a Mr. Nagasaku, and a Mr. Bando. (I later learned that Tsuji uses a Hasselblad but never carries it except when he is taking pictures for business purposes.) I invited the Tsujis and their entourage to join me, but the assistants politely declined and, checking bows in mid-bend, departed for their rooms. The Tsujis carefully observed the bowing ritual, too, but were persuaded to remain, and over China tea and watercress sandwiches I learned a bit about their lives and times since our previous meeting.

"It was at Stouffer's, 666 Fifth Avenue, 1961," Tsuji said, and he laughed. He even remembered the menu. "Mock veal cutlet," he said, and he laughed again. He has the attractive habit of using laughter as a kind of punctuation. His English is now fluent, as his French has long been, and, while remaining elaborately polite, he has



"Porter, I want more crying on the inside, less laughing on the outside."

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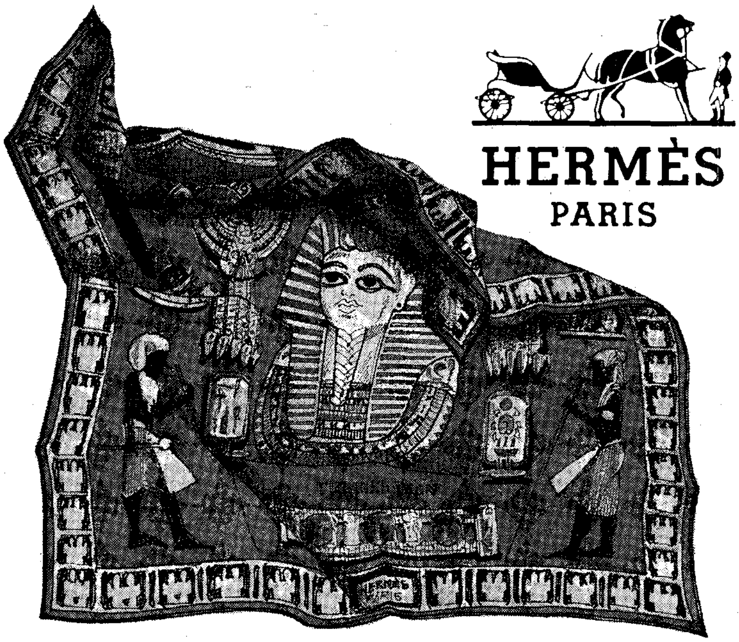

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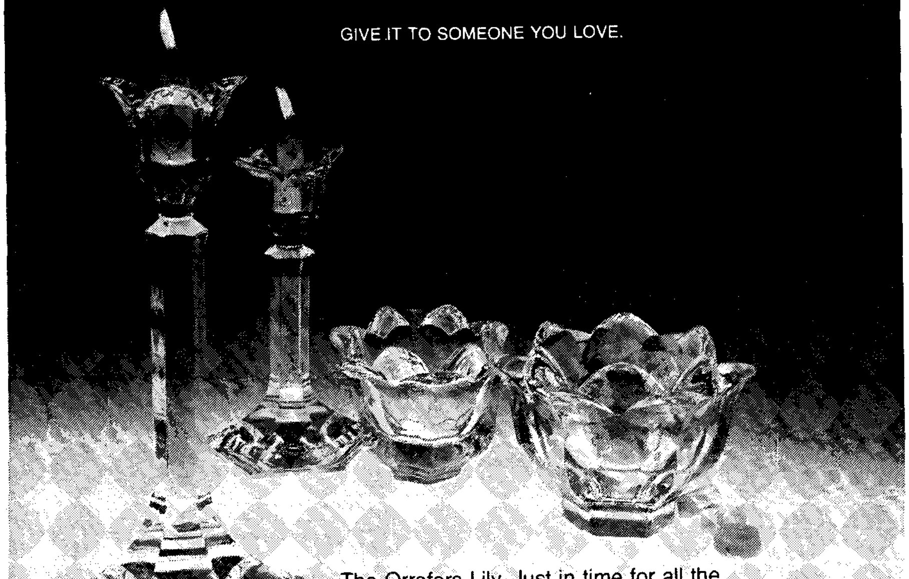

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developed an air of assurance. He has changed but little in appearance. Along with a few hints of gray in his hair, he has acquired the inevitable wound stripes of his profession: his face has become a bit rounder and his figure a bit stouter. The latter change is masked by expert bespoke tailoring. When I remarked on it, he said that he had visited his tailor that morning and ordered four suits, a blazer, and a vicuña topcoat. He seemed amused when he mentioned that the suits and the blazer cost about a thousand dollars each and the topcoat about three times that much. Mrs. Tsuji, who now converses in English, buys her clothes in France and in Italy, and wears them with style.

With such signs of prosperity in evidence, I was not surprised to learn that the École Technique Hôtelière Tsuji is enjoying great success. "It never stops growing," he said. "Unbelievable. Terrible. It grows so fast I worry." The school—it offers a year-long course, which is in session six days a week, from nine to five, and costs the equivalent of about four thousand dollars—now has an enrollment of two thousand students and a staff of two hundred and twenty, he told me, looking remarkably untroubled for a worried man, and applications for next year's course already exceed places. To accommodate the expansion, he has steadily enlarged the school's plant, first with an eight-story building and recently with another eight-story structure costing five million dollars. A third eight-story building is under construction now. The school, while continuing to put its major emphasis on Japanese cooking, has in recent years expanded its instruction in French cuisine. In addition to supplementing the faculty with French or French-trained teachers, Tsuji every two months brings a famous French chef, such as Paul Bocuse, to Osaka to give the students instruction in *la grande cuisine*. On payment of an extra fee, students can also accompany Tsuji and members of his staff on an annual field trip to Europe, where they are shepherded around for twelve days, eating at one notable restaurant after another, talking to the chefs, and posing in front of landmarks while holding a large banner that bears, in French, the name of their school. "We reserve seats on two jumbo jets," Tsuji said. "It's a high point for the students, but a great strain for the staff and for me. I worry all the time."

I asked what happened to all the fledgling chefs after graduation.

"They get jobs," he replied, looking a bit startled by the question. "Oh,

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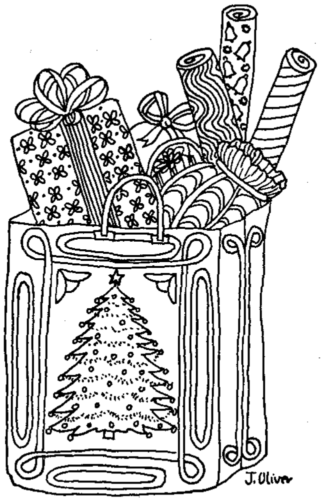
yes, we guarantee them a job. That is part of it."

In addition to leading the students' pilgrimage, he continued, after declining a second sandwich ("I have to watch my weight"), he annually makes three or four other European jaunts ("I have already made more than sixty of these trips. On each one, I spend approximately fifty thousand dollars"), usually accompanied by his wife and occasionally also by their daughter, Miki, who is sixteen, and their son, Yoshiki, fourteen. "On every trip, I always go to see Mme. Point," Tsuji said. "We are like mother and son." He visits other friends, most of whom are professionally involved with food and wine, keeps abreast of culinary developments (such as *la cuisine minceur*—which does not arouse his enthusiasm), and has the onerous task of eating in as many first-class restaurants as he can squeeze into his schedule. He has recently become enthusiastic about Italian food—three years ago he introduced it into the curriculum of his school—and makes a point of getting to Venice to have a couple of meals at Harry's Bar and, if time permits, at the Dodici Apostoli, in Verona. He also usually manages to tuck in a meal at Giannino and at Al Porto, in Milan ("When people eat there, they don't talk until they've finished the last strip of spaghetti"), and he always revisits several distinguished restaurants in France: the Pic, in Valence; the Oustaù de Baumanière, in Les Baux-de-Provence; the Grand Vefour, in Paris; Chez la Mère Charles, in Mionnay; and other such favorites.



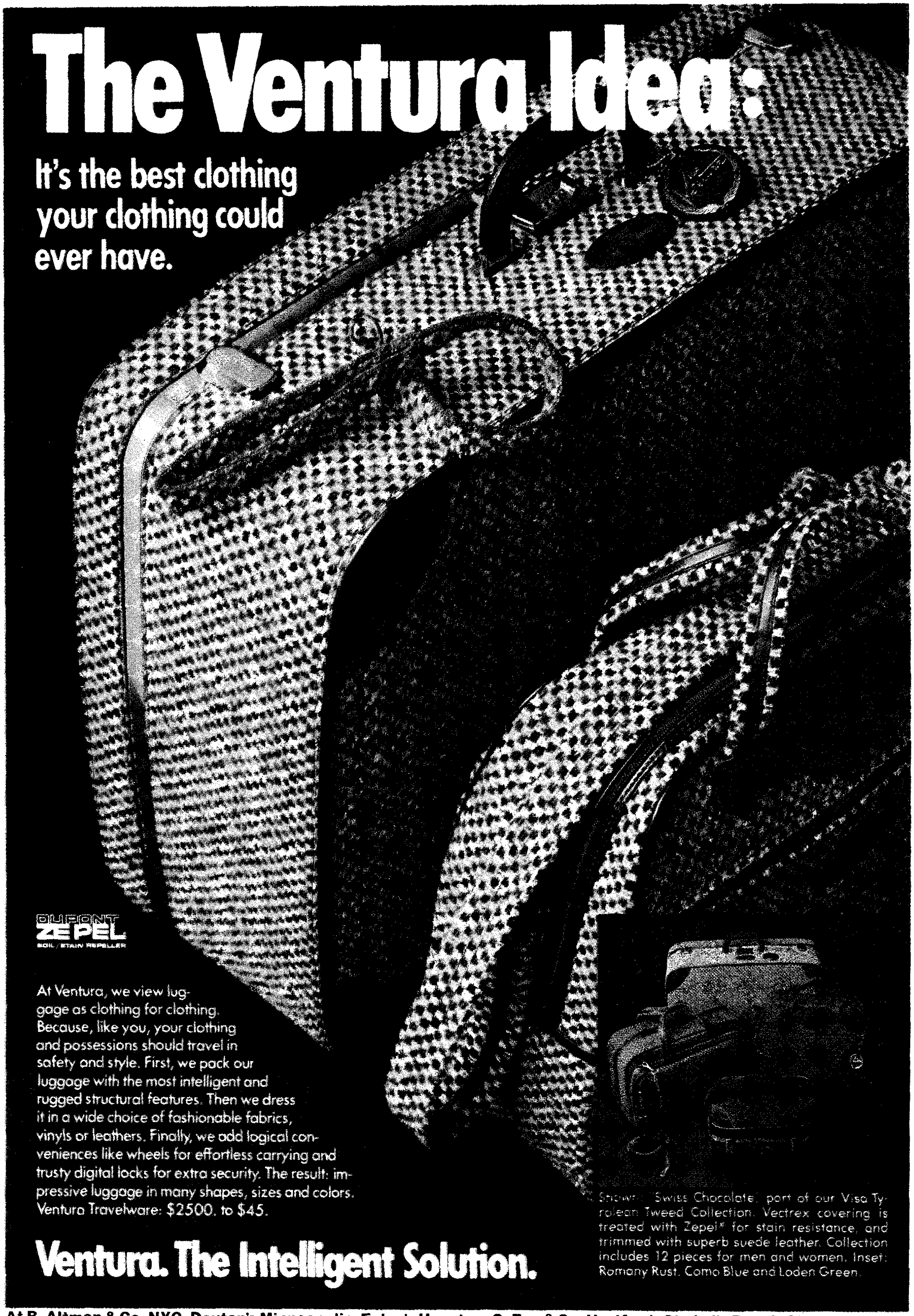
The list of German restaurants upon which Tsuji bestows his approval is, not unexpectedly, on the brief side, but he does give high marks to the Erbprinz, in Ettlingen, near Karlsruhe. ("This is a must in Germany. It is much patronized by Mercedes-Benz executives"), and the Walterspiel, in Hamburg ("It is named after the German Escoffier. Very, very good"). He sometimes stops off in Hamburg for only part of a day—long enough to have lunch at the Walterspiel and to buy phonograph records. He considers German recordings of Bach the world's best. He said that he and his wife were going to Hamburg on the present trip, and, reaching into his pocket for a copy of their itinerary, found that they would arrive there at three-fifteen on a Wednesday afternoon and depart the following afternoon at four-ten for Paris. "That's a little shorter than the usual stay in any one place," he said, glancing through the itinerary, which ran to six pages. Altogether, it showed that they were scheduled to visit twenty-two cities in twenty-seven days. "It's a hop, skip, and a jump, but I like it," he said. "My wife likes it, too." Mrs. Tsuji responded with a brief, forty-watt smile.

Considering the Tsujis' busy program and recognizing their disinclination to do anything so rude as to take their leave before I did, I said something about not wanting to impose on their time.

"Oh, please," he said. "We have lots of time. This is why I do not find these trips tiring. I meet friends and have conversation, and conversation is a joy."

The present trip, he continued, was a bit difficult, because he and his assistants had carried from Japan two dozen copies of his latest book to give to friends. "Each book weighs twelve kilos—about twenty-six and a half pounds," he said, and he laughed. "We have to carry them personally, so they won't be injured. The book is titled 'Étude Historique de la Cuisine Française.' Would you care to see it? It is so heavy. Perhaps you would come upstairs."

I ACCOMPANIED the Tsujis to their suite, and, after Mrs. Tsuji had retired to rest, Tsuji cleared a coffee table to make room for his opus, which is genuinely magnum. Handsomely designed and produced, the book has pages measuring twelve inches by fifteen, and it is four inches thick. It runs to fourteen hundred and eighty pages and contains more than twenty-three hundred photographs and other illustrations. The text, which is based on French gastronomic sources—all in his private library, Tsuji said—is in Japanese, but the citations, which occupy about half of each page, are in French. "The book is intended mainly for the senior chefs in the great hotels in Japan," he said, "but, because the citations are in French, it can also be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used by chefs in France. Paul Bocuse said, 'This is a fantastic volume. It should be sold in France.' But we don't plan to sell it there. The publisher printed twelve hundred and fifty copies, and almost half have been sold already. I think that that is quite good, because the book costs the equivalent of eight hundred and sixty dollars. I worked on it for about ten years, but even if it weren't selling well I wouldn't mind. I thought it was my responsibility to my profession to write it. Now I am writing a study of Western eating habits through the centuries, and I am also collaborating with M.F.K. Fisher on a book about Japanese cooking, to be published in English. I start the day with my writing, at five-thirty in the morning. I go into my library, put on a record—I have about five thousand records, mostly Bach and Mozart, some Beethoven and Brahms—and work until I go to my office, at about nine. I don't have far to go. We have just built a new house, and it's right next to the school."

Tsuji produced photographs of the house, a three-story building with a distinctly unimpressive façade. "From the street, you see, you might think it was just a plain commercial building, like a warehouse," he said. "That is on purpose. The Japanese idea is not to show off in public. The house does not look elegant on the outside, so people pass by and say nothing. Inside, though, it is very nice. I have put approximately three-quarters of a million dollars into the house, not counting the furnishings. The entire ground floor is dedicated to the garage. It holds ten cars. Eight are Japanese, used for school affairs. My wife has a Mercedes 450SLC, and I have a brand-new Jaguar XJ12L. It's my ninth Jaguar. I don't drive. I have four chauffeurs, so there is always one on duty." The living quarters, he went on, are built around a garden designed by a Japanese friend who is an artist, and consist of nine rooms, each of which, with the exception of one bedroom and the professionally equipped kitchen, planned by Tsuji, is furnished in a different European national style, with pieces custom-made for the house. "For example, the dining room is all German—the furniture made in Munich, of massive oak. Other rooms are Italian, French, and so on. The only room in Japanese style is the guest bedroom. All the rooms are bright and simple. In the drawing room, I have the largest-size concert grand made by Steinway. I play very little, but I have many pianist friends. I invite them and other friends to my salon and cook a meal for them, and after that we have a concert. In the living room, too, I have a Degas and a Renoir, and there is another Renoir in my bedroom, and in other rooms I have a Utrillo and some other nice pictures. Not like a warehouse at all."

In addition to the house in Osaka, the Tsujis have an apartment in Tokyo and a summer place in the mountains of Japan, and they have recently bought a flat in the Belgravia section of London. "We never used to come to England very much, because, to tell you the truth, the food here isn't very good," he said. "It is good here in the Connaught and at Wilton's, and there are a couple of other places, but you wouldn't come to London for the eating. Then, six years ago, we decided to send Miki, our daughter, to school in England. She was accepted at Heathfield School, in Ascot, and after that we came here two or three times a year to see her. I grew to realize that there are many beautiful things in London. The concerts were very, very good, and we liked the shops—Asprey, where I had many of my books put into fine bindings, and men's shops, and so on. Miki now attends the International School of the Sacred Heart in Tokyo, but she made many friends here and likes to come back to see them. And now our son, Yoshiki, is in school in Scotland. He just finished a special English-language course at Sherborne School and has entered Fettes College, in Edinburgh. We will be coming here often to see him on his holidays, so we decided to buy the flat, and we are furnishing it now. I went to Garrard this morning to buy the silver, and to Harrods to buy a Steinway concert grand. There is so much to do. I have also made arrangements to start taking riding lessons. And I recently bought an apartment in a new condominium in Honolulu. I like to go there to relax. But there is not much time to relax, because I think I will soon open a branch of my school in Tokyo. That is my latest plan."

I said that he seemed to be expanding in just about all directions.

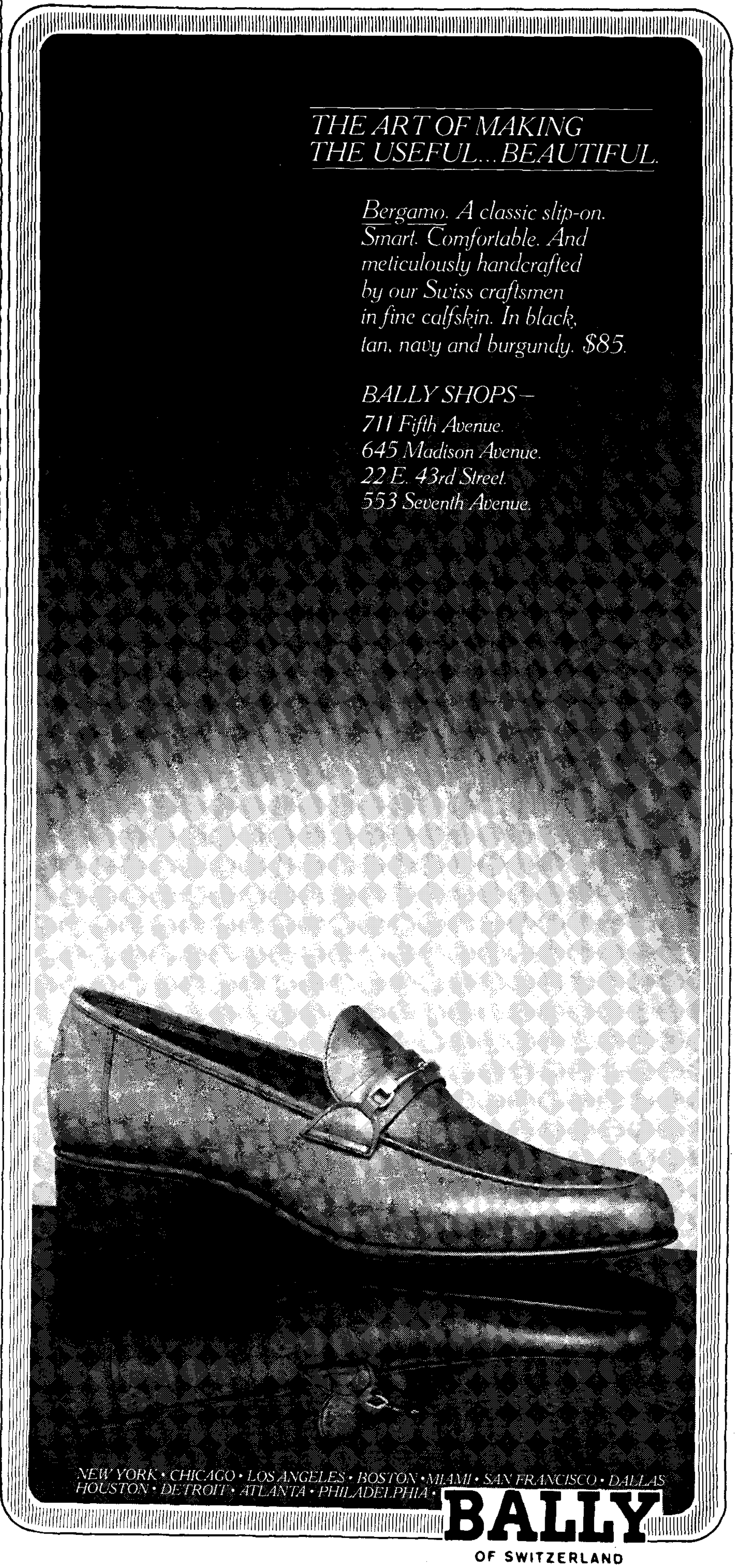
"I know. It really makes me worried," he said, and he laughed.

—John Bainbridge

•

In addition to preventing outright fraud and misuse of the program, Congress should also look for ways to ensure that more of the CETA funds go to help the ironically unemployed rather than to increase the number of bureaucrats.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

But what about all the rest?



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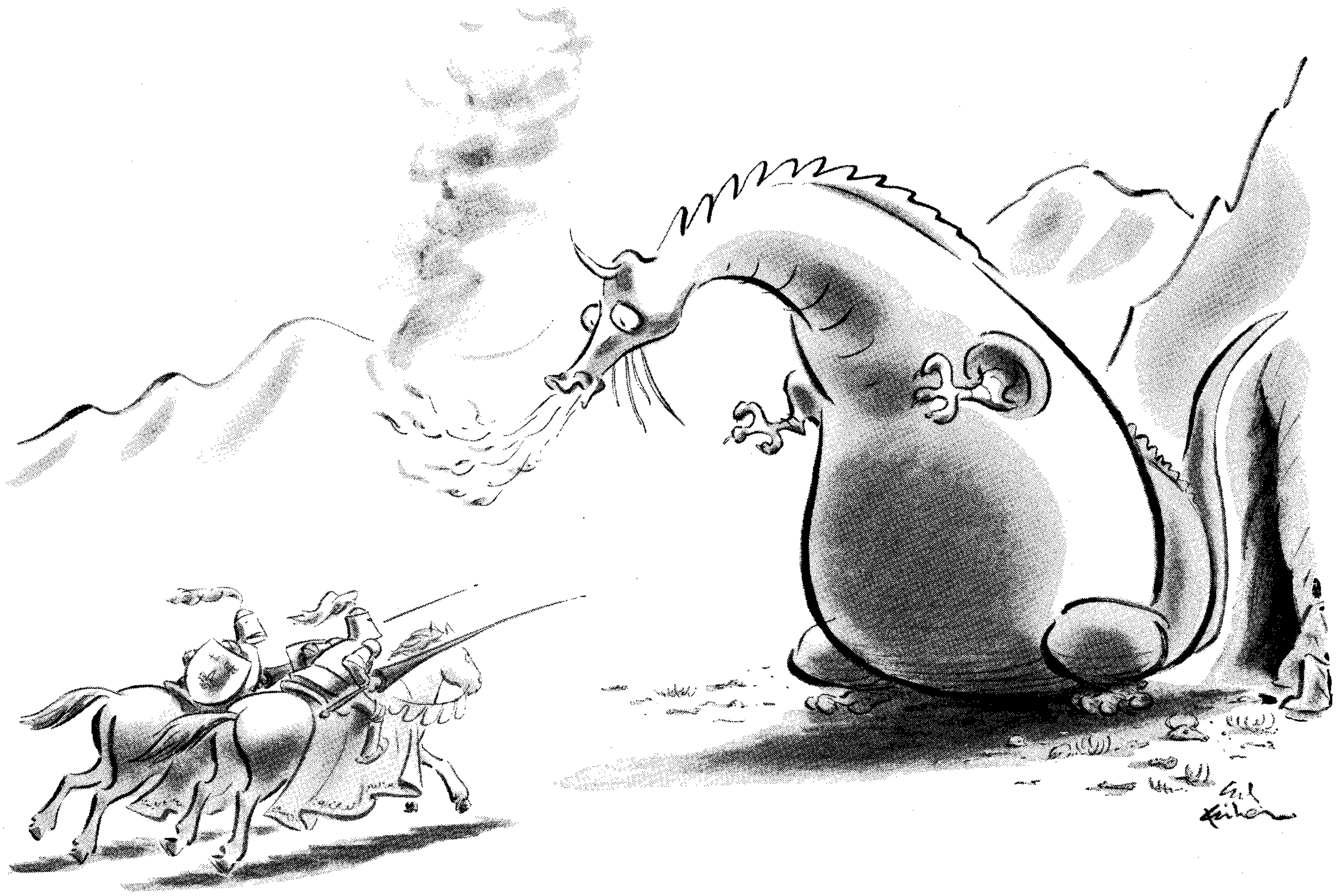
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

DURING the series of financial crises that have afflicted New York in all seasons over the last few years, one proposal for dealing with its problems which was popular with some residents of other parts of the nation, and particularly with some of their representatives in Congress, was to saw the troubled city off from the rest of the United States and allow it to drift out to sea. Fortunately, another solution was agreed upon. Demonstrations of antagonistic feelings toward this city are probably not passing phenomena, however; indeed, they seem to be part of the American way. In the event that the subject should arise again, local citizens may find it useful to point out that if the drastic sawing-off measure had been resorted to much earlier in the country's history, Americans could have been deprived of a cherished figure in their national culture. The Santa Claus who is hailed at this time of year in song and story, neon and Day-Glo, is almost entirely a New York creation. The original St. Nicholas, a fourth-century bishop in what is now southern Turkey, was the patron saint of children and sailors, and during the Middle Ages his feast day, December 6th, was celebrated as the day when St. Nicholas traditionally would appear on a white charger, wearing his bishop's red robes and carrying gifts for the good children and a birch rod at the ready for the bad ones. After the Reformation, whose leaders associated festive religious celebrations with paganism and too much unseemly fun, St. Nicholas as the December gift-bearer was officially banished from much of Europe. In Holland, however, where he was known as Sinter Klaas, he continued to make an appearance on the eve of each December 6th, to fill the children's wooden shoes with presents. When the Dutch settled this city as Nieuw Amsterdam, in 1624, Sinter Klaas came along, and the seafaring Dutch colonists made him Nieuw Amsterdam's patron saint. After the British sailed into New York Harbor and took over the city, in 1664, Sinter Klaas, like most of the Dutch settlers, remained here. The British brought with them the legend of Father Christmas, a civilian type of seasonal spirit who turned up on December 25th but who brought no presents. As time went on (that is, over the next century or so), the empty-handed Father Christmas increasingly lost his place to the more generous St. Nicholas—or Santa Claus, as his Dutch name was now spelled. This may have been an early demonstration of American child power. The original St. Nicholas (who, as may seem appropriate to rueful parents totting up the bills in January, is also the patron saint of pawnbrokers) was a rather lanky figure with a long face, a narrow beard, and a saturnine expression. Then, in 1809, in the comic "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Washington Irving, a local author who lived on William Street, had his imaginary historian Diedrich Knickerbocker write of St. Nicholas as a chubbier, less forbidding sort, who wore "a low broad-brimmed hat" and "a huge pair of Flemish trunk hose," and smoked a long Dutch pipe. At one point, this St. Nicholas held his finger against his nose, and he and his wagon rose in the air and soared over the treetops. On his special day, Irving noted, he would travel this way by wagon to bring the children toys. In those times, the Christmas season wasn't being widely celebrated either here or in England, however. If you remember, "The Annotated Christmas Carol" (Potter; $15)—the annotation is by Michael Patrick Hearn—explains that Charles Dickens' famous paean to the season did not merely offer a colorful reflection of Christmas in England in 1843, the year it was written, but, almost by itself, revived the holiday rituals there, which had begun to die out two centuries earlier, in the Cromwell years, and by the end of the eighteenth century had come to play little part in the lives of ordinary Englishmen. In December, 1823, the Troy, New York, *Sentinel* published a poem written for his children the Christmas before by Clement Moore, a landed gentleman of this city who lived on West Twenty-third Street. In Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas," of course, St. Nick appears as the driver of a sleigh full of toys which is pulled by eight reindeer. "There is no scholarly authority for the idea that he came in a reindeer-drawn sleigh . . . this appears to be an instance of literary invention and is not supported by folklore research," one recent historian has commented, sounding rather cross about the whole thing. Moore's St. Nicholas or Santa Claus (by 1823, the names were being used here interchangeably) had "a broad face and a little round belly," but, like his "tiny reindeer," he was less than life-size—"a right jolly old elf." He appeared on Christmas Eve rather than on December 5th, settling that matter. The poem was soon being reprinted all over the country, and Moore's elf has been travelling by sleigh and happily personifying Christmas for most Americans ever since.

THE full-sized version of Santa Claus that everyone has most firmly in mind today, however, is the one drawn by Thomas Nast, the great nineteenth-century political cartoonist, who lived on West Forty-fourth Street in this city. Each year, beginning in 1862, he took time off from lambasting corrupt politicians for the local publication *Harper's Weekly* to draw for the same magazine Christmas scenes whose central figure was an immensely fat, immensely benign (certainly birch-rodless) Santa with twinkling eyes and a vast white beard, wearing a fur suit with a broad belt and wreathed in the smoke from his Dutch pipe. Nast's drawings also first introduced the notion of Santa's headquarters being at the North Pole, where letters would reach him at Christmastime. If some children you know would be interested in seeing what those pictures looked like, you're in luck: "Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings" (Dover), which includes sixty-six of them, is $4 in paperback. (Look for all books and records mentioned herein almost anywhere that children's books and records are sold.) Some of the illustrations in this book are from Nast's 1864 illustrations for Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas." A copy of that poem under the more familiar title of "The Night Before Christmas"—few children having St. Nicholas clearly in mind anymore—with woodcut illustrations by T. C. Boyd (Dover) is $1.35. The Children's Book Corner at the Whitney Museum carries this one. At Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), you'll find a printed muslin pattern ($5) that a young person can sew up and stuff, and the result is an eighteen-inch Thomas Nast Santa Claus doll. At the same place, they have a set of eight rectangular blocks, each long



"This is a fine time to consider the long-term ecological consequences."

side of which is part of a puzzle. Turn the blocks this way and that and you have four Christmas scenes from the days when little girls wore pinafores and little boys wore knickers, but when the arrival of Santa, in his red suit, was the same joyful event that it is today; $2.50. A twenty-inch hand-knit Santa with an angora beard and a red felt coat hung with whistles and other small toys is twenty dollars at the Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). Nothing could be more joyful than the songs on a record called "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" (Peter Pan 8109; $2.98), which includes, besides the title song, fourteen other celebrations of the occasion, from "The Man in the Red Suit" to "It's Beginning to Look Like Christmas." And a book that has a special meaning for Margaret Mead admirers this year is "An Interview with Santa Claus" (Walker; $3.95), by Dr. Mead and Rhoda Metraux, a fellow-anthropologist. Illustrated with Nast drawings and other Victorian Christmas prints, it is an imaginary conversation between the famous stout gentleman and the authors, in which they explore the story of Christmastime gift-giving, starting with St. Nicholas; the joys of giving as well as receiving; and the reason Santa doesn't leave off travelling by sleigh and reindeer when he could get about so much faster by snowmobile or helicopter. "I love to hear the reindeer bells," says Santa. "Listen! Can't you hear them, too?"

CHRISTMAS is, of course, a birthday—a circumstance that occasionally gets lost sight of in the preoccupations of these weeks. (A member of a local planning board recently sidestepped the question of separation of church and state by arguing that Christmas decorations on public property in his area reflected not a religious but a "seasonal" and "commercial" event.) Every year around this time there are other significant anniversaries, too, that leaders of the toy industry are eager to have us help them commemorate, for our fun and their profit. And what a year for birthdays this one has been! Of course, you know about Mickey Mouse. The day after last month's big party at the White House, a plaque was screwed into place at the Broadway (formerly the Colony) Theatre, at Broadway and 53rd Street, honoring the fact that it was there that Mickey first appeared in public—on November 18, 1928, in a cartoon short called "Steamboat Willie." Naturally, the toy counters are piled high with items that you can buy to help Mickey celebrate. Every figure of the famous mouse we encountered had "Happy Birthday, Mickey Mouse" on a tag around his neck, including a three-foot-high plush Mickey who's $26 at Polk's Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), and a twelve-and-a-half-inch Mickey Mouse rag doll that's $6.99 at Gimbels. Apparently in accordance with government regulations, this Mickey's stuffing ingredients are listed on the box: "All new material. Colored shredded clippings, shredded polyurethane foam, synthetic fibers, and shredded paper by-products." Sometimes it's better not to know. At Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), you'll find a Marching Mickey, nineteen inches tall, who lifts one foot and then the other when you squeeze his hands. It's actually a pneumatic arrangement, but the manufacturer likes to put it this way: "No batteries needed—Mickey runs on

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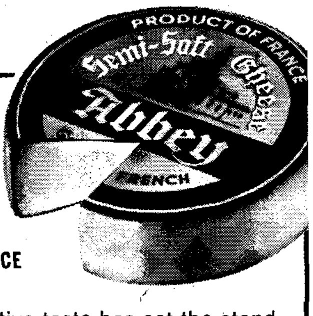

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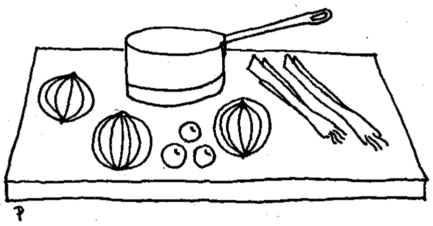
love;" $21.95. And a Mickey Mouse watch is $29.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz. Fifty thousand different Mickey Mouse items have gone on the market in his half century of existence, and some of them have eventually brought their owners a nice surprise. Last year, a Mickey Mouse circus train that cost five dollars in the nineteen-thirties sold for fifteen hundred; and at Sotheby's in London a tin hurdy-gurdy with Mickey as the organ-grinder went for thirty-one hundred dollars. "Old toys have everything going for them," a Kansas City store owner told the *Wall Street Journal* a while ago. "They capture the imagination, smack of nostalgia, have a certain universality, and are becoming a darned good investment." (*Every*thing.) A whole book—"Disney-ana: Walt Disney Collectibles"—has been written about the rewards of holding on to and then selling items associated with Mickey and his friends. But it may be just your luck to have the children you buy presents for grab the toys up, thank you fervently and mean it, play with them for hours each day, and love them to pieces.

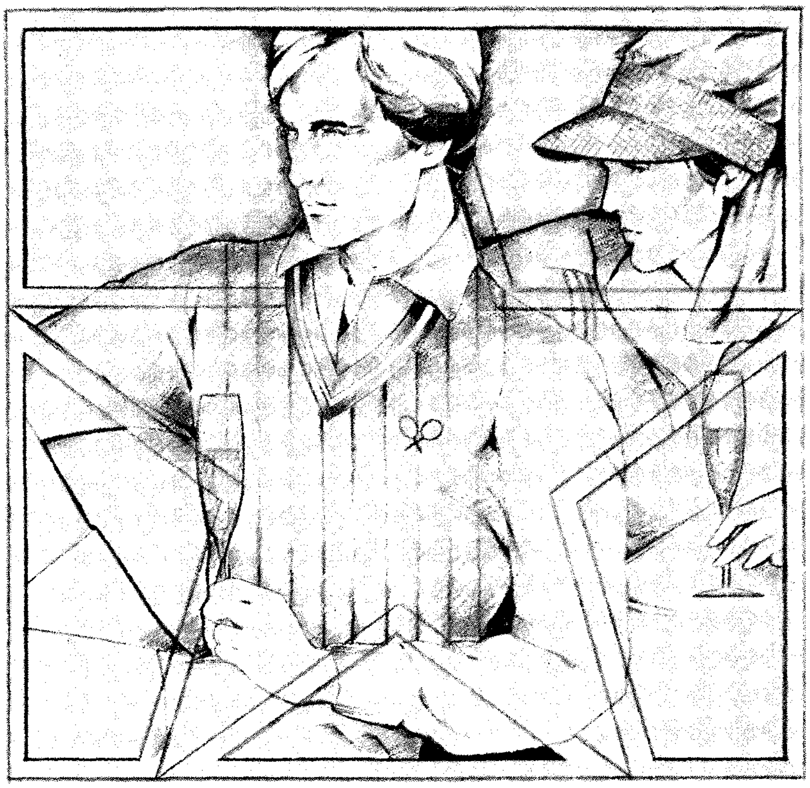
While Mickey Mouse, of whom surely no one has ever said an unkind word (unless you count the folks who, a few years back, began to use the term "Mickey Mouse" as a pejorative), was celebrating from one end of the country to the other, his grouchy cohort Donald Duck was having rather a bad year of it. In Helsinki, Finland, last winter, the authorities cancelled library subscriptions for Donald Duck comic books, declaring them unsuitable for children to read, on the ground that Donald was unduly bourgeois and presented destructive attitudes toward society. The board complained of pictures of naked ducks, the featuring of incomplete families, harmful attitudes toward children, and what they claimed was Donald's common-law marriage—not ordinarily considered an unduly bourgeois arrangement. Of course, it was gratifying to have the founder of the Donald Duck Club of Hamburg, Germany, immediately spring to Donald's defense. He sent a formal communication demanding that the Finns reverse their decision and declaring, "Donald is one of the most moral ducks in history." More recently, as you may have heard, Donald Duck had no sooner got word that he had been appointed to a position paying just under a hundred thousand dollars a year with the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development than he got further word that the whole thing was just a General Accounting Office maneuver to show up the fact that the HUD computer was incapable of catching an example of gross overpayment to a grossly unsuitable employee. In the name of everybody who was *not* invited to the White House to dance with Amy Carter, you might consider a twelve-inch Donald Duck doll that's $11.95 at Rappaport's. Squeeze his hands, feet, or tummy, and you hear any of ten tunes that should cheer him up, including "The Farmer in the Dell" and, in honor of the season, "Jingle Bells." A ten-and-a-half-inch plastic Donald Duck marionette in a cloth sailor blouse and with strings that are described as "practically tangle-proof" is $14.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz, and, since he has to have somebody to get exasperated with, we should point out that there are Goofy and Mickey Mouse marionettes at the same price. If you need a place for these three to show off in, Schwarz also has a brightly painted wood-frame theatre, twenty-nine inches wide and thirty-four inches high, which comes with two background scenes—one indoor, one outdoor. With the stage on top, it's a puppet theatre; with the stage below, it's for marionettes. It costs $59.95, plus $3.50 for shipping. And, if plot ideas are needed, there's a record called "Donald Duck and His Friends" (Disneyland 1212; $1.98), in which Mickey plays a gratifying subordinate role. Another toyland favorite who may feel especially discriminated against this year is Popeye. Hardly anybody has noticed that his fiftieth birthday is coming up, too: he first appeared in February, 1929, in a newspaper comic strip called "Thimble Theater," whose leading characters at the time were Olive Oyl and her brother Castor. The new arrival was so popular that the name of the strip was eventually changed to "Popeye and His Friends," which is what it is today. In the latest Popeye television series, in accordance with the new rules against depicting violence wherever it might influence children, he isn't allowed even to roll up his sleeves as if he might be going to deck somebody. The rule is that the principals do not damage each other onstage. A lot can still go on offstage, though (what do you



think all those stars and puffs of smoke from the wings signify?), and it's all right for buildings and other large objects to flatten the characters out in the old familiar way. Fortunately, Popeye, with his faith in the powers of spinach, is right in style with the new vegetarianism. On a record called simply "Popeye" (Peter Pan 8097; $2.98), the little sailor relies heavily on spinach power, and, as was the case fifty years ago, the children don't seem to mind. They also won't care one way or another if he's now labelled a "classic" in a $7.95 paperback collection of just one series of Popeye cartoons. It says so right in the title: "Popeye the Sailor, 1936-1937: A Classic from the Golden Age of the Comics" (Crown).

If visitors to toy departments at this time of year aren't being importuned to help Mickey Mouse celebrate his birthday, they are often being urged to buy toys and games associated with Superman. It's his fortieth birthday: in June, 1938, he made his first appearance, in *Action Comics*. (The alliance between comic-strip characters and the toy industry goes back a long time. In 1910, as the Ideal Toy Corporation recalls, it put on the market the first unbreakable doll, based on the title character of the "Yellow Kid"—a cartoon panel drawn, first for the New York *World* and then for the New York *Journal*, by Richard Outcault—which is generally considered to be the first comic strip. Because of the sensationalism of the news coverage in the papers he appeared in, the Kid—the cartoon, not the doll—led to the term "yellow journalism.") The excuse for the prevalence of Superman objects on the shelves now is not only that it is this hero's birthday but that the first Superman film opens next week. A twelve-and-a-half-inch Superman doll in a blue suit with a red cape is $13.95 at Rappaport's. At the same place, a four-and-a-half-inch Corgi Superman Supervan is $6.50. At Bloomingdale's, there is a whole department called Supermania. At its entrance is a full-sized telephone booth. Draped over the phone are Clark Kent's mild-mannered-reporter clothes: obviously, transformed into Superman, he's off on a critical rescue mission. Bloomingdale's also has a thirteen-inch-tall ceramic Superman cookie jar, shaped like a phone booth (you could fill it with gingerbread men), with a figure of Superman, holding the phone and looking indomitable, on its front; $20 for the cookie jar. And at the same place is a Superman sleeping bag, which, when unzipped, transforms itself into a seventy-two-by-

MORNING STAR



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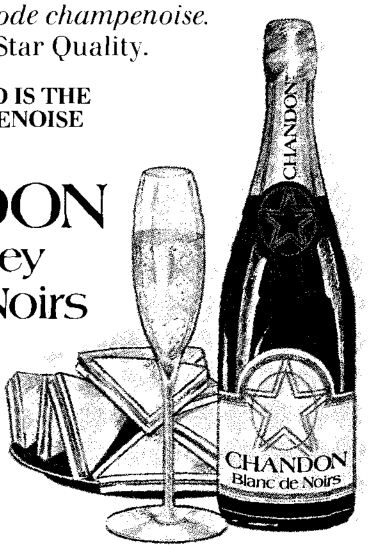

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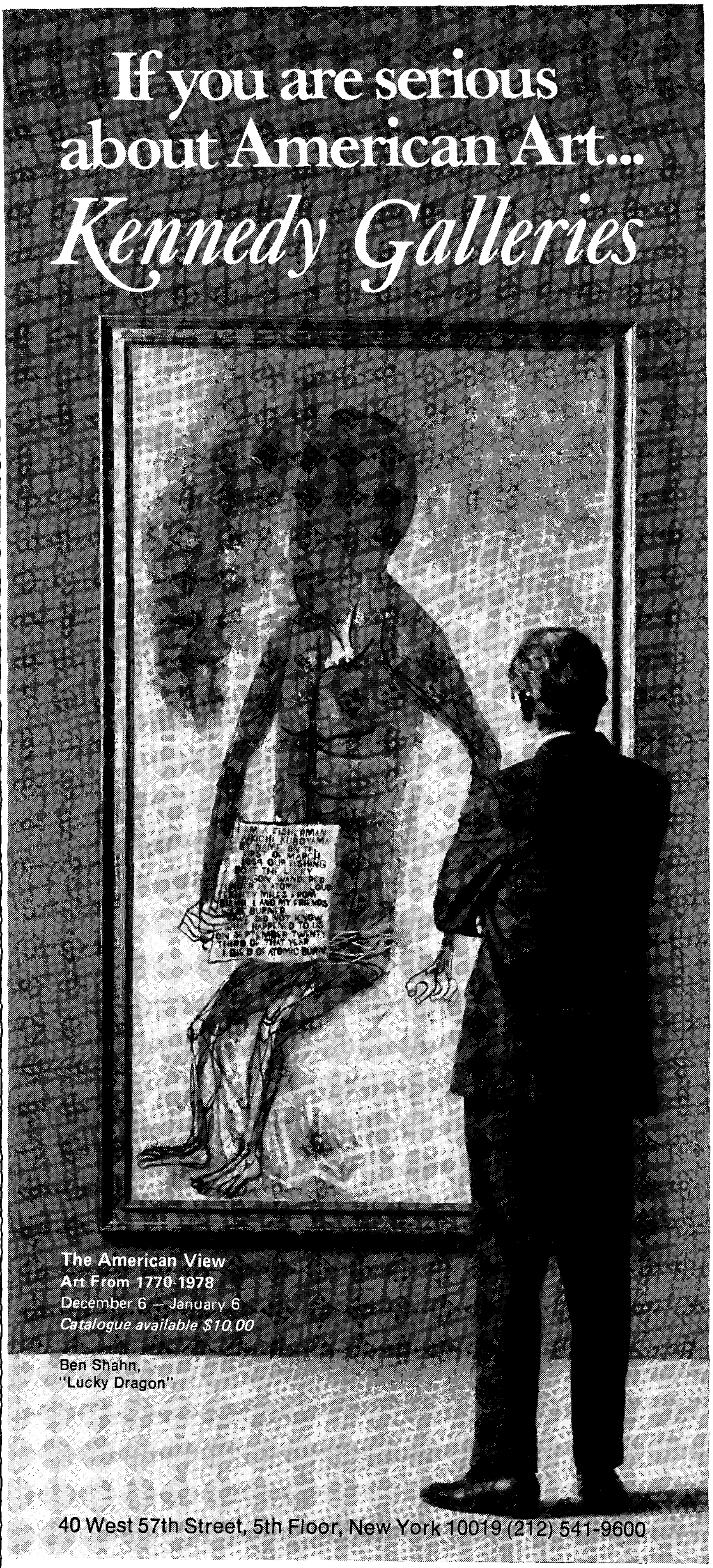
sixty-eight-inch comforter; $24. It may have escaped your attention, by the way, that Clark Kent is no longer employed by the *Daily Planet*. For over a decade now, he's been working instead for a television station, apparently on the theory that TV reporters are more with it these days. New Yorkers who during the recent newspaper strike watched some television figures floundering about trying to find news stories to cover when they didn't have *Times*, *News*, and *Post* reporters to lay it all out for them would not hold with this theory.

Celebrating their *seventy-fifth* birthdays this year are the Teddy bear and his manufacturer, the Ideal Toy Corporation—and in the case of the toy company a cause for celebration came just in the nick of time. A few years back, Ideal had the good luck, as it then thought, to sign up the daredevil performer Evel Knievel as its entry into the popular superhero category of toys. Superhero figures in the toy world may be based on real or fictional characters—that is, anyone from Muhammad Ali to The Fonz. According to a child psychologist who serves as a research consultant to the Toy Manufacturers of America, such figures stir in children "fantasies of themselves as superheroes"—fantasies that he said are essential to children's self-confidence and "full development." In 1976, Evel Knievel items—dolls, games, vehicles, and such—were Ideal Toy's best-selling line. The following year, as you may recall, Knievel got into trouble with the law. With all the controversy over the dangers to children of the glorification of violence, it was hardly fitting for a company to sponsor a toy honoring someone—especially a designated superhero—who had been sentenced to six months in jail for assaulting an acquaintance with a baseball bat. Parents of the world apparently agreed, for in the third quarter of 1977, usually a big-profit time, Ideal lost $1,600,000. Early this year, it announced that the Knievel line would have to go. (Who knows? Such items may be fabulous sellers forty years from now as curiosities of the nineteen-seventies.) Fortunately, 1978 was Teddy bear's birthday and—so the corporate story goes—that of the Ideal Toy Corporation. As Ideal officials happily tell it over and over, like a favorite bedtime story, the Teddy-bear tale begins in 1902, when a cartoon in the Washington *Evening Star* immortalized a scene in which President Theodore Roosevelt, on a Mississippi hunting trip, was confronted by a frightened bear cub. After he saw the cartoon, Morris Michtom, a Brooklyn candy-store owner, wrote to the President for permission to use his nickname for a toy bear. Roosevelt agreed, although his letter added, "I don't think my name is likely to be worth much in the bear business." Sometime afterward, the former candy-store owner went into the bear business (the firm—originally the Ideal Novelty and Toy Company—was not actually founded until 1906), and from this start Ideal, whose headquarters are now in Queens, became one of the largest toy companies in the world. There was already a plush bear on the market in 1903: the Steiff company, in Germany, brought one to the German toy fair that year, which meant that it had been in preparation for some time. There had never been a plush bear cub on the market before, as the Steiff people understand it. However, they agree that their bear took his name from Theodore Roosevelt, and apparently the little bear conceived of in the Brooklyn candy store was the first to be called a Teddy bear with its namesake's written approval. It is hard now to imagine how children could do without the term—or how child psychiatrists could do without it, either. "He saw the Teddy bear as marking a step in being able to find the world meaningful," ran a line in a recent review of a book by the children's analyst D. W. Winnicott. But Dr. Paul C. Horton, a psychiatrist described as having a special interest in Teddy bears and security blankets, is concerned about the hazards of the Teddy-bear relationship. "Often we marry with the idea that the other person will be like a Teddy bear—unremittingly soothing, something that can take unlimited abuse," he said recently. "We forget that people . . . can't be thrown in the corner." If what you were looking for was not long-range therapy but a simple Christmas present, the Ideal people have brought out this year a special anniversary Teddy bear. Sixteen inches tall, and wearing a tag around his neck which reads "The Original Teddy Bear," he is about $8.50 all over town. A fourteen-inch Steiff bear, who also wears a tag that reads "Original Teddy Bear," is $29.95 at Schwarz.

There's no question about who was the original Paddington bear. He was a small toy bear not wearing any name tag whom Michael Bond, then a full-time London television cameraman and part-time writer, says he found sitting all by himself on a shelf in a store toy department on Christmas Eve,



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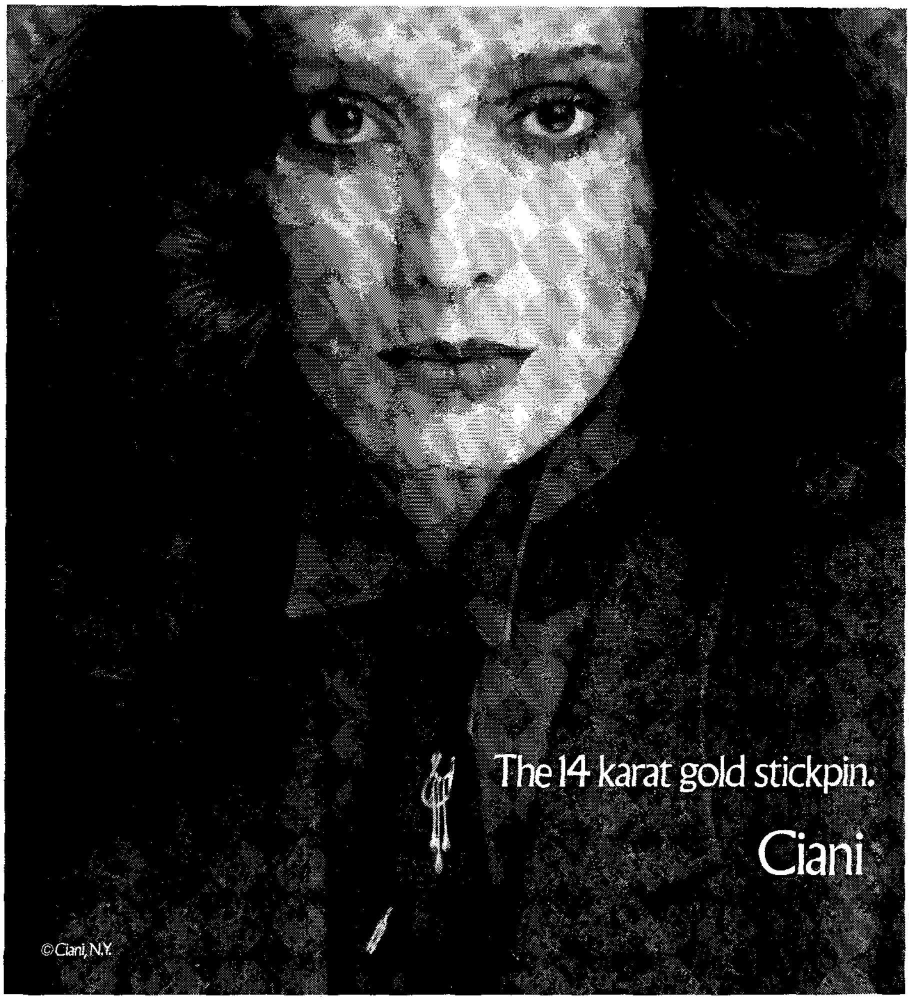
1956, and took home so the little fellow wouldn't have to spend Christmas alone. He gave him the name Paddington bear, since Bond was then living near Paddington Station. "A Bear Called Paddington" was published in 1958, and it's now about twenty Paddington books later. Four excerpts from the first adventure, read by the author, with a jaunty musical accompaniment by Don Heckman, are now available on a Caedmon record (TC 1580; $7.98). Around the neck of a plush eighteen-inch Paddington bear, wearing a blue duffel coat and yellow boots and sou'wester, hangs a tag that reads, "Please look after this bear. Thank you." If you know someone who would love to oblige, this bear is $19.95 at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street. At the same place, a nine-inch Paddington is $6.75. A Paddington Bear's Lucky Day game for children of five and up is $5.50 at Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (83rd). Here the children pretend to follow Paddington bear around the marketplace in search of his favorite food: marmalade. At Altman's, you'll find the Muppets' Fozzie Bear, thirteen inches tall, in his silly hat and large tie; he's $10.50. At Grassy Point Woods, 266 West 23rd Street, a mama and a baby koala bear whose manufacturer is Dakin (the mother is twelve inches tall) are $9, and a pair of seven-inch Dakin koala bears hugging each other (they're called Huggables, and their paws are lined with Velcro) are $6.50. And that's enough of bears: back to your lairs.

Of course, there are other kinds of plush animals: dogs, for example. Of these, Snoopy is, paws down, the most ubiquitous. In some toy departments (and even bedding departments, where Snoopy sheets and pillowcases are big sellers), it seems that it's hard to find an item that *doesn't* have Snoopy's name on it. Not long ago, Charles Schulz, the creator of the "Peanuts" crowd, confessed that he had once had a dog named Snoopy, but the fellow proved to be so contentious that Schulz traded him for a load of gravel. The Snoopy in the comic strip, he says, was modelled on a dearly loved dog from his childhood, named Spike. For our part, we would appreciate a chance to buy a plush dog named Spike (the letter "y" gets frightfully overworked in the toy departments), but otherwise, if there has to be a superdog in the toy stores, the winsome and preposterous Snoopy is about right. In the ten-inch size (you can buy him as tall as six feet; $250 at Altman's), Snoopy is $9 at Lord & Taylor, and a sailor suit for



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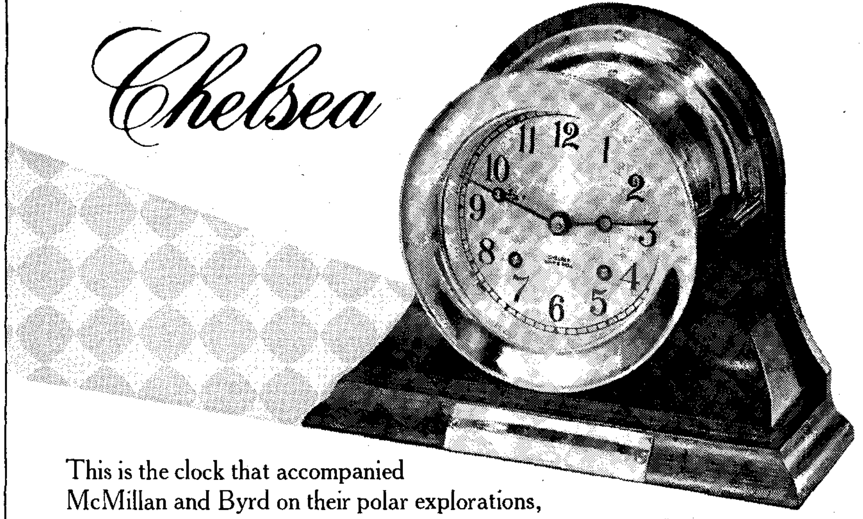

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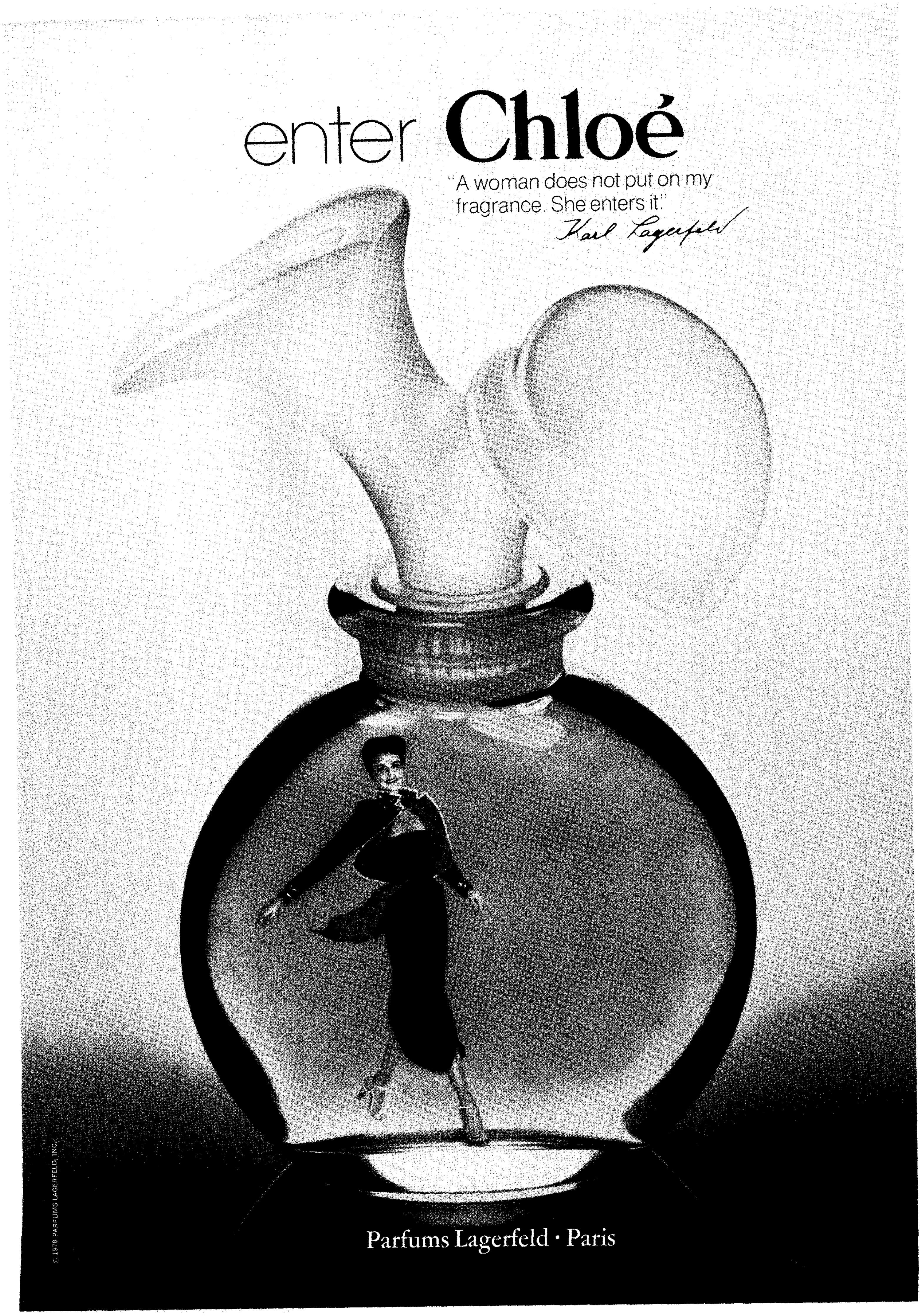
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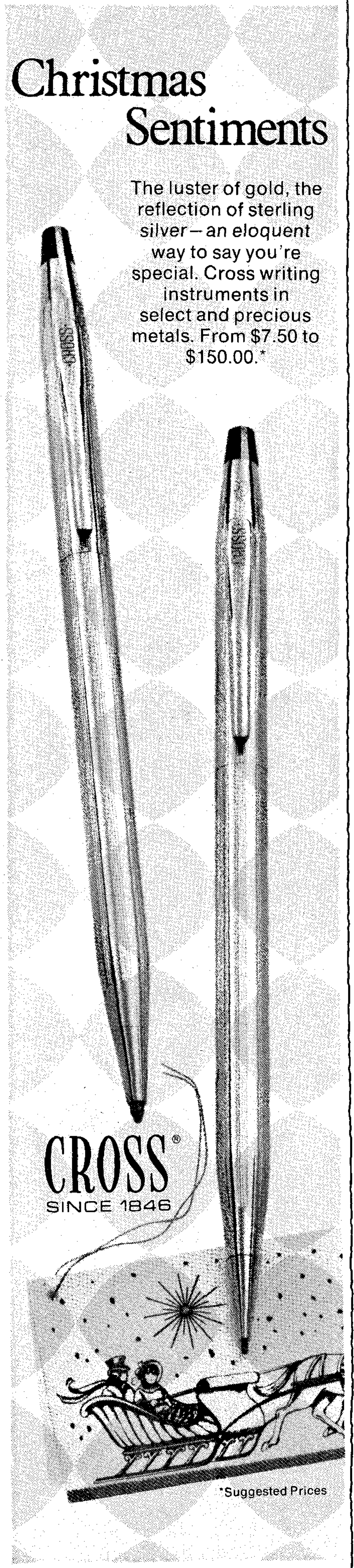

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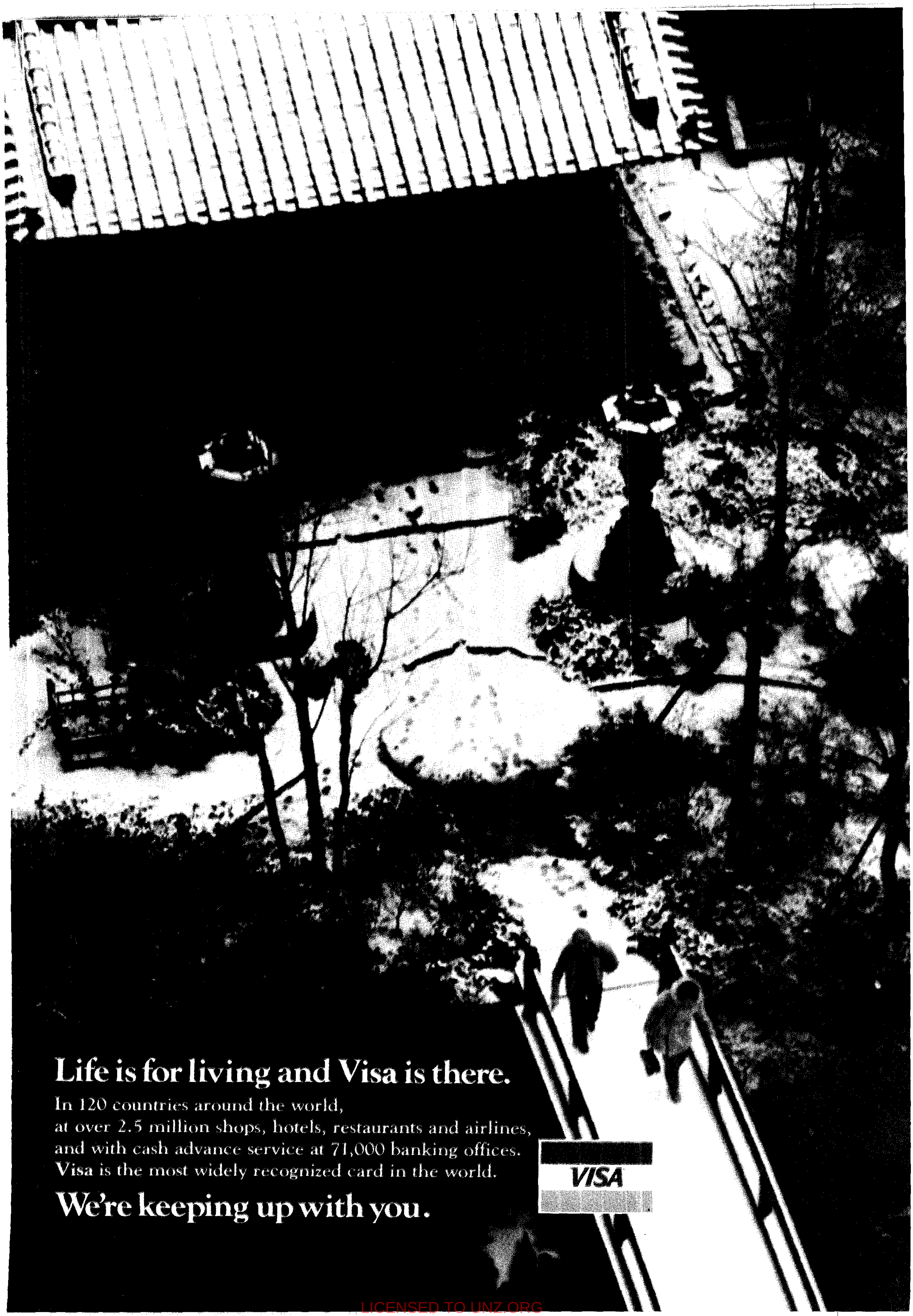
him comes to $4 more. Four puppets—Charlie Brown, Lucy, Snoopy, and Woodstock—are $6 each at Altman's. Charlie wears a baseball suit, and each puppet comes with a small baseball that it can be encouraged to catch and hold (Velcro again). And to show you just how far this thing has gone, Cartier has a Snoopy statuette or pendant in eighteen-carat gold for three hundred and fifty dollars.

It's some distance from Snoopy to J. R. R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings," which continues to be a cult among young people, perhaps including some you have on your list—particularly with the recent opening of Ralph Bakshi's movie, an animated version of material from the first two "Ring" books. During Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade this year, the giant Mickey Mouse balloon had to share the spotlight with a three-story-high float featuring characters from the "Ring" fable—wicked-looking fellows, most of them. After all the clapping and cheering, the children on the sidelines seemed delighted to have an excuse to engage in some lusty booing of these bad guys. An assortment of stuffed toys and puppets based on Frodo, Aragorn, Gandalf, Gollum, and so on are due on the toy counters momentarily, although, as we understand it, no pair of Huggables featuring Wormtongue and the powerful Balrog is on the assembly line. At Rappaport's, you'll find a giant board game, thirty-three inches by thirty-four, that shows "the entire area of Middle Earth over which the War of the Ring raged in the Third Age." There are figures representing characters well known to "Ring" fans, and, to give you an idea, the game instructions begin, "The Council of Elrond has convened; representatives of all of the Free Peoples have come to find a way out of the terror of Sauron's lengthening shadow." Any time you have a semicolon in the first sentence of a game's instructions, you will presumably not be surprised to find that the game is designed for twelve-year-olds and up. The price is $17.95. In the beginning is the word, of course, and a three-volume boxed set of "The Lord of the Rings" (Ballantine) is $10. A recording (Caedmon TC 1579) of J. R. R. Tolkien's son Christopher reading "Of the Darkening of Valinor" and "Of the Flight of the Noldor," from "The Silmarillion," is $7.95, and is pretty scary in parts. However the children feel about this, director Bakshi has frankly admitted that he feels a kinship with the more evil characters, such as Sméagol, and with the powers of darkness in the movie—a response he traces to having been brought up in Brooklyn. "It's like walking home alone down Pitkin Avenue at 3 A.M. Saturday night after a date," he recently told a reporter. "I was a true Tolkien fan. . . . What's wrong with escaping to Middle Earth in the middle of Brownsville?"

Many a friend or relative is eager to put under the Christmas tree a toy or a game or a book that could make a big difference in its new owner's life, but too often presents thus earnestly offered end up in the closet boneyard of a young person resistant to anything labelled "improving." With some children, though, that is not the problem at all. According to a family story, when Joseph Alsop, the writer, was seven or eight and living in Connecticut and his mother asked him what he wanted for Christmas, he said he'd like to be taken to New York to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to see the artifacts from Crete. "It seems that he'd been reading the Encyclopædia Britannica," as his former wife tells the story fondly. On the other hand, the historian Barbara Tuchman recently recalled that when she was a small child in Manhattan she was devoted to the "Twins" books. This was a series of books by Lucy Fitch Perkins about twin children in other lands or in other historic times which many educational groups considered simpleminded and romanticized. Mrs. Tuchman especially remembers "The Belgian Twins," which was about Belgian children during the First World War—and which led directly, she has said, to "The Guns of August." "The Belgian Twins" is now out of print. (So, it will not surprise you to learn, is one of the series called "The Pickaninny Twins.") Still in print, however, are nine of the Twins books, including "The Spartan Twins," "The Swiss Twins," and so on (Walker; $4.85 each). No fair counting on a future Pulitzer Prize, though. There are other kinds of inspiration besides the printed word, of course. Macy's has a vast array of Peggy Nisbet historical dolls. About eight inches high, they range in price from $19.95 (Betsy Ross, for instance) to $45.95 (Queen Elizabeth II in her coronation outfit). Also included are Winston Churchill, Mme. Du Barry, John F. Kennedy, Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Nelson, and Edward VII, not to mention Henry VIII and all six of his wives. Plenty of plot material there. P. S. Travers, who wrote the



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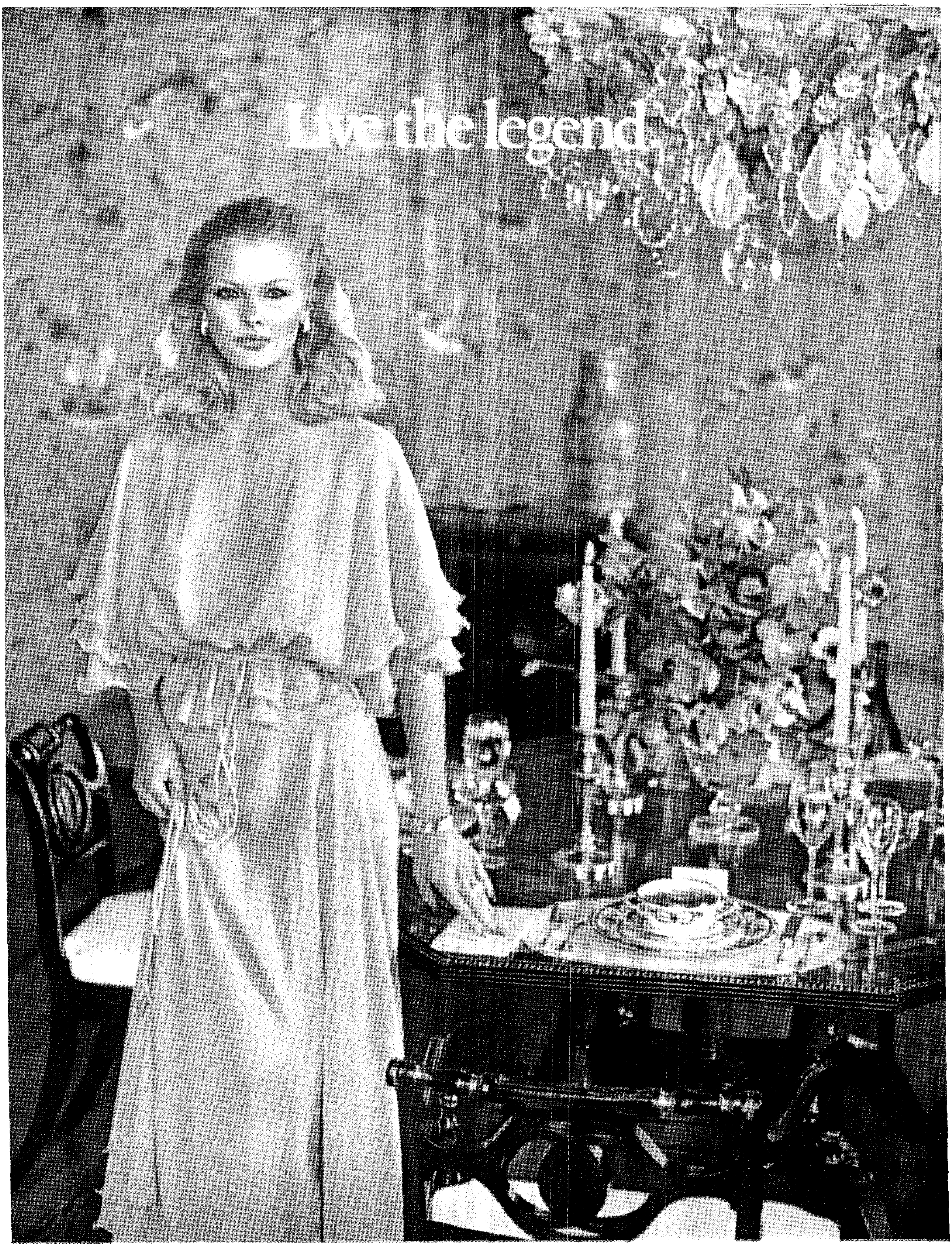
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"Mary Poppins" books, seems not to have remembered any dolls from her childhood. She insists that she spent most of her time reading "unbowdlerized fairy tales," in all their scarifying gore, and a book she found in her father's library called "Twelve Deathbed Scenes," which she reports she soon knew by heart, "each death being more lugubrious and more edifying than the one before it." As you may remember, Dr. Bruno Bettelheim agrees with Miss Travers that fairy tales, however frightening, are all right for children to read—indeed, are vital to their development. (As far as we know, Dr. Bettelheim has taken no position on plastic-toy superheroes.) "Tom Thumb, Rumpelstiltskin, and Other Fairy Tales," by the Brothers Grimm, all with some shivery parts, are read by Joseph Schildkraut on a Caedmon record (TC 1062; $7.98). We were unable to locate "Twelve Deathbed Scenes" in any children's-book department, but if you know of a boy or girl who might be interested in judging whether the Brothers Grimm had any lasting effect on Miss Travers, "Mary Poppins from A to Z" is read by actor Robert Stephens on another Caedmon record (TC 1254; $7.98). There is accompanying music by Leslie Pearson, and the introduction and the conclusion are in the voice of Miss Travers herself. And a set of all four of the "Mary Poppins" books in paperback (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is $9.75.

Carl Sagan, professor of astronomy and space sciences at Cornell, wrote in the *Times* magazine last spring that what started him on the way to where he is today was reading Edgar Rice Burroughs novels—no, not Tarzan but the series about life on Mars. It nicely filled in a long Brooklyn summer when he was ten years old, he said. The next year, by sheerest accident, in a neighborhood candy store, he stumbled on a pulp magazine called *Astounding Science Fiction*, which had an account of time travel into a post-nuclear-war holocaust. From then on, each month he hung around the candy store waiting for the latest issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*. From there, he moved on to Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, and so onward and upward (and outward). Sagan now points with satisfaction to the craters on Mars that have been named after Edgar Rice Burroughs and H. G. Wells. Burroughs' "The Warlords of Mars," a recent reprint of the 1919 edition (Buccaneer Books), is $10.55. If you can't seem to lay hands on *Astounding Science Fiction*, an illustrated edition of Jules Verne's "Voyage to the Moon" (Harmony) is $4.95. As for H. G. Wells, his "War of the Worlds," as adapted for radio by Orson Welles, is available on two records, courtesy of Columbia (PC2-33280; $13.98). As you no doubt have heard, that was the radio show which persuaded listeners all over the Eastern Seaboard that they were being invaded by creatures from Mars.

And there's another anniversary: the great misunderstanding happened forty years ago this October. Of course, it doesn't say anywhere that a young person you know—a very bright young person—might not start with something written by Sagan himself. For example, "Communication with Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence" (M.I.T. Press; $6.95). Or consider the game called UFO, or, as the company responsible (Avalon Hill) subtitles it, "Close Encounters of the Fourth Kind." In this game, as it's described on the box, "Mysterious lights approach from space. . . . Do you launch search satellites? Will you be wasting time looking for weather balloons and meteors while Alien ships slip past? In UFO, you discover for yourself that 'we are not alone.' " It's Alien against Earth player, twelve years and up, and this board game can be played on either a basic or an advanced level; $4.95 at Barnes & Noble's new Sale Annex.

Professor Sagan is not too keen on "Star Trek" and similar recent conceits. Some of the fantasies, he complains, "fly in the face of what we know of molecular biology and Darwinian evolution." Most children on your list, however, *will* be terribly keen on figures out of "Star Trek," and on other space toys known as Micronauts and Shogun Warriors, and particularly on the characters from "Star Wars," which Pauline Kael has described as "a comic strip that worked." (She also called it "visual banality.") Last year, "Star Wars" had just opened, and, since it takes at least a year to bring a toy to the market, the Kenner Company, which had won the license to sell "Star Wars" toys and other items, couldn't get anything on the shelves by December 25th except such instant-production items as T-shirts. (Anyone who doubted the swiftness of T-shirt production should have been at the game here between the Mets and

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WINES

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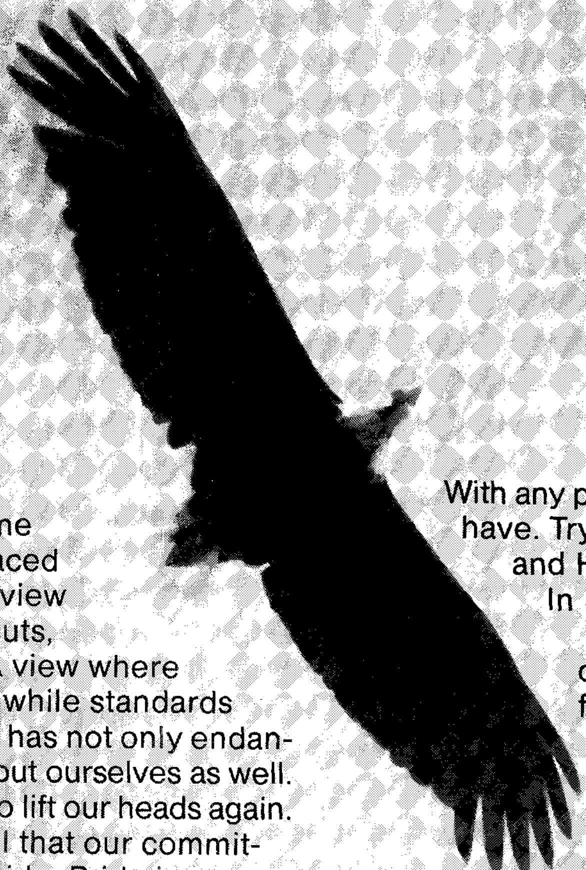
the Cincinnati Reds last summer when Pete Rose broke one of the modern major-league records for hitting in successive games. Fans emerging from the stadium were greeted by a mob of salesmen hawking T-shirts that read "I Saw Pete Rose Do It." They were marked "Made in Pakistan.") Kenner's solution was to offer certificates that guaranteed delivery of four "Star Wars" toys beginning in February, and nearly half a million children got such promissory notes under their Christmas trees. The toys were all delivered by March 1st, and, obviously, there's considerable to be said for presents that arrive after the turmoil and the crush, when there is time and quiet to enjoy them. "Star Wars" toys are now generally available. A snap-together action model of "Star Wars" ' Darth Vader, ten and three-quarters inches tall, is $13.50 at Bloomingdale's. ("Featuring Sinister Special Effects! Rasping Breathing Sound. Illuminated Eyes.") Two D batteries needed for this one are not included in the price. A "Star Wars" plane—an X-Wing fighter—with two "Star Wars" action figures is $18 at Macy's. The "Star Wars" robot with the pulsating chest is harder to find. You may have to settle for an interstellar impostor. Polk's has a twelve-inch Super Space Explorer whose chest lights up and who also walks by himself. Battery-operated, of course—on two D batteries. The cost without them is $10.95. Even Lego, a Danish company that, incidentally, accounts all by itself for one per cent of Denmark's annual exports, is now into the space act. A Lego Space Command Center for children six years old and up has a hundred and seventy interlocking pieces, as well as a pretend scanner screen, monitor board, four crew members, and two mobile support vehicles; $18.99 at Gimbels. At Bloomingdale's, we found one more bear, this one designed for younger space enthusiasts. He is a big fellow, nearly three feet tall, and is described as "an extraterrestrial bear." The sign on the cloth space suit he wears reads "UFB," for Unidentified Flying Bear; $25.

On the game counters there are a number of items intended to appeal particularly to children of ten and up who are excited about the impending arrival of the Tutankhamun exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. For instance, Pyramid ("Build a Lifeline and Win! The Strategy Game of the Pharaohs") and King Tut's Game ("King Tut Enjoyed It! So Will You!") are $11.95 and $4.98, respectively, at

The lost art of looking up.



In recent times, the art of looking up has become in danger of being replaced by an opposing view. A view that is filled with short cuts, but devoid of dreams. A view where progress is worshipped while standards are ignored. A view that has not only endangered our environment, but ourselves as well.

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Rappaport's. And then there's Ur, said to be "the oldest board game in the world," dating back to 2500 B.C. and reproduced from a game found in the ruins of the ancient city of Ur. In this one, the players are equipped with wooden chips and dice, and move around a board in a familiar way, but the stops are decorated with mysterious-looking signs that do not say "Marvin Gardens;" $6 at Macy's. Forty-five hundred years old would seem Ur enough for any game, but another one, called Kulaka, claims to be the "Ancient Egyptian Game of Challenge" and to date back six thousand years. All we can tell you is that five cubes are provided with different hieroglyphics on each side, symbolizing Beginning, Development, Spirit, Truth, Legacy, and Eternity; that "Kulaka" means "We can do better" (or, perhaps, "Why not the best?"); and that we have met some young persons who felt much self-improved, and even entertained, after playing it. The way things work six thousand years later, once you've bought the game, for $12, at Bloomingdale's, you are encouraged to help the game producer do better by sending for a free catalogue of available Kulaka posters, books, scoring scrolls, medallions, T-shirts, and tote bags. And the usual array of more familiar games is available, too. Monopoly, in which the players deal in Atlantic City real estate at prices dating back to long before the casinos took over there, is about $10 all over town. Clue, which has the players, aged eight and up, turn detective and try to figure out who killed whom with what and where, is $9.95 at Rappaport's. And there's Masterpiece, $10 at Youth at Play, in which the contenders bid against each other for Rembrandts, van Goghs, and other great works of art. Careers is $8.60 at the same place. In this one, the children devise their own formula for Fame, Fortune, and Happiness, and then pursue it among any of eight different fields. Six or seven years ago, a new Careers category was added: Ecology. We notice that such occupations as Sports, Politics, and Big Business are included, but there are no Lawyers. Possibly this is because the toy industry is so litigious that its leaders find it hard to think of the law as something children should play games about. It's a rare issue of a toy-trade paper that doesn't have some lengthy rundown of suits and countersuits for trademark and other kinds of infringement, and even reports of indictments. Four former officers of the Mattel company, including one of its founders, a woman generally credited with

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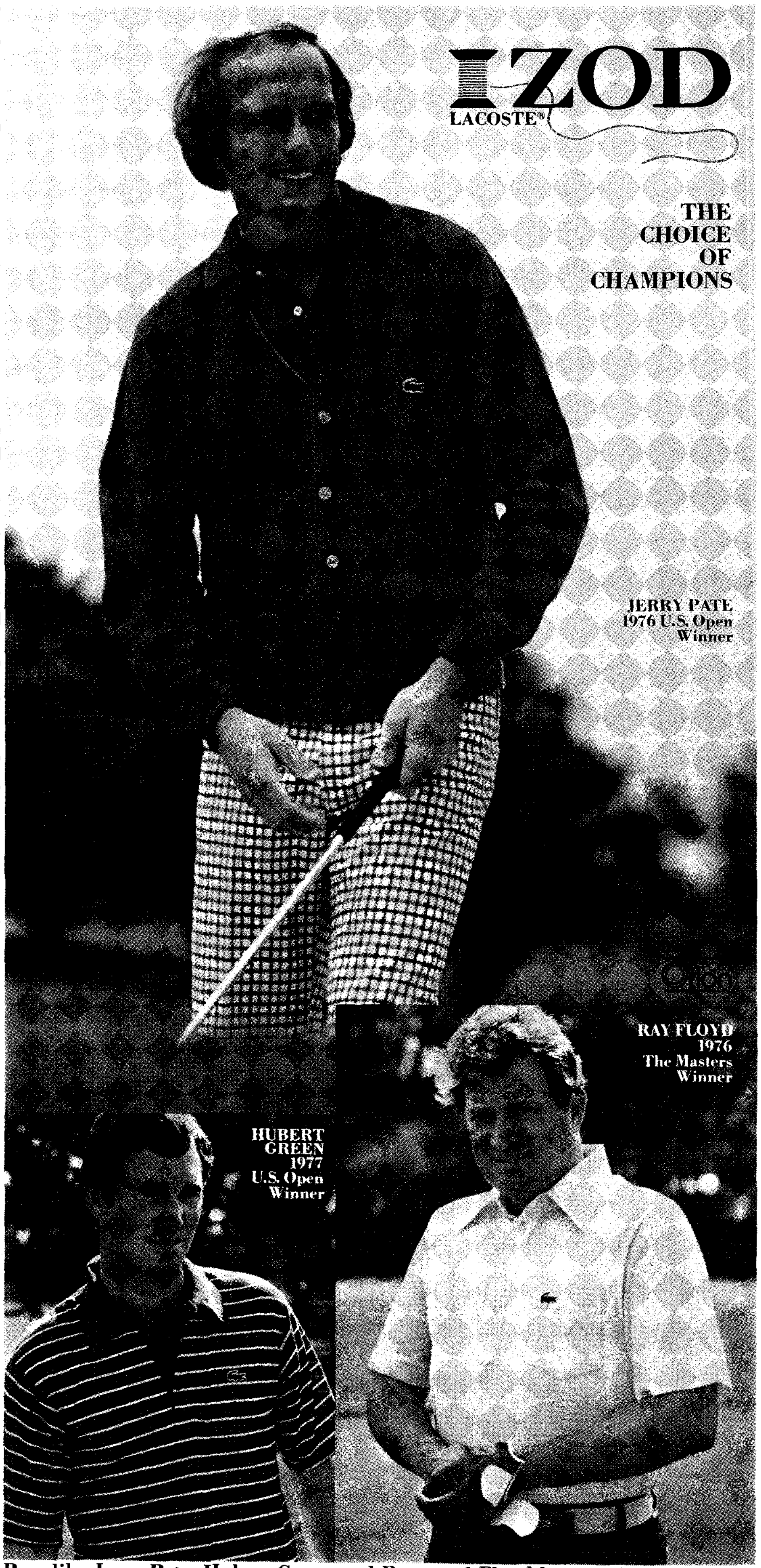
being responsible for Barbie, the doll that set Mattel on the road to being the largest toy company in the world, were indicted last winter, charged with having grossly overstated Mattel earnings in a scheme to increase their own gain. "And then there's the Mattel doll," a joke went in toy-company circles a while back. "You wind her up, she announces a hundred-million-dollar increase in earnings, and then she falls on her face." But the former Mattel officers couldn't have got any of their ideas from their company's how-to games in the stock-manipulation field; it doesn't make any. We found two such items around town, though, for $10 each. There's Stocks & Bonds ("Unique price calculator determines who suffers a Black Friday or benefits from a Happy Monday"), and there's Executive Decision ("Game of corporate management and big business reduced to fun-concept level"). These are the products of the Avalon Hill gang, which also makes not only UFO but elaborate war games that take almost as long to win as some of the battles themselves. Another of this year's sticky legal problems involved the Pillsbury Company, whose advertisements feature as company mascots small white plastic figures, one in a chef's cap and one in a bonnet, who are known as Poppin' Fresh and Poppie Fresh. A few years ago, Pillsbury put dolls by those names on the market. Now the baking company is suing a porn magazine for a million and a half dollars for trademark and copyright infringement because of certain improper suggestions made by the magazine as to the possible nature of the relationship between Poppin' and Poppie. (When we saw them at Rapaport's the other day, puppet versions of Poppin' and Poppie, who sell for $2.98 apiece, looked as wholesome as ever.) In another legal development that is of concern to the toy industry, the four largest American cereal companies—Kellogg, General Mills, General Foods, and Quaker Oats—have been preoccupied for several years now with a suit brought by the Federal Trade Commission which charges them with having a "shared monopoly." Of the biggest cereal-company conglomerates, both General Mills and Quaker Oats have toy companies among their subsidiaries. General Mills is not only the second-largest American cereal company (after Kellogg) but the nation's second-largest toy company (after Mattel), with a list of toy products ranging from Baby Alive through Play-Doh and Stretch Monster to—well, Monopoly. (As far as we know,



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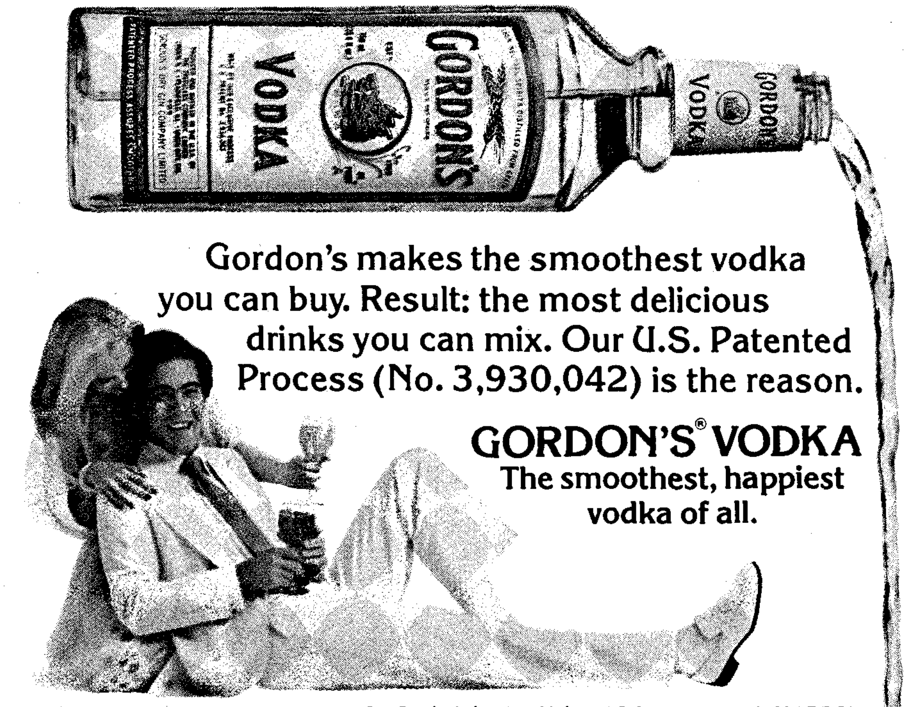

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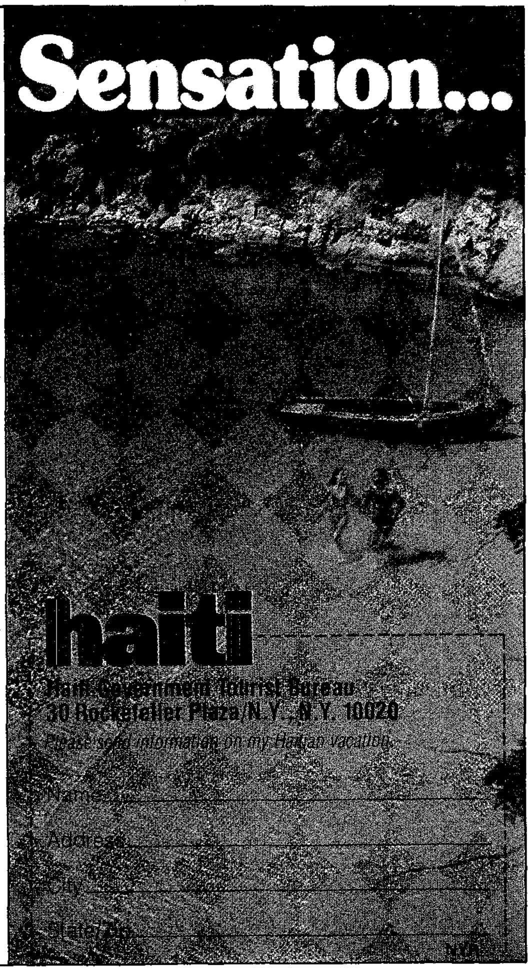

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they have no plan to bring out a game called Shared Monopoly.) Under this cozy corporate arrangement, children are urged by television commercials to buy such General Mills cereals as Trix and Lucky Charms because in them they will find as prizes "Star Wars" gliders—made by Kenner Products, a General Mills subsidiary. For other toy companies, the relationship is not so formal, but they are closely allied with the cereal companies, because pitches for either toys or cereals—usually the cereals with the highest added-sugar content—take up most of the commercial time on children's weekend cartoon shows. This half-billion-dollar-a-year business of commercials aimed at children is now threatened by hearings, coming up in January, at which the Federal Trade Commission will decide whether or not all commercials aimed at children under eight which push sugary cereals, alleged to be cavity-causing and deficient in nutrition, should be banned. Although the toy companies are not immediately involved in the F.T.C. hearings, one of the petitioners in a recent unsuccessful legal maneuver that would have, in effect, delayed the hearings indefinitely was the Toy Manufacturers of America. Do they suspect, perhaps, that if over-sugared products were banned in commercials for children, the next step might be a drive against such games as Candy Land, in which children of three to five or so move around a board from Lollypop Woods to Gum Drop Mountains, with the winner being the first to arrive in the kids' version of the promised land, an enclave where everything is made of candy? (Will Paddington bear even be allowed to pursue his marmalade in the Paddington bear game?) Despite all Popeye's good work, it seems unlikely that a game called Spinachland will ever have quite the same appeal. In case Candy Land is on that list in your hand, it's available (so far) at Rappaport's for $5.50.

BEFORE we move on to the doll corner—and, in fact, this has something to do with the doll corner—litigation in the toy industry is, of course, not a new development. In 1929, a judge named John Woolsey, who had gone on the bench of the United States District Court here after a distinguished career as an admiralty lawyer, found that his first case involved the patent rights to a doll wig. "There I was, sitting on the bench for the first time, trying like sixty to look as though I belonged there, and I was up to my elbows in dolls' wigs," he later complained. Woolsey is best remembered for quite another kind of case. He was the judge who, in 1933, wrote the decision declaring that James Joyce's "Ulysses" was not obscene and could therefore be admitted to the United States—a judgment that led to its publication here. ("In respect of the recurrent emergences of the theme of sex in the minds of his characters," Woolsey wrote of Joyce, "it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season spring.") Not long afterward, however, Woolsey was busy again on a case in which the toy industry had an interest. Then being shown as short subjects in movie theatres was a series of animated cartoons whose leading character was Betty Boop. Not only the voice of Betty Boop but, as she recalls it, the model for Betty Boop herself was a lady now living in Manhattan named Mae Questel. The cartoon producers were sued for personality plagiarism by Helen Kane, who, because of the song that had made her famous, as some of the more senior relatives of today's children may remember, was known as the Boop-Boop-a-Doop girl. In his ruling, in favor of Betty Boop, Woolsey (who, off the bench, was an Anthony Trollope addict) said of her, "The character which was depicted combined in appearance the childish with the sophisticated—a round baby face with big eyes and a nose like a button and framed in a somewhat careful coiffure, with a body of which the most noticeable characteristic is the most self-confident little bust imaginable." Self-confident busts were thus declared to be in the public domain, and soon afterward the toy stores were full of Betty Boop dolls—forerunners in some respects of today's Barbie. Eventually, the Betty Boop cartoons and the dolls and related Betty Boop paper dolls, games, and such disappeared from the scene. Do you sometimes wonder what happens to the Betty Boops of show business as time goes by? For about thirty-five years, until 1967, Mae Questel's was the voice of Olive Oyl in the Popeye cartoons, and today she is busy working as Aunt Bluebell in the Scott paper-towel commercials ("Hi, dear! Aunt Bluebell's here!"). If our account of Judge Woolsey makes the law seem like the kind of work that some child you know might want to get involved in, we did finally run across a game that has to do with legal concerns and the courts. It is called Point of Law, is a product of those Avalon Hill people, involves a hundred imag-

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inary cases in which players act as judge and jury, and costs $8.95 at Barnes & Noble.

Mention of Barbie reminds us that the new SuperStar Barbie doll has "sun-streaked" hair, comes wearing a very fancy pink evening dress with lots of fake jewelry, and costs $13 at Macy's. At the same place, her boyfriend, SuperStar Ken, wearing what it says on the box is his "celebrity jumpsuit and belt," some fake jewelry of his own, and sunglasses, is $9. A doll to keep the little girls from feeling left out of the Supermania is Wonder Woman, a sultry-looking brunette who is twelve inches tall and wears a painted-on, vaguely patriotic-looking outfit to which she strips down when called on to demonstrate her Wonder Womanic powers. In the box with her is the uniform she needs between such crises, when she's pretending to be a mild-mannered Second World War officer ("Evildoers beware! Here comes the one and only Wonder Woman. The mightiest Ms. on T.V.!"). Rappaport's has her for $14.95. There are more Wonder Woman toys available this year than her manufacturer, the Mego Corporation, had originally planned. Mego also makes a Cher doll, which two years ago was the best-selling toy on the market. The Cher doll hasn't been doing so well lately, while the mightiest Ms. was hot as a pistol. As the Christmas-production rush got under way, the company began stripping Cher dolls of their glittering getups and replacing them with Wonder Woman's clothes and twisting off Cher dolls' heads and replacing them with Wonder Woman heads. So much for superheroines (and fame) in toyland. If you think it's time to let some fresh air into the doll corner, the Little Women, each in a different Civil War-era outfit, are $14 each in the seven-inch size at Macy's. There's Meg and Jo—and if you don't know the rest, you're probably not interested. Some mothers and grandmothers may buy these by request or out of fond memories of their own childhoods. Others may find them especially interesting because, according to Francine du Plessix Gray, in a review that appeared earlier this year of Nina Auerbach's "Communities of Women: An Idea in Fiction," it is Miss Auerbach's view that the March girls represent "a reigning feminist sisterhood whose exemplary unity will heal a fractured society order," and that the counsel of the girls' mother, Marmee ("Better be happy old maids than unhappy wives"), was "a prophetic call for a brave new world purged of the

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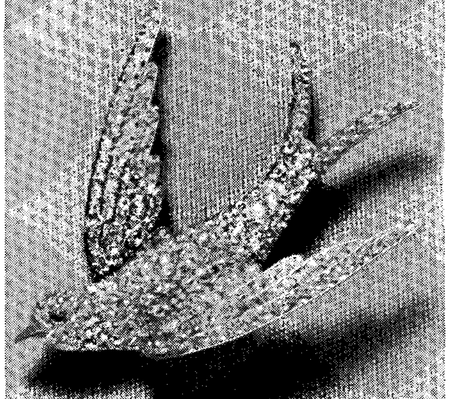

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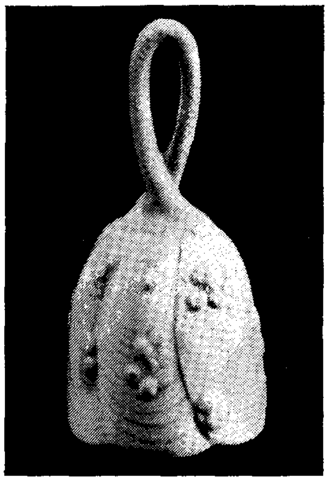

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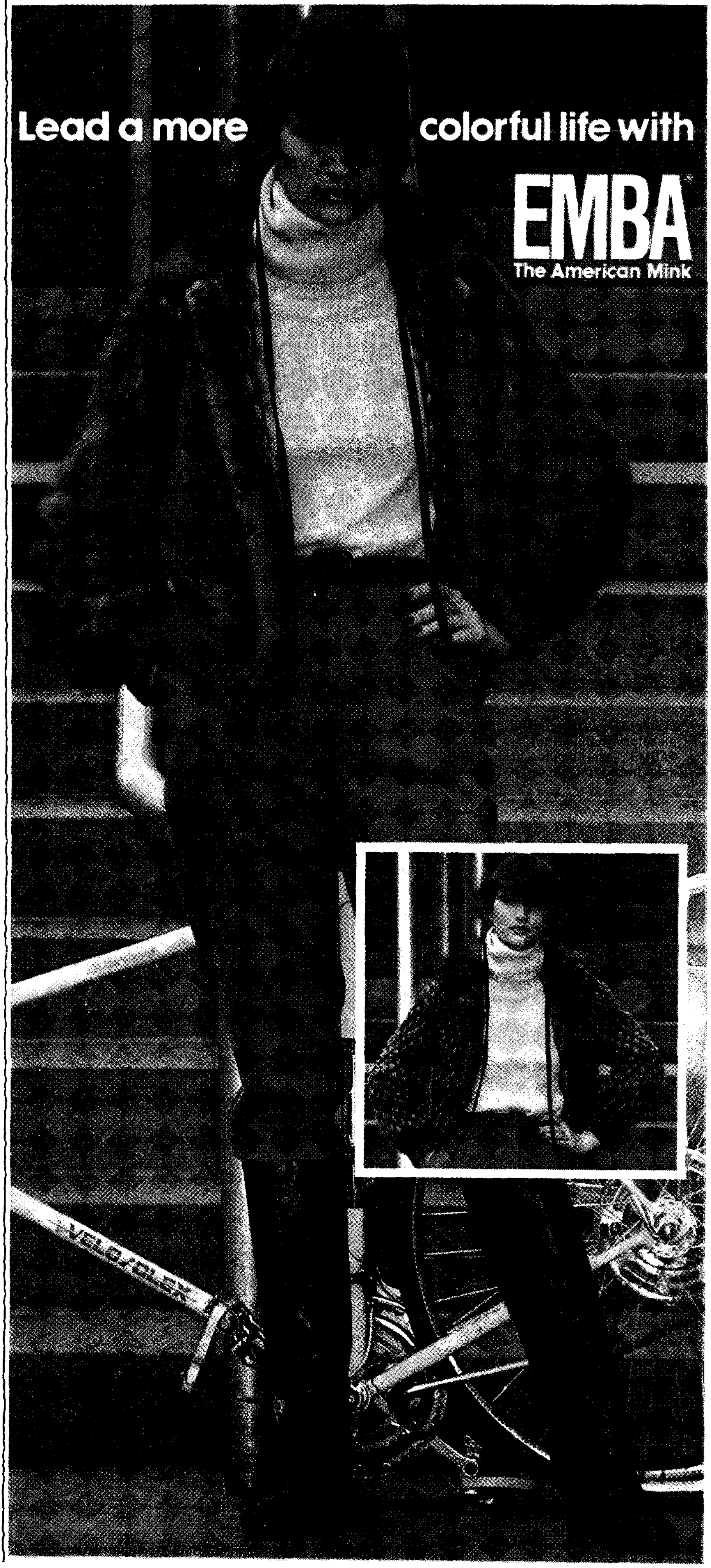
cult of romantic love." Macy's also has a Marmee doll for $14 in the seven-inch size, looking not at all revolutionary. "Little Women" and its sequel, "Little Men," are now available in a single volume, illustrated and unabridged, for $5.95 (Mayflower). That way, you may tell yourself, the children can make up their own minds about all this—which is what they will do anyhow.

There are still plenty of baby dolls around—especially the kind that are best known for their often battery-powered accomplishments. We have noticed a number of harried-looking travellers through the doll departments clutching lists in their hands and muttering something like "Patty Cake, Bubble Yum, Burps, Wet & Care, Whoopsie—*Whoopsie?*," so we've prepared a brief vade mecum for this kind of thing. Patty Cake is a seventeen-inch doll who wears a red dress and shoes and claps her hands together and sings at the same time. Two records, each offering two nursery songs, that can be inserted in a slot in her back provide the singing voice, and it may turn out to be a welcome secret that if you stop her from clapping her hands the doll stops singing. One C battery is required, and is not included in the $24.95 price at Rappaport's. Bubble Yum Baby "can't wait to blow bubbles for you," we are assured. She's fourteen inches tall and is dressed in sneakers, jeans, and a T-shirt that says "Soft'n Juicy Bubble Yum Bubble Gum," but what she actually blows is a small balloon. No batteries needed: you simply pump her right arm. And, just in case, six balloons are provided; she is $18 at Macy's. Baby Burps, sixteen inches tall (also without batteries), lives up to her billing, and drinks and wets, too. She comes in a pink dress, brings her own bottle, bib, and burping towel, and costs $18.90 at Polk's. Baby Wet & Care, who's thirteen inches tall, arrives carrying her bottle and looking happy enough in her little sun dress, but she'll soon be having a bad time of it. This drink-and-wet doll gets a diaper rash. After she drinks some special "orange juice" (mix provided), she comes out in red spots, but, fortunately, a special lotion is also provided, which instantly clears the problem up. ("You make her well!") Along with the doll come twelve disposable pink diapers, lotion and drink bottles, an applicator for the lotion, and enough mixes for a hundred rashes, a hundred cures, and quite a few long, delightfully anxious afternoons for her new owner; Baby Wet & Care is $18 at Macy's. As for Whoopsie, that's the name of a thirteen-inch blond doll who wears ponytails. When her middle is squeezed, her ponytails jump up in the air and she makes a kind of strangled noise that you could say sounds like "Whoopsie;" $19.95 at Rappaport's. Our favorite of the new baby dolls is called My Baby Beth. This one is a very soft seventeen-inch doll with blond hair who wears a shy, sweet expression on her painted-on face. A T-shirt and ruffled panties are permanently attached, but the pink knitted sweater, booties, and cap come off. She comes with a sewing pattern for another outfit, but her only accomplishment is that she sits there waiting, irresistibly, to be hugged; $16 at Polk's. In a different dimension entirely are the Rosebud dolls, about four inches high. Despite their size, these little girls have rooted hair and can turn their heads from side to side. There are eight or nine different Rosebuds, all with different, fancy names, and they wear the kind of fancy, lacy outfits that dolls used to wear before they began blowing balloons and developing serious health problems. The Rosebuds are about $4 all over town, except some that bring with them such accessories as a cradle or a bassinet or an old-fashioned stroller with a parasol. The one with the stroller is named Lavender Lace, and she's $7.49 at Gimbels. None of these Rosebuds come with a sled (we looked), but at Dollhouse Antics, 1308 Madison Avenue (92nd), you'll find a Flexible Flyer for them, ten inches long, for $10. And, for one last doll, there's Annie, formerly Little Orphan Annie—another import from the comic-strip world. A rag-doll version of the "Leapin' Lizards" girl, with her orange hair and Mary Jane shoes, is $6.50 in the sixteen-inch size at Altman's. Out of the pocket of her red dress peeps a tiny plush Sandy.

THE birth rate goes down. The age level of Americans goes up. The Gerber Products Company, whose slogan used to be "Babies Are Our Business—Our Only Business," runs ads today under the heading "The Baby People Are Now Babying People Over Fifty." (The year 1978 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the familiar Gerber-baby sketch, by the way, so whoever posed for it is now eligible for Gerber attention under the new corporate program.) Toy departments that used to take up whole floors of stores at this time of year are now consigned to one corner of, say, the housewares or the junior-miss department, and even in their new, restricted space it's hard to see the rattles or the pull toys for the ninety-dollar calculator games. Fortunately, there are still some of them around, though—babies, that is, and presents to make them smile. Childcraft, which has two stores in New York (at 150 East 58th Street and at 155 East 23rd Street) offers for $5.95 a set of four different plastic shapes—a cube, a cone, and two cylinders—that rattle, roll, whistle, and squeak when handled, and can be stacked into a tower. At the same place, for $12.50, there's a pull toy with eight bells that jangle when it's pulled along or that can be played, one by one, with a mallet that's packed with it. A musical mobile to hang over the crib has five red and yellow calico stuffed giraffes circling slowly to the tune of "Rockabye Baby;" $14 at Altman's. For children slightly older, the Gingerbread House has for $4 an orange felt moon mobile that would measure about eight inches in diameter except that it's a new moon. It's meant to swing gently over the children's bed as you read to them from Margaret Wise Brown's "Goodnight Moon" (Harper & Row), which this store has for $4.95. At Childcraft, "Pat the Bunny" is $3.95. On Bucky the Wonder Horse, also at Childcraft, the child sits only nine and a half inches off the ground, and Bucky's tail pokes up in back to keep the rider firmly in his seat. Bucky is made of strong polystyrene, there's a secret storage place under his saddle, he whinnies when the owner pulls on the reins, and he costs $16.95. For riders who have a firmer seat in the saddle, the Gingerbread House has a very handsome wooden rocking horse, handmade in Vermont. The rockers are about three feet long and the seat is about fourteen inches from the floor. You can buy this horse either assembled or "knocked down;" $37.95. A six-inch-long wooden paddleboat modelled on the old Mississippi River paddle-wheelers is $4 at Federal Smallwares. It runs on rubber-band power. A nice solid-steel Tonka jeep, called a Renegade, about thirteen inches long, is $18 at Macy's. The latest in the Fisher-Price Play Family sets for preschool children is a Play Family Nursery School. These are the sets that open up to provide a specialized play world for an afternoon—a farm, a town, a garage, and so on. Then, at bedtime, the toy figures



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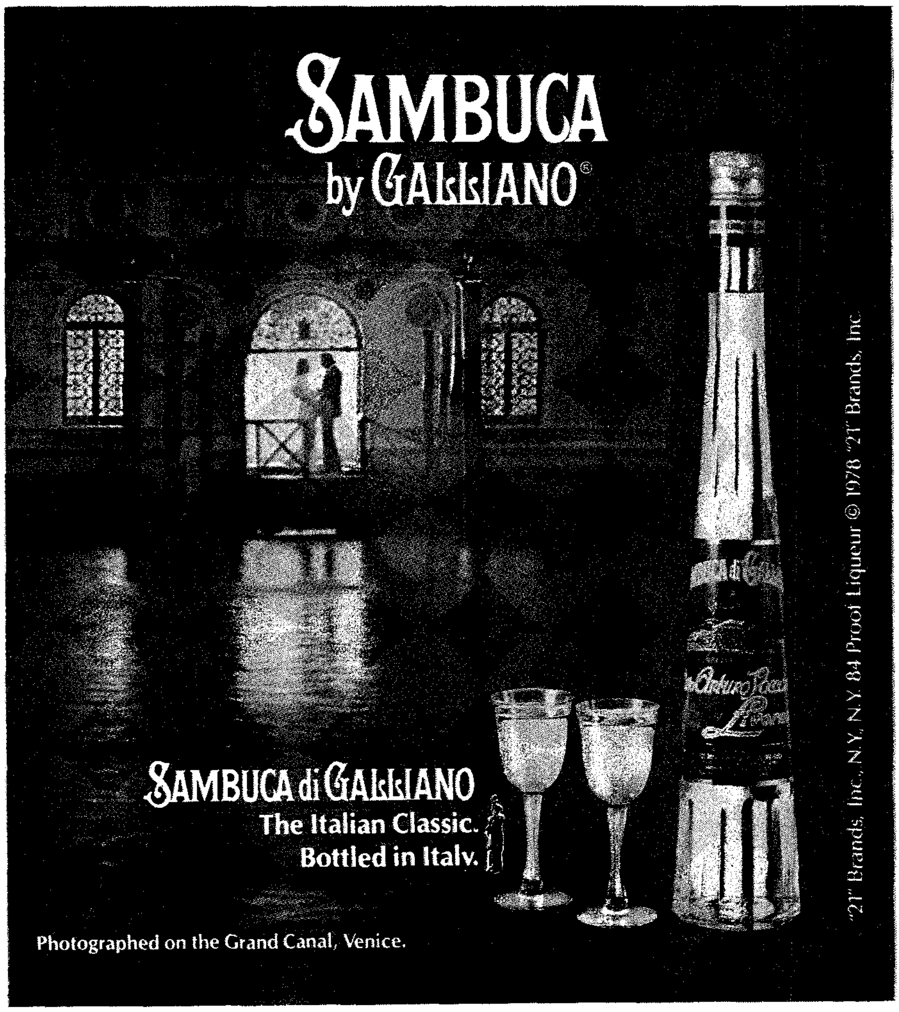

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and equipment can be stowed inside and the whole thing folded together and carried off by its handle. The Play Family Nursery School might help someone you know get used to the idea of going to nursery school next year or to feel more at home there now. It has a roof that lifts off, so that the kids can play more easily in the four rooms: a workroom, a playroom, a kitchen, and a bathroom. Turned upside down and spread out in front, the roof becomes a playground, and included are a slide, a merry-go-round, and a teeter-totter. There is a school bus with room for four knob-headed preschoolers and a bus driver, and, of course, there is a teacher. (Nobody asks how she got there.) The set is $14.99 at Gimbels. At the same place, for $16.99, you'll find the Fisher-Price Play Family Sesame Street, which folds out into a reasonable facsimile of the television scene, with figures of all its most famous residents. In the legal battle of the cereal companies against Federal Trade Commission regulation of commercials on children's programs for cereals loaded with sugar, there was one dissenter. Kenneth Mason, the president of Quaker Oats, which produces, among other things, a sugar-coated breakfast treat called Captain Crunch, declared that in his view there needed to be a fundamental change in the way commercial television was used to entertain and enlighten the very young. He even took the position that there might have to be televised warnings to children about consuming products that contain too much sugar. Quaker Oats, as it happens, is the owner of Fisher-Price Toys. We checked the Fisher-Price Sesame Street to see if there was now a sign outside Mr. Hooper's candy store warning about overindulgence, but apparently the company hasn't got to it yet. Unfortunately, the newsstand in Mr. Hooper's store (which, from the looks of it, could well be in Brooklyn) didn't have any copies of *Astounding Science Fiction*.

And this brings us to one last birthday: "Sesame Street" is in its tenth season this year. In honor of the event, there is a "Sesame Street" Tenth Anniversary Album (Children's Television Workshop 79002; $7.98), in which the "Sesame Street" regulars sing twenty-five favorites, including "I Love Trash," "Would You Like to Buy an O?," and "Bein' Green." We noticed in the toy departments that when our ears weren't being bombarded by the "Star Wars" theme, we were being encouraged to bob and weave to a disco beat—a style that is alleged to appeal to little kids as much as it is alleged to appeal to their elders. On a record called "Sesame Street Fever" (CTW 79005; $7.98), "Trash," "C Is for Cookie," and, yes, even "Rubber Duckie" get the disco treatment. Another record that includes some of these "Sesame Street" songs is called "Disco Fever" (Peter Pan 8223; $2.98), and also offers such children's favorites as the Hokey-Pokey; "Ease On Down the Road," from "The Wiz;" and "Be Kind to Your Web-Footed Friends" in disco style. There's no doubt that this disco fever brings many of the kids up out of their prone position in front of the television set, which is certainly in its favor.

On a different note, each year it seems that some celebrity (superhero?) is urged to recite Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" with a symphony orchestra, thus providing parents who may have a sneaking weakness for celebrities themselves and who also have the worthy goal of introducing children to classical music as painlessly as possible (which describes "Peter and the Wolf") with a double excuse to buy the record. This year's celebrity is David Bowie. The fact is, he has a strong, pleasant voice; the music is by the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Eugene Ormandy conducting; the added attraction is Benjamin Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra;" and, altogether, it's a record you wouldn't at all mind having around the house (RCA ARL 1-2743; $7.98). And this year there is more good news for those who enjoy records in which children's books are read by those who lovingly wrote the words themselves. E. B. White reading "The Trumpet of the Swan" in his low, sensible voice is available now on five records (POS 1045). Send thirty-five dollars plus a dollar-fifty for handling to Pathways of Sound, 102 Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. If you know a child who would rather read this and the other White books for children for himself, E. B. White isn't the sort who would mind. A three-volume boxed set (Harper & Row) that includes "Stuart Little," "Charlotte's Web," and "The Trumpet of the Swan" is $14.95 in hardcover and $4.95 in paperback.

ARE you ready for the last, miscellaneous roundup? We've left out plush elephants, haven't we? The Gingerbread House has a very nice gray one, nearly two feet long, in either smooth or curly plush; $24.95. At Schwarz, there's what they call a Mini-Club Train Set—a Märklin train, with tank locomotive, banana car, and open car—that measures six and a half inches over all. The locomotive can rest comfortably on the top of half a walnut shell. The $84 price includes curved and straight tracks, and a power pack. At Rappaport's, there's a yellow plastic imperial yo-yo for $1.49, and at Federal Smallwares, for a penny more, you'll find a handmade wooden ladybug yo-yo, bright red with yellow eyes. With either of these you could wrap up a copy of "The One and Only Yo-Yo Book," by George Malko, which tells all about the history of the toy (it dates back at least as far as the Greeks) and lists some seventy-five tricks someone can do with it (Avon; $2.95). The "Victorian Paper House" book (Scribners; $8.95) is a spiral-bound affair with enough heavy cardboard pages to form four miniature rooms (ten inches high) of a nineteenth-century house. The décor of the rooms is elaborate: lots of tiny-figured wallpaper and carved molding to be colored in according to the twentieth-century owner's taste. There are also nineteen pages of furnishings to cut out, glue together, and color. The whole process involves delicacy, creativity, and love, and should fill many happy afternoons for a young householder of ten or older. Three little pink crocheted pigs, six and a half inches tall, whose hooves snap together for companionability, are $13.50 at Elder Craftsmen. At the same place, three-inch handmade mice, wholly unrelated to Disney, and decked out in dozens of different guises—clowns, drummer boys, Scots Highlanders, and so on—are $6.50 each. We forgot to mention that Schwarz has a Kewpie doll eight and a half inches tall, for $8.95. She brings her own plastic tub, sponge, and soap, and both she and the bathtub will float in the water at someone's bath time. For the older kids, Bloomingdale's All That Jazz Shop will sell you for $50 what it calls a Late Show blanket, sixty by eighty inches, which seems warm enough and is supposed to keep everybody even warmer because it's printed with the faces of such old friends as Groucho Marx, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Rudolph Valentino, Theda Bara (this is a *very* late show), and Charlie Chaplin. Also at the All That Jazz Shop, for $47.50 you'll find a stuffed Charlie Chaplin doll

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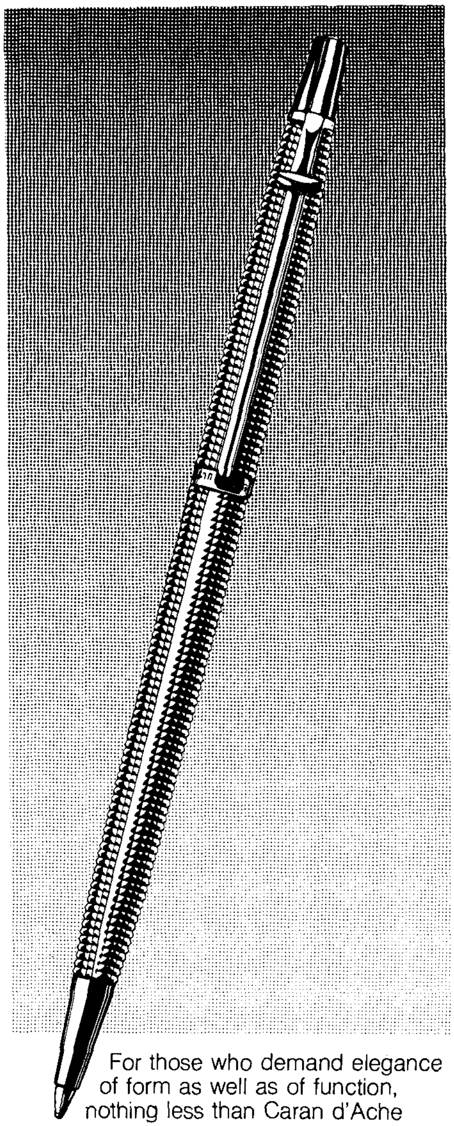

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nearly three feet tall, nattily dressed in a tweed jacket and carrying his cane. Rappaport's has a Charlie McCarthy figure of about the same size, wearing white tie and tails, and his mouth will, of course, move—saying something pert, no doubt—when it's maneuvered from behind; $24.95. A very handsome figure to find peering out of someone's stocking would be a hand-painted wooden royal-guard nutcracker, right out of the fairy tale. He can be played with or can dress up his new owner's room, and he'll also come in handy when it's time to crack the nuts for Christmas dinner; he is $14 in the thirteen-and-a-half-inch size at Macy's. This would be an especially appropriate present for anyone lucky enough to be invited to "The Nutcracker" this season, and another fine present for a person in such luck would be the Caedmon record of Claire Bloom reading the "Story of the Nutcracker" (TC 1524; $7.98). And, finally, one of the most popular of all Caedmon records for children is "The Year Without a Santa Claus and Other Stories for Christmas" (TC 1303; $7.98). On this one, Carol Channing reads Phyllis McGinley's "The Year Without a Santa Claus" and also its sequel, called "How Mrs. Santa Claus Saved Christmas." In the sequel, Miss McGinley hits a gentle feminist note by suggesting that, although Santa Claus made all those trips, it was Mrs. Santa Claus who had all the Good Ideas. On the remainder of the record, Miss Channing reads "The Gingerbread Man" ("A boy for all seasons," it suggests on the record jacket) and Clement Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (no doubt Mrs. Moore had some Good Ideas, too). In the title poem, Santa Claus declares himself to be too tired out to do his Christmas chores one year, and the children realize what the holiday would be like without him—that is, if nobody had got around to inventing him. Of course, when he finds out how much he's missed and how kind-hearted the children are, Santa relents, and it turns out to be the merriest Christmas of all. There go the reindeer bells. Listen! Can't you hear them, too? Merry Christmas!

•

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[*From the Boston Globe*]

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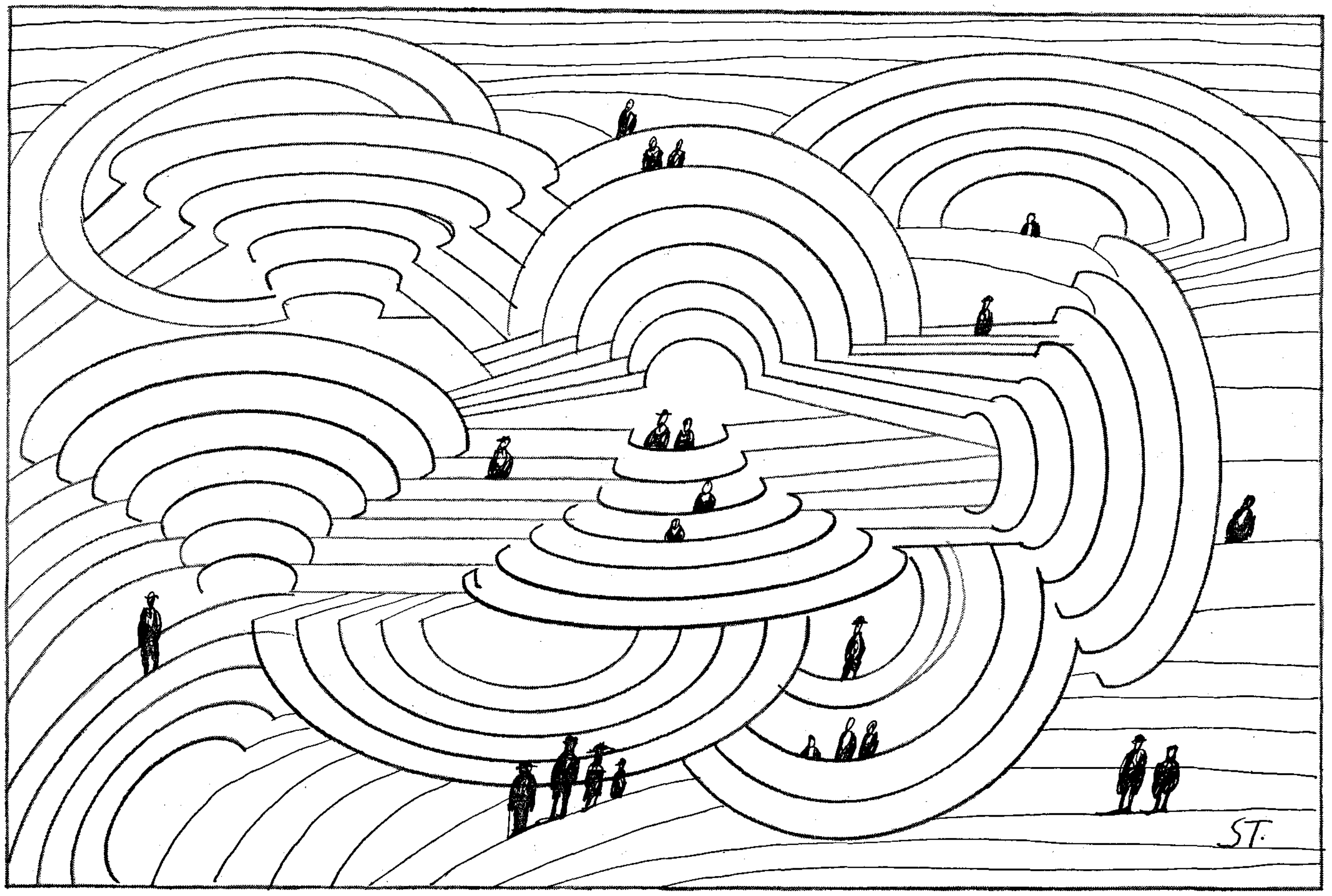
ANNALS OF SCIENCE

DNA—III



POLITENESS, Francis Crick said over the BBC at the time he got the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, in 1962, is the poison of all good collaboration in science. The soul of collaboration is perfect candor—rudeness, if need be. Its prerequisite, Crick said, is parity of standing in science, for if one figure is too much senior to the other, the serpent politeness creeps in. A good scientist values criticism almost more highly than friendship; no, in science criticism is the height and measure of friendship. The collaborator points out the obvious, with due impatience. He stops the nonsense. Crick was speaking of James Watson, the American, twelve years younger than he, who had been his collaborator, a decade earlier, at the Cavendish Laboratory, at Cambridge University, in the discovery of the structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, the substance of which genes are made. For that discovery, Crick and Watson shared the Nobel Prize, along with Maurice Wilkins, of King's College, London. Rosalind Franklin, in the eighteen months or so from the fall of 1951 to the spring of 1953, when she, too, was working on the structure of DNA, in the same lab as Wilkins at King's College, had no such collaborator. It is evident from her notebooks that she needed one, and clear from what we know of her character that she would have worked well—candidly, rudely if need be—with the right one. Franklin died of cancer in April of 1958, at the age of thirty-seven. She was one of the four people closest to the discovery of the structure of DNA.

If it is difficult to form a picture of Franklin from the recollections of those who worked with her, that is chiefly because, unlike the three others, she was without great idiosyncrasy. Firmness of mind and a thoroughgoing scientific professionalism were the dominant impressions Franklin left; she was, above all, determined. She was slim, and walked with an awkward energy. She had clear olive skin, thick, glossy dark hair, good teeth, and brilliant eyes; she dressed sensibly, neatly, tastefully. Some found her charming. Some found her feminine. Some found her outgoing. Some found her passionate in opinion and argument. She left these memories vividly—but with only a few people. She was reserved. She made her life so that she would be judged as a scientist—or, at least, it's as a scientist almost exclusively that fellow-scientists think of her. She was thirty-one when Watson first met her, in the late fall of 1951: eight years older than he, a little younger yet much further along professionally than Crick. How she really affected the extreme and irritable sensitivity with which Watson scanned the human landscape we cannot tell, after all. The "Rosy" in his book "The Double Helix," published in 1968, is a stage grotesque in prop spectacles and costume blue stockings that Franklin never wore in life; and the nickname he picked up from the King's College lab, where it was used behind her back.

Rosalind Franklin was educated at St. Paul's Girls' School, in London, an academically outstanding private school. She read chemistry at Cambridge. She came to King's College, London, from nearly four years at a laboratory in Paris, where she had worked in the crystallography of coal and graphite; her researches there laid the foundation, or a good part of it, for what today is called carbon-fibre technology. She was a talented physical chemist when she came to King's—but all her experience had been with amorphous materials like coals and chars. Franklin was hired by John Randall, the director of the Biophysics Laboratory at King's College, in the spring of 1950, and, with Randall's help, she

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was awarded a three-year fellowship that June, at about the time Maurice Wilkins and the graduate student Raymond Gosling were getting the first good X-ray-diffraction pictures from DNA fibres in crystalline form. The fellowship was to begin in September, but, in order to finish the experimental part of her work in Paris, she delayed her start until the new year. On December 4th, Randall wrote to Franklin, in Paris, about a thoroughgoing "change in programme" for the work she would soon take up. His letter said, in part:

> The real difficulty has been that the X-ray work here is in a somewhat fluid state and the slant on the research has changed rather since you were last here.
>
> After very careful consideration and discussion with the senior people concerned, it now seems that it would be a good deal more important for you to investigate the structure of certain biological fibres in which we are interested . . . rather than to continue with the original project of work. . . .
>
> As far as the experimental X-ray effort is concerned there will be at the moment only yourself and Gosling, together with the temporary assistance of a graduate from Syracuse, Mrs. Heller. Gosling, working in conjunction with Wilkins, has already found that fibres of desoxyribose nucleic acid derived from material provided by Professor Signer of Bern give remarkably good fibre diagrams. . . . As you no doubt know, nucleic acid is an extremely important constituent of cells and it seems to us that it would be very valuable if this could be followed up in detail.

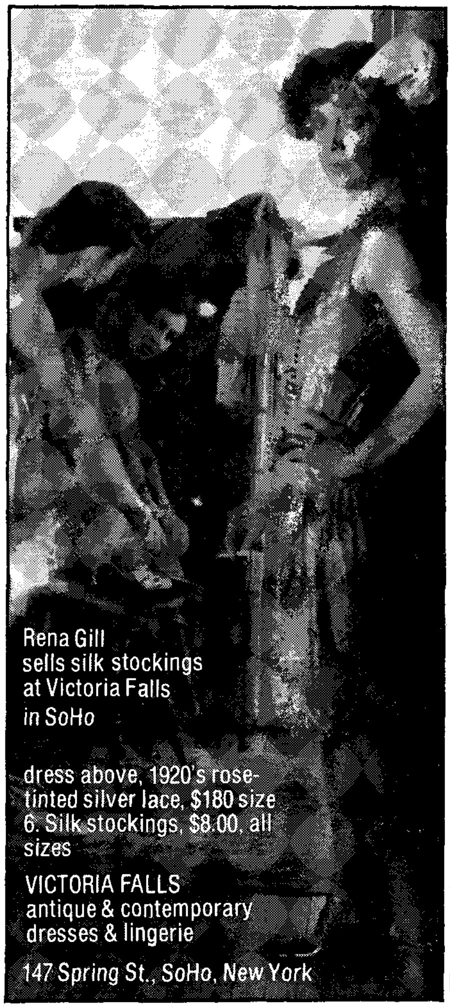
There's ambiguity to spare peeping out from that "consideration and discussion with the senior people concerned" and "followed up in detail." But the letter proves, especially in the light of its timing, that Franklin was *not originally brought in to work on* DNA in particular, and that when she was assigned the stuff she had good reason to think she headed an independent team. The letter is the only surviving documentary evidence of the terms on which she believed she came to King's.

Although it is true that women were often discriminated against in science in England then, it's also true that Randall's biophysics laboratory offered better opportunities to women scientists than most places did. A postwar creation, the lab was notably informal in organization and youthful in staff. Numbers fluctuated, but of thirty-odd professional scientists there in November of 1952, toward the end of Franklin's second year, eight or nine were women, and four of those outranked her. The move to King's offered some annoyances, like the fact that as a woman she was denied the fellowship of the luncheon club organized by the senior common room. She made no open protest. She was profoundly angered, her friends have said she told them, by the way she thought Wilkins tried to treat her as an assistant rather than as a colleague. She got on with the work she believed she had been hired to do.

In the last years of her life, Franklin worked in the lab of the crystallographer Desmond Bernal, at Birkbeck College, London. There she was joined by a young South African, Aaron Klug, with whom she collaborated closely until her death. "She was—well, a firm sort of person," Klug told me a while ago. "She was— I can't say she was like a man, not like that at all, but one didn't think of her being particularly like a woman. She wasn't shy or self-effacing—but she wasn't blustering, either. She spoke her opinions firmly. I think people were unaccustomed to dealing with that in a woman. I think they expected women to behave rather differently, quieter. She expected reason to dominate. She was very much a *rationalist*. I had discussions with her at various times. She could never see the force of non-rational reasons. She was very single-minded. She worked *beautifully*. The kind of single-mindedness that she had made her an absolutely first-class experimental worker. And that sort of skill requires intelligence and determination—it's not just good needlework."

Crick knew Franklin hardly at all in 1952 and 1953. "After we got the structure of DNA, I came to know her better," Crick said to me several years ago. "We became much more friendly, and she also came to consult me quite often on matters of X-ray crystallography. And she and my wife got on well. But, you know, it is very difficult to convey exactly what she was like. I just knew her as another scientist, really, and as someone who became a sort of family friend. I found her quite a good scientist. She made a great combination with Aaron, because Aaron was a very good, really solid theoretician and Rosalind was really an experimentalist. She was sound, hardworking, knew the right thing to do. She was always an adequate theoretician—but she wasn't what I would call very imaginative."

Franklin's only close associate when she was working on DNA was Raymond Gosling, who prepared his doctoral dissertation under her direction. "Rosalind had this professional shell; underneath it she could be delightful and relaxed," Gosling said to me in 1975. "I think you've got to remember that it was difficult for women in sci-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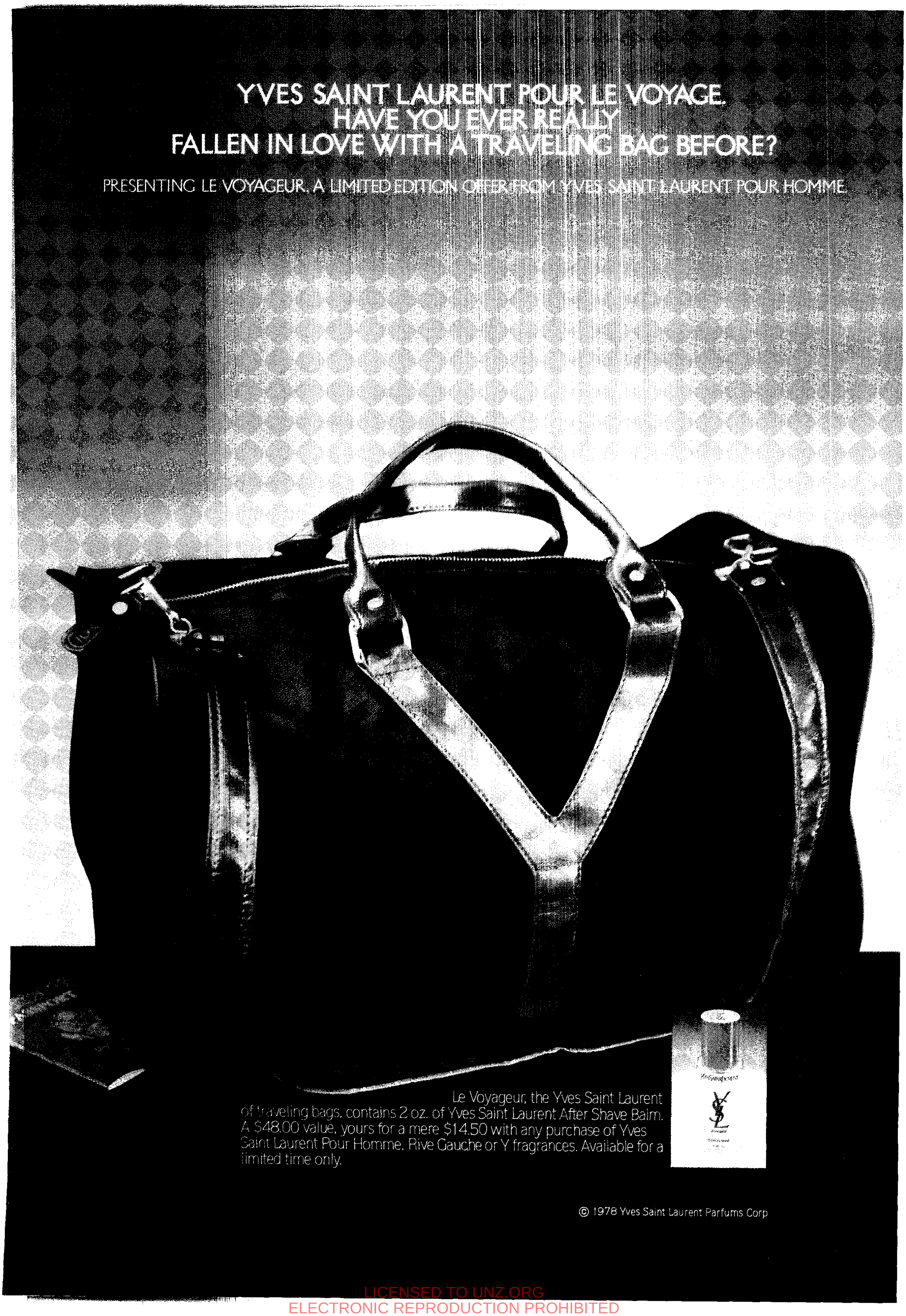

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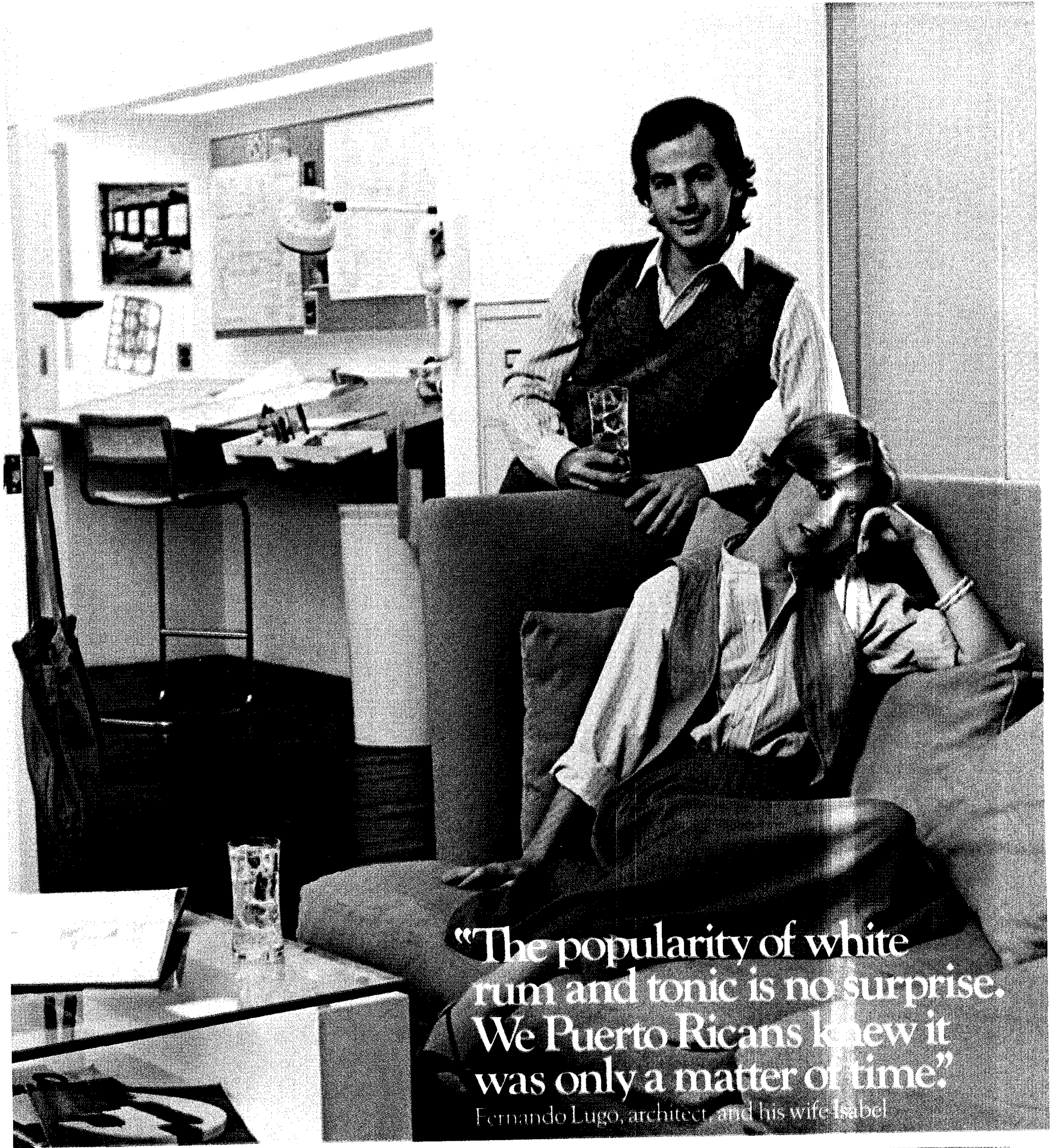
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ence, much more then than it is now. She was a very intense person, almost eccentrically so, and terribly interested in her work. Her interest in music and in art, and so on—though she had great enthusiasms—weren't obvious until you got to know her well. And she was shy, I think—certainly not the person to let her imagination fire up openly about structural ideas to somebody like Maurice. But *we* used to have terrific arguments together. Her great strength was that you could have this *very* frank discussion about the work, and it *never* got personal, it was objective, and it would push along to *reach* somewhere. But she would never get like that with Maurice. She would do that with me. And if at that time she had had someone of her own standing to have those frank and fierce discussions with, it might have helped. And I felt repeatedly that Maurice was trying various ways to stimulate Rosalind into saying something about the structure, but she, for her part, would say, 'We are not going to speculate, we are going to wait, we are going to let the spots on this photograph tell us what the structure is.' And so, since there was nobody here Maurice could talk to who was willing to speculate about the structure, he talked to Crick and Watson about it."

Franklin began work on the crystallography of DNA where Wilkins had left off. With Gosling, Wilkins had discovered in the spring of 1950 that fine fibres of carefully prepared DNA kept moist would behave like a crystalline substance, yielding richly informative X-ray-diffraction patterns. It was one of those X-ray-diffraction pictures, which he showed at a conference in Naples in the spring of 1951, that first got Watson interested in the structure of DNA. In the fall of 1951, Franklin and Gosling went on to find that DNA fibres made still wetter would show an abrupt transition to a second form, in which the fibres lengthened by about a quarter and yielded a strikingly different, much simpler diffraction pattern—one that implied a helical structure. She used the designations A and B for the crystalline and wet forms, respectively. By the spring of 1952, she had excellent pictures of both forms. Franklin did not know whether A or B was the more important in nature, so in the summer of 1952 she turned her back on her own discovery of the B form to attempt the challenging task of solving the A form by strict crystallographic reasoning from the diffraction pattern.

That summer, Franklin and Gosling began the cumbersome mathematical technique, called a Patterson synthesis, by which they intended to reach the structure of the A form. "The physical meaning of this so-called Patterson synthesis is one of the most difficult conceptions in crystallography," Max Perutz and John Kendrew had said in an article they wrote together three years before Franklin's attempt. (These two were the original members of the small unit investigating the structures of biological molecules at the Cavendish Laboratory, under the direction of the Cavendish Professor, Sir Lawrence Bragg; Crick joined them in 1949, as a thirty-three-year-old graduate student, and Watson arrived in the fall of 1951 on a postdoctoral fellowship.) Perutz and Kendrew knew as well as anyone how infuriatingly elusive Patterson synthesis was. They had spent all their ingenuity and countless hours in an effort to apply the method to proteins, with only the glimmering wisps of success sufficient to keep them trying. We need not follow them, and Franklin, very far into that swamp. The mathematician Henri Poincaré once gave a lecture in Paris about the psychology of mathematical invention, in which he warned his audience, "I may tell you that I have discovered the proof of a certain theorem in certain circumstances; the theorem will have a barbarous name, which many of you will never have heard; but that is of no importance: what is interesting, for the psychologist, is not the theorem—it's the circumstances." We can take refuge in Poincaré: Patterson synthesis is one such barbarous theorem.

To be sure, fond crystallographers find this difficult offspring beautiful—an indescribably subtle means of mapping the structure of a molecule without actually having enough information to do so. A Patterson synthesis initially produces what looks like a geologist's contour map—all loops and meandering lines—of a particularly up-and-down square mile of the Dakota Badlands. To reason from this map back to the real structure is twistingly abstruse. The promise was that in the first step certain features would be revealed—the presence of rods or chains and something about them, or, alterna-

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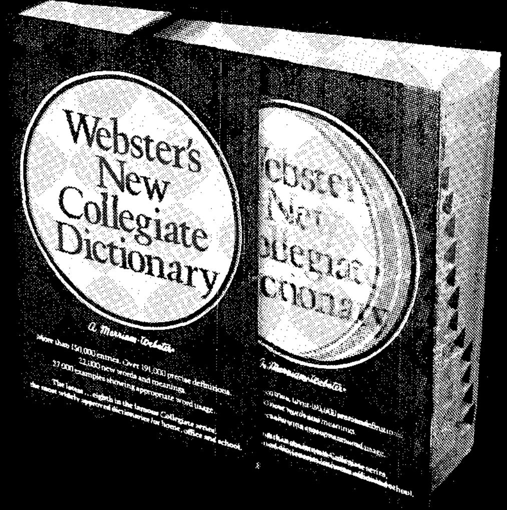
tively, the presence of a layered structure and something about that, and so on. These clues, if the structure was sufficiently regular, might define its character so that the rest of the data could be interpreted fully in three dimensions. DNA is highly regular. Proteins, as it turned out, are not, for the most part. Ironically, it was just as Perutz, Kendrew, and Bragg were searching, in something close to despair, for some other approach to interpreting the X-ray-diffraction patterns of proteins—hemoglobin in particular—that Franklin was settling down to the Patterson synthesis of the A structure of DNA.

The measurements and calculations that would today be done by machine Franklin and Gosling did for DNA by hand. They chose the most detailed of the photographs of the A form and projected them, enlarged about ten times, like magic-lantern slides onto white cardboard. They marked the positions of the spots, then estimated the intensity of each by comparing it with a brightness scale held alongside. They quickly found that the eye made the estimates more accurately than any instrument available. By the beginning of July, Franklin had confirmed the conclusion she had reached the previous fall—that the crystals were of the symmetrical form known to crystallographers as monoclinic and face-centered; she still failed to draw the conclusion from this symmetry that the molecule contained two chains running in opposite directions. On July 2nd, a Wednesday, she sketched in her notebook the main contours of the first *Patterson map—four vaguely crescent* blobs and a somewhat larger irregular peak, shaped like a sheepskin rug, in one corner. She measured off three distances. The sketch yielded nothing but perplexity. The feature that caught her attention, she wrote, was "the central banana-shaped peak." This form, she thought, was repeated across the map in the other crescents. It could be made to fit a curve calculated for a single-stranded helix with a diameter of 13.5 angstroms—about fifty billionths of an inch—but that diameter was impossible to reconcile with other dimensions of the crystal.

Puzzling over structures with single helices which she could rule out with ease, she never recalled the idea of "2, 3 or 4 co-axial nucleic acid chains per helical unit," which she had mentioned five months earlier, in a report on her first year of work at King's. "If there is a *flat* banana-like unit in structure, with banana axis parallel to



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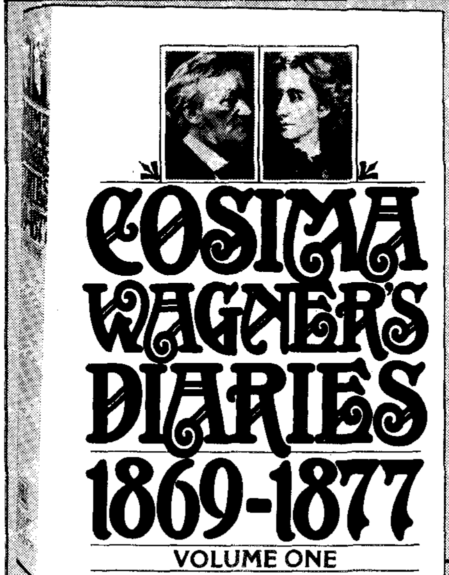
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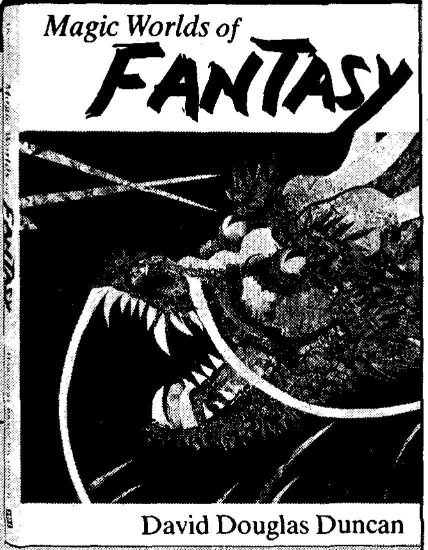
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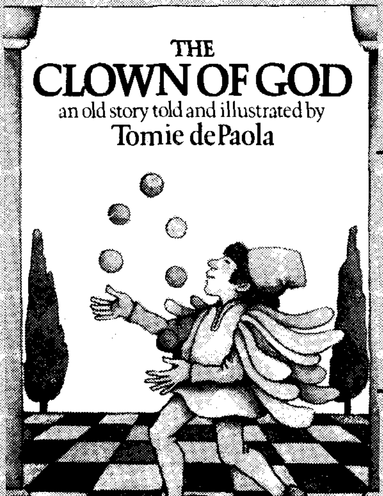

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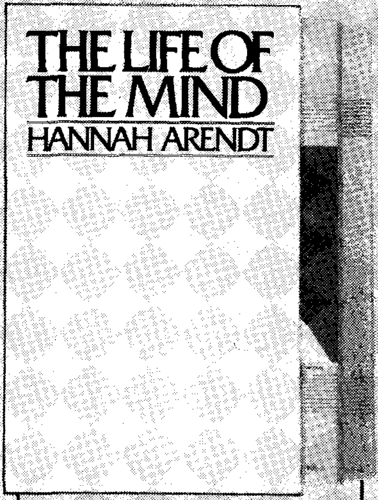
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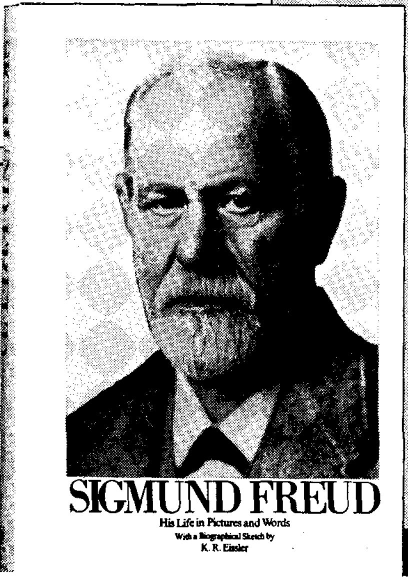

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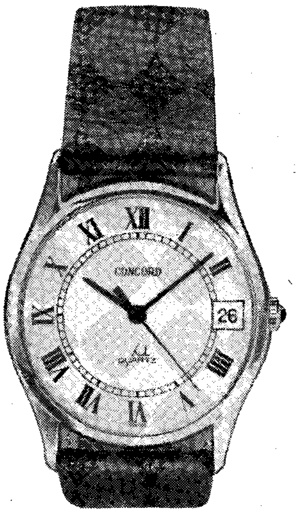

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fibre axis," she now wrote, the explanation must be "rather a double-sheet structure"—and she sketched a dozen more tiny bananas, viewed from the top and then from the side. The red notebook that had begun as her bench record of X-ray camerawork was the place to which she now retreated in the attempt to put her difficult gropings into coherent form. That Wednesday, she fretted about helices, bananas, and double sheets for a couple of pages. By the following Monday, the calculations had been extended, and her notes were concerned with peaks that she would expect to observe but that were not to be found. On the fifteenth, in five curt lines, she concluded that "there is no narrow straight chain of high density parallel to axis" of the fibres. Then not a line more until a month later, when she reverted to taking X-ray pictures, "to look for double orientation"—an attempt to repeat the effect that, the previous spring, had produced the one pattern that more than anything else had convinced her that the A structure was not helical. She took pictures almost every day until September 9th, and one more, No. 78, on October 14th, all without success.

THE problem on Crick's mind and Watson's that summer, though intermittently—for, among other things, after an unsuccessful try at the structure the previous fall Bragg had directed them to leave the subject to Randall's lab at King's—was to know what forces might hold together, and in shape, the strands that must compose any structure of DNA. Each strand was known to be a string of monotonously alternating sugar and phosphate molecules, with a third component, called a base, sticking out at a right angle from each sugar. The base could be one of four kinds: two large ones, double-ringed, called adenine and guanine, and collectively referred to as purines, and two small ones, single-ringed, called cytosine and thymine, and, collectively, pyrimidines. The three-piece sub-assembly of phosphate, sugar, and base was called a nucleotide. Density measurements proved that a molecule of DNA had more than one strand—though they did not settle whether there were two or three. The strands could be held together by bonds between the backbones—the string of alternating sugar and phosphate molecules—or between the bases. Watson guessed that small amounts of magnesium were present, along with sodium, in the preparations of DNA—or, anyway, in the living cell—to bridge the phos-

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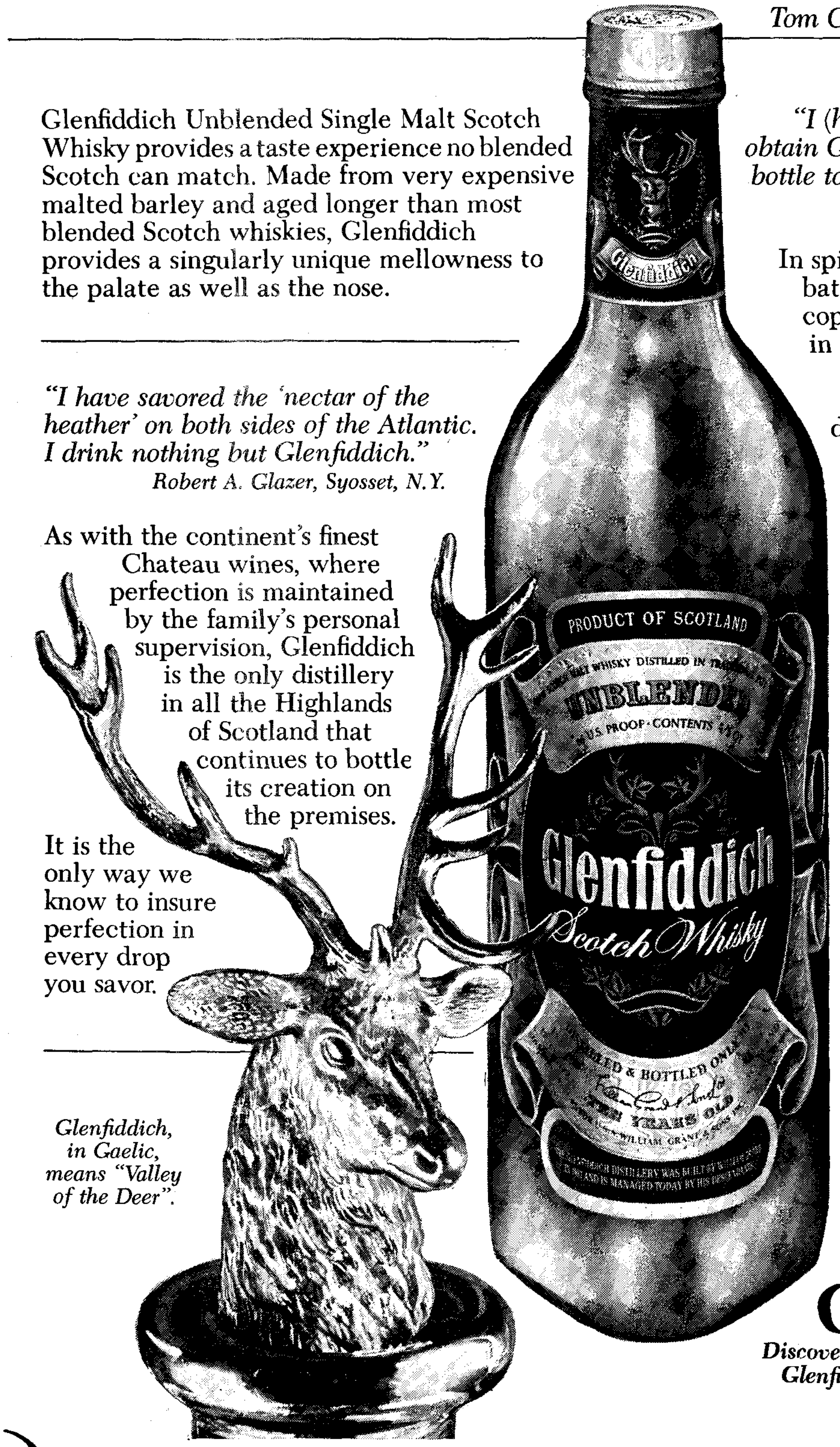

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phates of the two or more backbones. By late spring, Crick had begun to take seriously the second possibility—that the bases strung along one backbone might join to those strung along another. The bases were the variable components of DNA. They had to vary to be free to carry, somehow, the genetic message. But because they varied it was hard to conceive that they fitted together. If they were joined, how? And was there any selectivity about which base was joined to which? Crick, in mid-1952, was still imagining not that the bases might be paired on the flat, like two dominoes in play, but, rather, that they might be interleaved, like two decks of cards being shuffled together. He rejected hydrogen bonding between the bases, because textbooks showed that hydrogen atoms around the fringe of the bases were not stably attached but could jump back and forth between two positions on the ring, in what were called tautomeric shifts. Curious about other binding forces, he wondered whether the bases were attracted like to like. Yet even to list the alternatives, he warned me in a conversation, would suggest that he had visualized them more clearly at that time than he can now be sure he actually did. "Really, the question was: Was there any pairing at all?" he said. "Of any sort?"

Crick's interest was desultory. He did not pursue the calculations himself but casually asked John Griffith, a young mathematician at Cambridge, to work out how the electrical charges on each base might cause adenine to attract adenine, thymine to attract thymine, and so on, to hold the structure together. Such attraction would also explain how a chain could duplicate itself, like to like. Something that neither Crick nor Watson knew was that Griffith had already been speculating about pairing bases, although not like to like but, rather, one purine joined to the other (adenine to guanine) and one pyrimidine to the other (cystosine to thymine). Griffith, saying nothing about his own pairing idea, agreed to try Crick's.

The basis in quantum mechanics for such calculations when the units were as large as purines and pyrimidines was so tentative that Griffith himself regarded his results as only approximate. Several days later, when the two men were standing in line for tea at the Cavendish, Crick asked Griffith whether he had completed the calculations. Griffith said yes. "I find that adenine attracts thymine, and guanine attracts cytosine," he said. Crick answered—as he told the English historian Robert Olby in 1968—"Well, that's all *right*, that's perfectly O.K. A goes and makes B, B goes and makes A—you just have complementary replication."

Enter the unquiet spirit of Erwin Chargaff. The pairings of adenine with thymine and of guanine with cytosine are the curious regularity—the one-to-one ratios—in the composition of DNA from widely varying sources, from bacteria to man, which Chargaff had first pointed out in a paper in 1950. Watson's recollection here differed from Crick's. Watson said in "The Double Helix" that he knew Chargaff's ratios and had mentioned them to Crick not long before the conversations with Griffith. Crick told me, though, that if he had been aware of Chargaff's rules he would necessarily have made more of Griffith's results. "Because I did *not*, you see, I am quite sure that I was not conscious of Chargaff's rules at the time," he explained. "If Jim had told me, I had forgotten them." In the work of a successful collaboration, one can sometimes make out the contrasting approaches that merged into the shared result; here, one can see in some detail how what Watson knew and what Crick knew in the spring of 1952, even when they overlapped, failed to merge.

What excited Crick in his exchange with Griffith was the idea that replication was complementary. Complementary replication and the closely related concept that molecules can have surfaces that act as templates on which other molecules are formed permeate biology today with immense explanatory power. In 1952, these were a pair of theoretical notions—discussed, perhaps, but still lacking their first exemplars.

At about that same time, Crick learned from Rosalind Franklin why she felt that the evidence against a helical structure for DNA was compelling, at least for the A, or crystalline, form. "I met her in the queue at some meeting at the Zoological Lab," Crick told me. "I had very little real impression of Rosalind, after all, before the whole business in 1953. After we got the structure, I came to know her better. Beforehand, I'm afraid we always used to adopt—let's say a *patronizing* attitude toward her. When she told us DNA couldn't be a helix, we said, 'Nonsense.' And when she said her measurements showed that it couldn't, we said, 'Well, they're wrong.' You see, that was our sort of attitude." I mentioned Franklin's photograph of the A form showing "double orientation," in which the intensities were too asymmetrical to fit a helix. "That's right. That was the one," Crick said. He explained that with helical molecules it could be easy, with a small and unusual asymmetry in the parallel packing of the molecules in the specimen, to produce the kinds of asymmetries that Franklin had found in the X-ray-diffraction pattern. "So the result could be spurious, you see. Which Rosalind and Gosling didn't understand. I never saw the photo at that time or went over it in detail, but she told me about it the time we met and I just said, 'You know, I think it's misleading.' " As Crick acknowledged, his manner may have been patronizing; yet Franklin betrayed a grievous slowness of intuitive response by her underestimation of the man and his advice in that encounter.

Then Chargaff came to Crick's attention inescapably. He arrived in Cambridge one day late in May. John Kendrew arranged a meal at Peterhouse, his college, at which he presented Watson and Crick to Chargaff. A meeting of three men more prone to volatile contempt would be hard to imagine. All three remember the encounter vividly. "He derided my hair and accent, for since I came from Chicago I had no right to act otherwise," Watson wrote in "The Double Helix," and went on, "The high point in Chargaff's scorn came when he led Francis into admitting that he did not remember the chemical differences among the four bases."

Chargaff placed the emphasis differently when I went around to see him, at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, where he then worked. His laboratories and office were high up in the quiet of an inner retreat of that great walled hospital city, and the windows by his desk looked out over the Hudson, the New Jersey Palisades, and the George Washington Bridge. A big Webster's dictionary lay open behind him. "I take a minority view of science, of course," Chargaff said. "It's a view shared more by philosophers and humanists. The public acclaim given to scientists is exaggerated; scientists are as bright as they happen to be individually. In my opinion, present-day science, especially biological science, is a direct symptom of the decline of the West. All this shameless talk about creating and multiplying will be put down as the barbarism of the twen-

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tieth century." He stopped to light a pipe. He was wearing a white lab coat; his hair, also white, was thick and rumpled, his face tanned, with clear, crisply cut features and a flexible mouth.

I asked what he remembered about his first meeting with Crick and Watson.

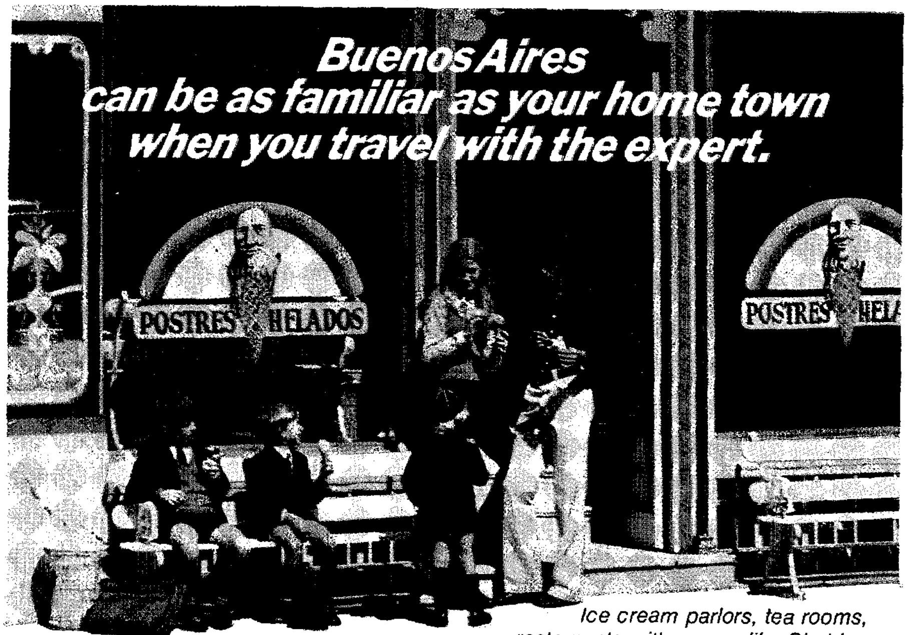
"Watson's description is fairly correct," he said. "They impressed me by their extreme ignorance. Watson makes that clear! I never met two men who knew so little and aspired to so much. They were going about it in a roguish, jocular manner, very bright young people who didn't know much. They didn't seem to know of my work—not even of the structure and chemistry of the purines and pyrimidines. But they told me they wanted to construct a helix, a polynucleotide to rival Pauling's alpha helix"—a fundamental structure in proteins that Pauling had found and named in 1951. "They talked so much about 'pitch' that I remember I wrote down afterward, 'Two pitchmen in search of a helix.' I explained to them our observations on the regularities in DNA, and told them that adenine is complementary to thymine, guanine to cytosine, purines to pyrimidines, and that any structure would have to take account of our complementary relationships. It struck me as a typically British intellectual atmosphere—little work and lots of talk. Crick and Watson are very different from each other. Watson is now an able, effective administrator of science. In that respect, he represents the American entrepreneurial type very well. Crick is something else—brighter than Watson, but he talks a lot, and so he talks a lot of nonsense."

A few minutes later, Chargaff added, "Pauling in *his* structural model of DNA failed to take account of my results. The consequence was that his model did not make sense in the light of the chemical evidence."

At the time Chargaff met Watson and Crick, I asked, had he himself understood the implications of the one-to-one ratios he had discovered among the bases?

Chargaff answered slowly and distinctly. "Yes and no," he said. "No, I did not construct a double helix."

As Crick described the meeting to Robert Olby, he and Watson put Chargaff "slightly on the defensive." Thinking about structures, "we were saying to him, as protein boys, 'Well, you know, what has all this work in nucleic acid led to? It hasn't told us anything we want to know.' Chargaff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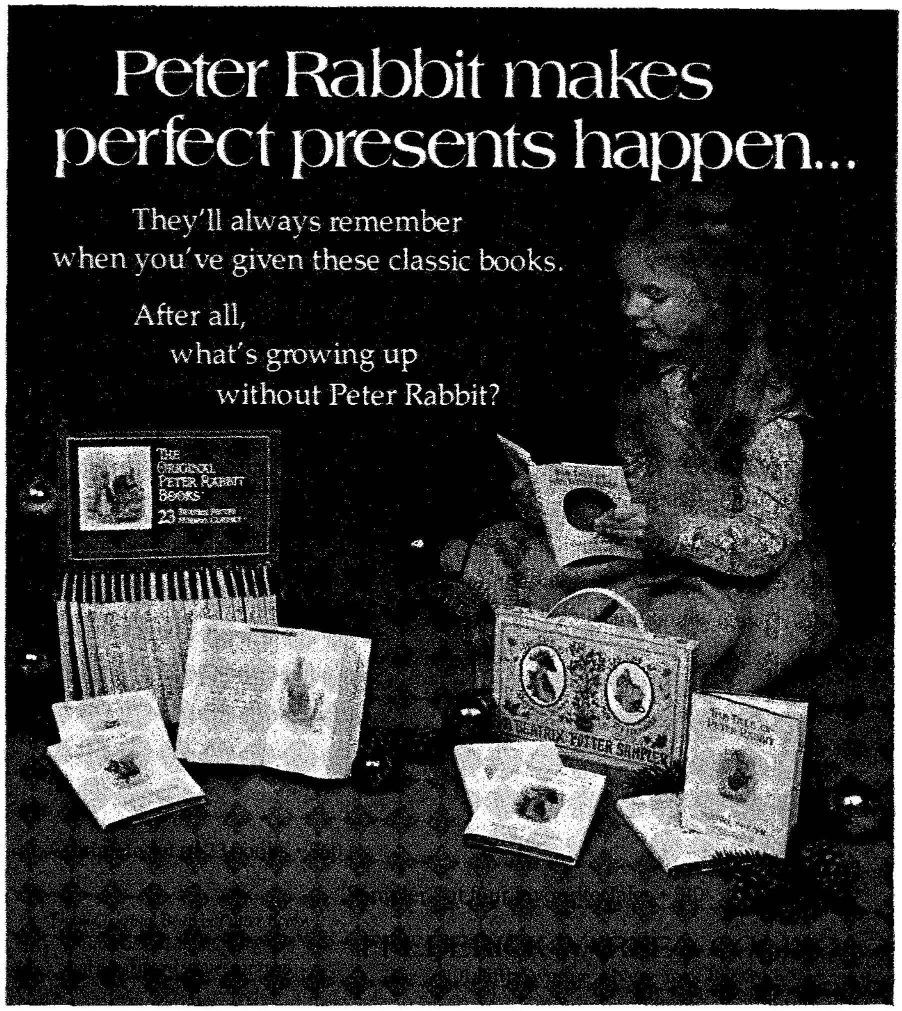
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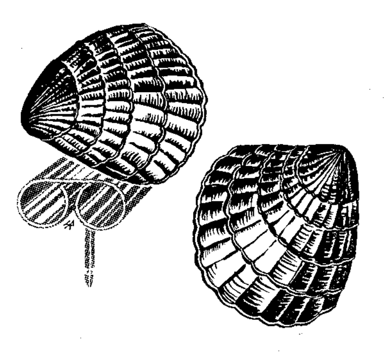
answered, 'Well, of course, there's the one-to-one ratios.' So I said, 'What's that?' So he said, 'Well, it's *all* published.' Of course, I'd never read the literature, so I wouldn't know. So he *told* me. Well, I mean—the effect was electric, this is why I remember it, you see. I suddenly realized: by God, if you have complementary replication, you can *expect* to get one-to-one ratios."

But Crick had forgotten which bases Griffith had told him went with which. After meeting Chargaff, he went to Griffith to ask which his pairs were; and by that time he was no longer sure which ones Chargaff had said were complementary, and so had to look them up in the literature. To his delight, Griffith matched Chargaff.

"So you remember from the history of this thing that I realized that the one-to-one ratios could mean complementary replication," Crick told me. "It's an interesting question whether *nowadays*, if one had that idea, one would publish it straightaway. Because one could perfectly well write a little note saying one-to-one ratios mean things go together and this, in turn, means complementary replication. But I should be cautious even now, and in those days it didn't even *occur* to me to publish without some sort of supporting evidence. We could afford to have a beautiful idea like that and just let it sit around for a year. And just talk to our friends, and nobody else would *know*." Crick, however, was excited enough to think up an experiment that might show whether bases in solution would spontaneously pair in any preferential way, excited enough that he even tried his hand at the laboratory bench himself for a week at the end of July. "The experiments were simply just mixing things in solution and then looking at the way they absorbed ultraviolet light. But one knows now that with the technical means I had available one wouldn't find it, and I didn't find it. Also, I had other things to do. You must remember that I was a research student in my fourth year, and in those days to produce anything at all worthwhile in protein crystallography, let alone a *thesis*, was really something. Bragg was worried. Jim, on the other hand, had already got his Ph.D. and could afford to be more relaxed."

WATSON passed much of the summer at biological conferences in France and Italy, reimmersing himself in the world of research into bacteria and their viruses, bacteriophage, in which he had served his scientific apprenticeship, and running into old friends from that circle, known as the phage group—most notably his mentor and correspondent Max Delbrück, of the California Institute of Technology. Linus Pauling was touring some of those conferences, too; the State Department, which had refused him a passport to travel to England in May, because he had been accused (though falsely) of being a Communist, had reversed itself and issued a passport good only for France, England, and three months. When Watson got back to the Cavendish, toward the end of September, he found that he and Crick had two new colleagues. Both were crystallographers from Caltech: Pauling's son Peter, at Cambridge as a research student of John Kendrew's, and Jerry Donohue, a former graduate student of Linus Pauling's, who was there on a postdoctoral fellowship and had been assigned a desk in Watson and Crick's office. The room was large and plain, with four desks around the walls—Crick's by the window on the right and Watson's opposite—and a table in the middle. That fall, Watson moved from his room in the Kendrews' house into rooms in Clare College, on the river, with some of the most beautiful gardens along the Backs; had stomach trouble; remained convinced that magnesium ions bound DNA together; began taking French lessons; concluded, with Crick, that ribonucleic acid most likely played an intermediate role between DNA and the manufacture of proteins, and taped to the wall above his desk a piece of paper with a legend to that effect; began a paper on sex factors and chromosomes of the common laboratory bacterium *Escherichia coli* with William Hayes, in London, whom he had met at the conference in Italy; and had dinner several times with Wilkins, on the way home from meetings with Hayes.

Wilkins, when he got back to King's College, London, that fall, from a series of lectures in Rio de Janeiro, began a microscopic study of plant cells—using the pollen of the common spiderwort—in order to measure the total amount of proteins and nucleic acids in the cell, and their relative increase during growth and cell division. The method was a new one, which he had devised himself. That fall, Wilkins and Franklin were working completely separately. "I had stopped work on DNA," Wilkins said in a recent conversation. "She had convinced us that



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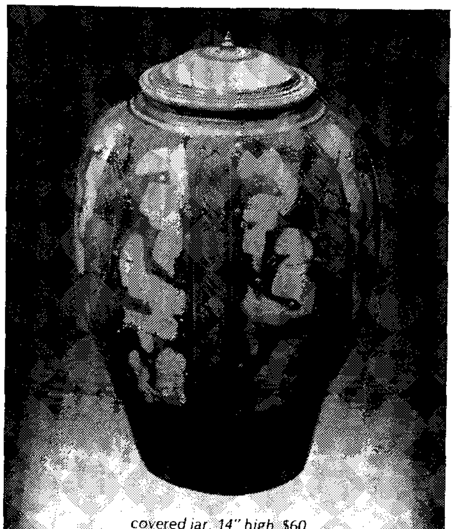

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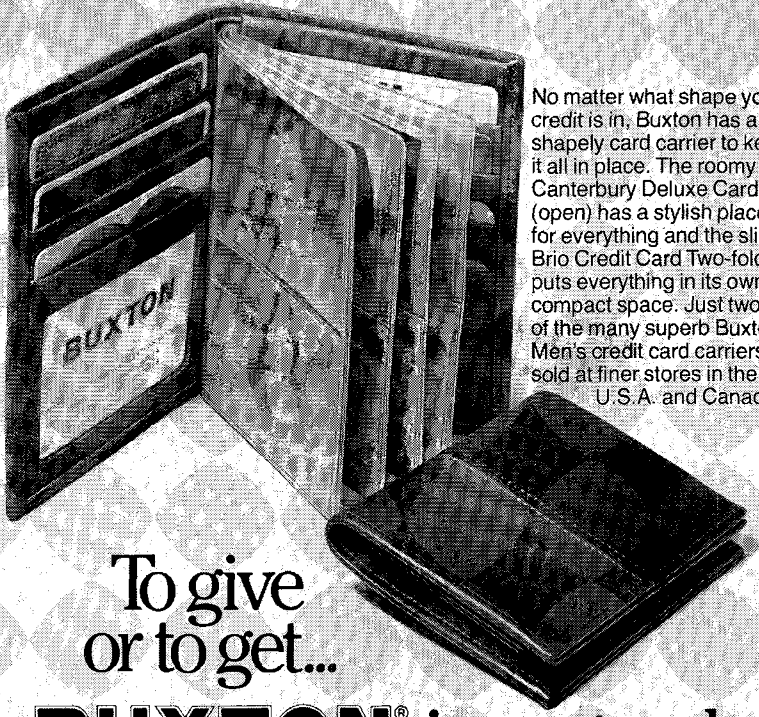

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DNA was not helical. Therefore, Stokes and I gave up for a while." (Alexander Stokes was the theoretical crystallographer in the King's College lab, and an expert on helical-diffraction theory.) Franklin, meanwhile, had been in touch the previous spring with Bernal, at Birkbeck College, to ask to join his crystallography lab there. Bernal had liked the idea, and on June 19th Franklin had written to him to say that she had talked to Randall, at King's, and that "Professor Randall has no objection." Now she completed plans to move.

LINUS PAULING, when he got back to Caltech from his conferences in Europe, completed a manuscript that took one step further his discovery, published eighteen months earlier, of the alpha helix; the new manuscript explained how the alpha helix in keratin—the fibrous protein of hair, horn, fingernail—was itself supercoiled, like ropes laid together in a cable. He mailed the new manuscript across the Atlantic to *Nature*, where it arrived almost simultaneously with Francis Crick's paper on the same subject—a coincidence that was to cause an argument over priority. Pauling then began to read intensively, though more selectively than he realized, through the literature about the physical chemistry of DNA, and to scrutinize X-ray-diffraction pictures of the stuff. One paper he read that had just come out—for scientific journals often suffer a backlog of many months—was Crick's full mathematical treatment, with William Cochran and Vladimir Vand, of the X-ray patterns produced by helical molecules. Indeed, almost all the advantage in information that Crick and Watson had had at the time of their first try for the structure of DNA, a year earlier, had now been dissipated by the appearance of one paper or another. Most of the pieces of the structure were lying around in the literature waiting to be put together. Thus, Pauling read the latest paper, published that summer of 1952, from a group of Cambridge biochemists led by Alexander Todd, who had determined chemically which atoms are linked to hold the repetitious backbone of the DNA molecule together—phosphate to third carbon of the sugar ring, fifth carbon of the sugar to the next phosphate. He recalled that Todd had told him about the third-carbon, fifth-carbon linkage during a meeting of the American Chemical Society in New York in 1949. Pauling also examined the latest evidence from the electron

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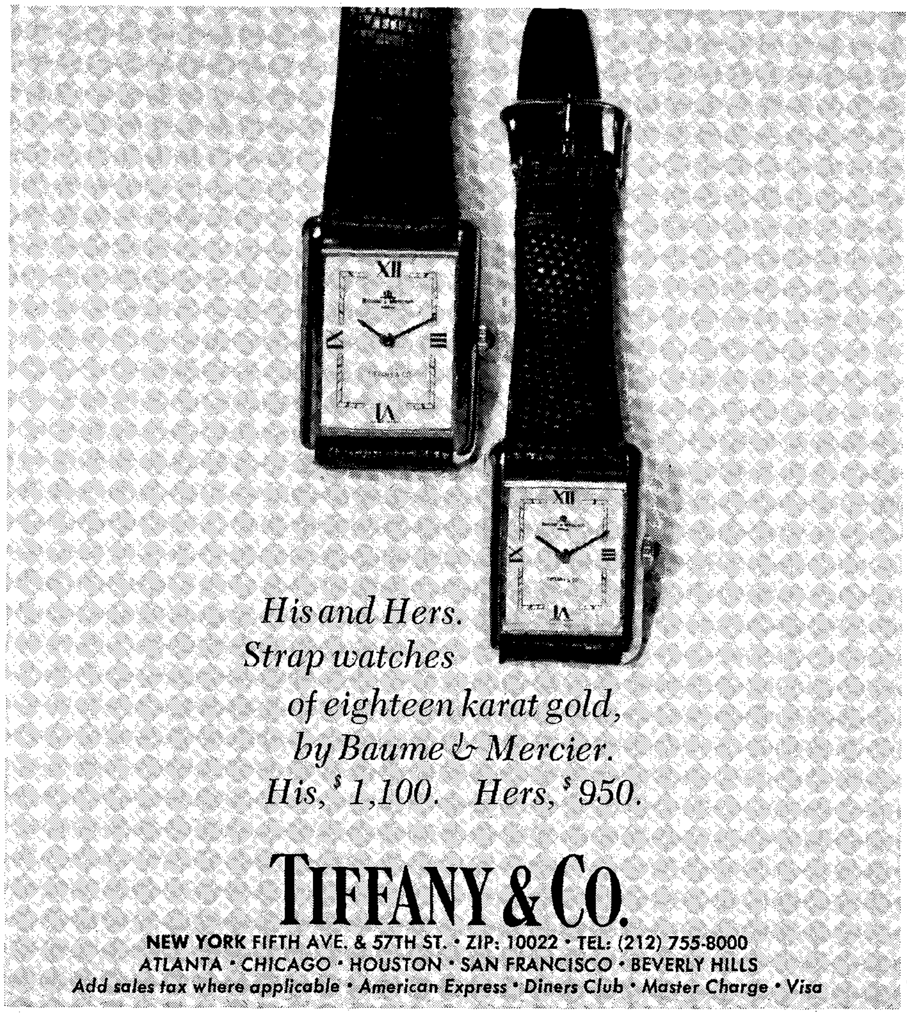
microscope—a paper of the previous spring, another still in press—and concluded that the diameter of the DNA molecule was 18 to 20 angstroms, or seventy to seventy-nine billionths of an inch. He read a proposal by the Norwegian crystallographer Sven Furberg of a standard three-dimensional configuration for the nucleotides and of a single-strand helix, which appeared that summer in a Scandinavian chemical journal—three years after Furberg had put them into his doctoral dissertation, under Bernal's supervision, in London. Pauling also read another, more accessible paper by Furberg, which established crystallographically the right-angled structure that one of the DNA bases—cytosine, as it happened—made with the deoxyribose sugar. Of course, Pauling's own understanding of bond lengths and bond angles, as atoms join to make molecules, was unrivalled in the world. Pauling reread everything that William Astbury, the crystallographer at the University of Leeds, had published about DNA. Before the war, Astbury and his research student Florence Bell had taken the first X-ray-diffraction pictures of DNA, and these had shown that the bases were stacked 3.4 angstroms apart, with a larger repeat of some sort at 27 angstroms; in 1947, Astbury had published estimates of the density of DNA. Pauling apparently sought out nothing by Erwin Chargaff.

When I talked to Pauling, I asked him about that omission.

"I knew about the one-to-one ratios—I had seen Chargaff in December of 1947 and he had told me," Pauling said. "But I hadn't carried that over into a physical picture."

BY the end of November, Franklin and Gosling had completed the first stage of their Patterson synthesis of the A form of DNA. They could not discern the structural regularities they were seeking as clues to the next step. Franklin still believed that the structure of the A form could not be a helix. She was preparing two papers for publication. The first was about the way water content caused DNA fibres reversibly to lengthen and to change from the A to the B structure. The second described the preliminary Patterson map of the atomic relationships within the A structure. At the same time, with no model yet in mind, she and Gosling were beginning to try to convert their data to a full, three-dimensional solution.

Late in November, Randall, at King's College, asked each scientist or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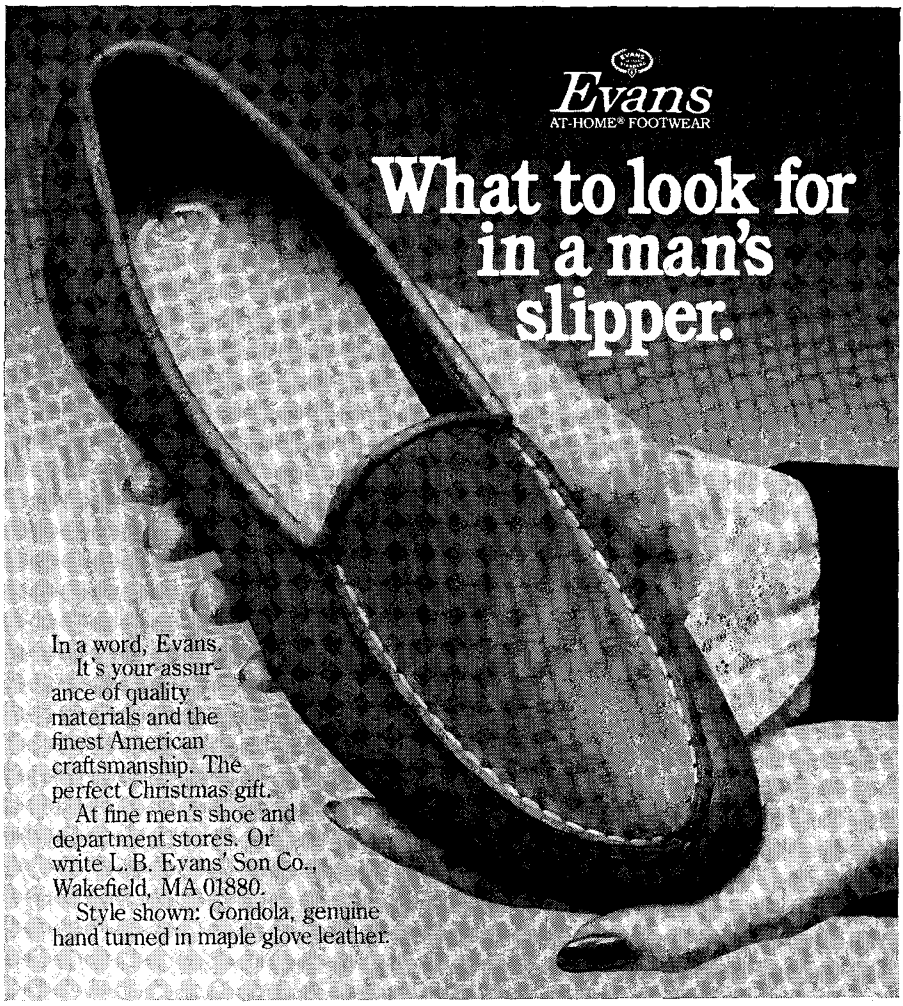
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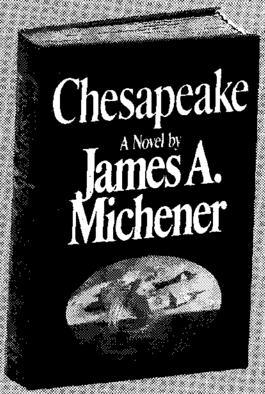
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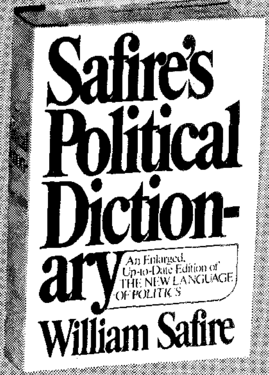
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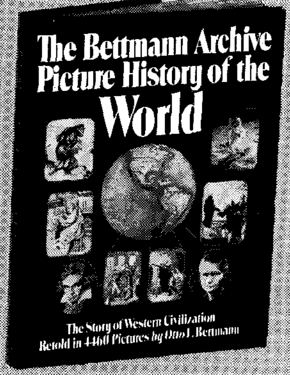
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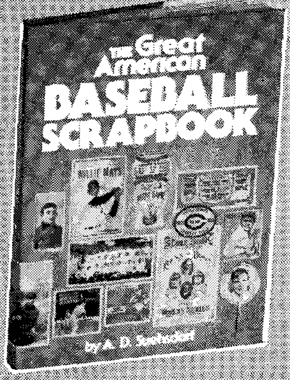
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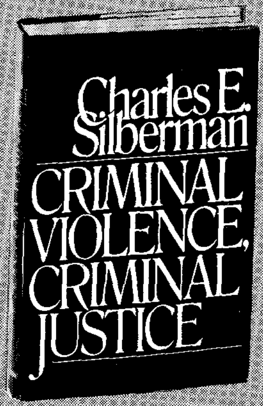
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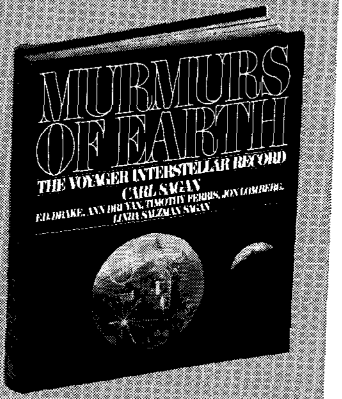
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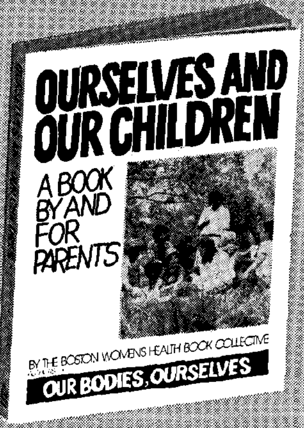
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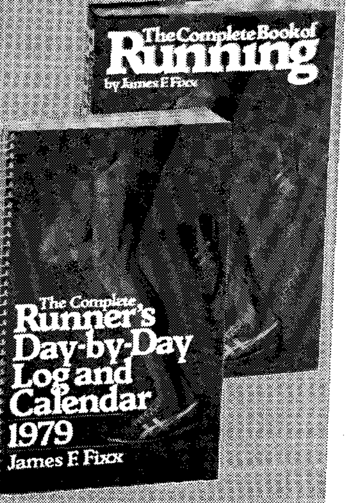
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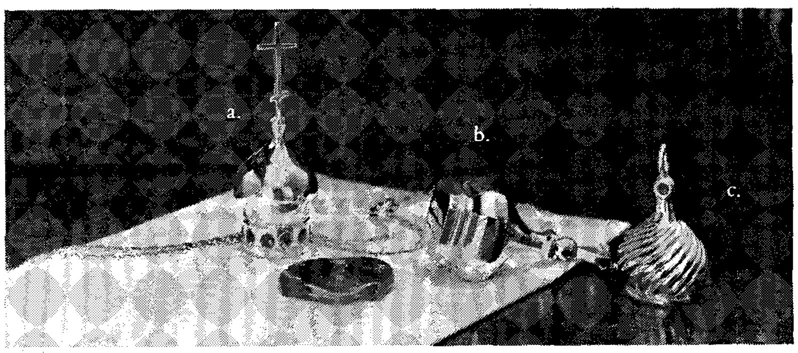

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team in his laboratory to write a few paragraphs describing work in progress, so that he could put together a report to a biophysics committee of the Medical Research Council. The Council was the government agency that provided the money, and the biophysics committee had been set up five years earlier as a way to improve communications among all the different laboratories in England and Wales which were financed by the Council and were doing related research. The committee was made up of the heads of those units, and so included, besides Randall, Max Perutz. Randall's report was twelve mimeographed pages; it included no photographs. Franklin and Gosling's paragraphs said several things about DNA explicitly and precisely. They wrote that the transition from the first to the second structure was marked by a change from 28 angstroms to 34 angstroms in the distance along the fibre at which the structure began to repeat itself. They also listed the dimensions of the unit cell of the crystals of the A form—three lengths for the edges, and an angle—and said that the crystals were monoclinic and face-centered. Once more they failed to draw any conclusions from that. These dimensions were not much different from the preliminary figures that Franklin had included in the notes for her talk at the King's College colloquium that Watson had attended thirteen months earlier. The biophysics committee, including Perutz, visited King's College on December 15th, and a copy of the report was given to everyone. A fuse was lit.

A FEW days later, Peter Pauling came into Watson and Crick's office to say that he had just received a letter from his father, who had mentioned in passing that he had devised a structure for DNA. Watson's memoir looks back on that day with histrionic despair and determination: "Francis then began pacing up and down the room thinking aloud, hoping that in a great intellectual fervor he could reconstruct what Linus might have done. As long as Linus had not told us the answer, we should get equal credit if we announced it at the same time." No solution emerged. A few days later, Watson saw Wilkins in London and told him the news. "I was hoping that the urgency created by Linus' assault on DNA might make him ask Francis and me for help," he wrote. He and Crick were still restrained by the prohibition of further work on DNA which Bragg had

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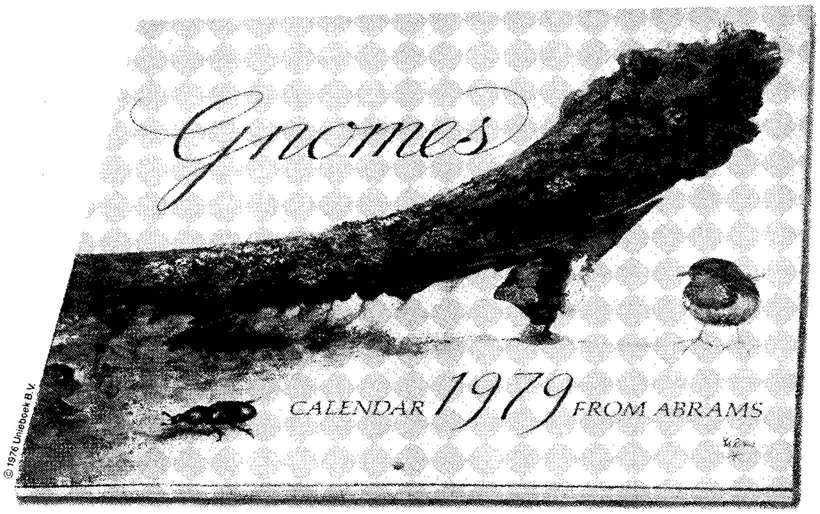

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imposed. Wilkins answered that Franklin had said she was moving to Birkbeck that spring and would not take DNA with her, and that as soon as she was gone he would settle down to the problem himself. So Watson went off to Switzerland for a Christmas skiing holiday.

A scientist who had worked at Caltech that winter told me that Pauling, saying he was depressed about the political difficulties he was having—these included accusations of Communist sympathies made by a witness before a special investigative committee of the House of Representatives, and conflict with the administration of Caltech over his campaign against nuclear weapons—asked some colleagues in on Christmas Day to see the model he had built of DNA, and after presenting it felt cheered up. On December 31st, Pauling and Robert Corey, his longtime collaborator, sent off their manuscript describing the model and the evidence to *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*. That day, Pauling wrote another letter to Peter in Cambridge, in which he mentioned that the manuscript had been mailed and asked whether Peter would like to see a copy. On January 2, 1953, Pauling and Corey sent a note to *Nature*, only twenty-four lines, announcing the structure, characterizing it, and saying that the detailed description was appearing in the February issue of *Proceedings*. The letter was printed in *Nature* on February 21st.

The drums were beating. On January 6th, Franklin wrote to Robert Corey to ask for details about the structure. Corey did not reply until April 13th.

Watson, his skiing holiday over, went to Milan for a discussion of bacterial genetics. He got back to Cambridge toward the middle of January. He urged Peter Pauling to write for a copy of his father's manuscript.

On Monday, January 19th, in Pasadena, Pauling held a press conference, at which he announced to the world the supercoiling of the alpha helix in fibrous proteins. He did not mention nucleic acid. The New York *Times* gave him a couple of paragraphs the next day and a longer, half-comprehending article the following Sunday, in which the reporter wondered about curing cancer. On January 19th, at King's College, Franklin began a new notebook for the new year—a large, thick one with a tan cardboard cover. The calculations for the three-dimensional Patterson map of the A form were far enough advanced so that it was time to see what the structure might be. Indeed, at last it was time to build models. She had abandoned the parallel "double-sheet structure" of "banana-like units" that she had sketched in her notebook the previous summer, but was still rejecting a helix, and she reasoned her way neatly down the page in "search for alternative." By the bottom of the page, she thought she had it: "*figure of 8 structure* (in projection)." Then she wrestled for pages and hours with the worst intricacies of Patterson synthesis, drawing dots and grids, heavy spots and light spots, to try to guide her mental fingers shaping the air in the dark box of possibilities. Two pages later, she commented, next to a sketch of a seven-nucleotide structural unit, that it was impossible to "reconcile nucleotide sequence with Chargaff's analysis." A few lines lower—and a few days later, perhaps, for her ink changed to a brighter blue—she came back to the problem, and wrote, "Nearest to agreement with Chargaff analysis would be 4 purines, 3 pyrimidines, with 2 purines and 2 pyrimidines occupying equivalent positions." Complementary replication—the notion that there was a structural basis for Chargaff's ratios—flickers there and dies, like a motor that wouldn't turn over that wintry January day. Then she began to write about model-building. The scale would be half an inch to the angstrom, the phosphates would be wooden balls, and the sugar ring, she wrote, would be made of wire and follow Furberg's configuration. Several pages later, she arrived at a fully worked-out sketch—of the figure-eight flip-flop ribbon, in effect a pseudo helix, that she was still pursuing.

On Monday, January 26th, Franklin was writing about the requirements for a "wire model of backbone chain and sugar rings" and sketching gadgets made of little wire springs, which would allow free rotation at bonds that were not rigid. All that week, she continued to draw sugar rings, phosphate groups, bond lengths, bond angles, and figure-eight constructions—head down and doggedly, ingeniously struggling in the wrong direction.

Probably on Wednesday, the 28th, copies of Pauling's manuscript which he had sent to his son and to Sir Lawrence Bragg arrived in Cambridge. "Peter's face betrayed something important as he entered the door, and my stomach sank in apprehension at learning that all was lost," Watson wrote fifteen years later. He remembered that he seized

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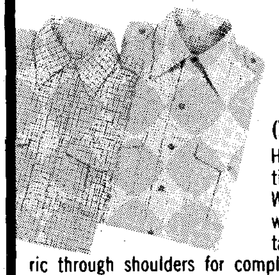

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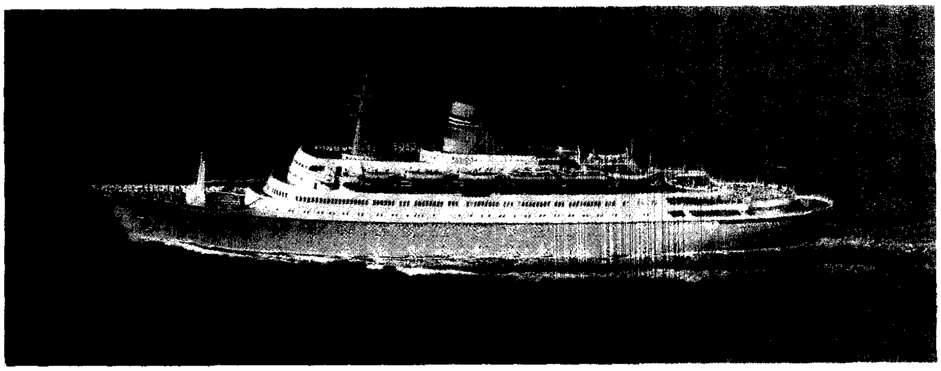

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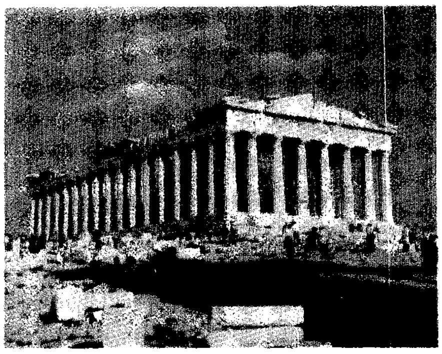

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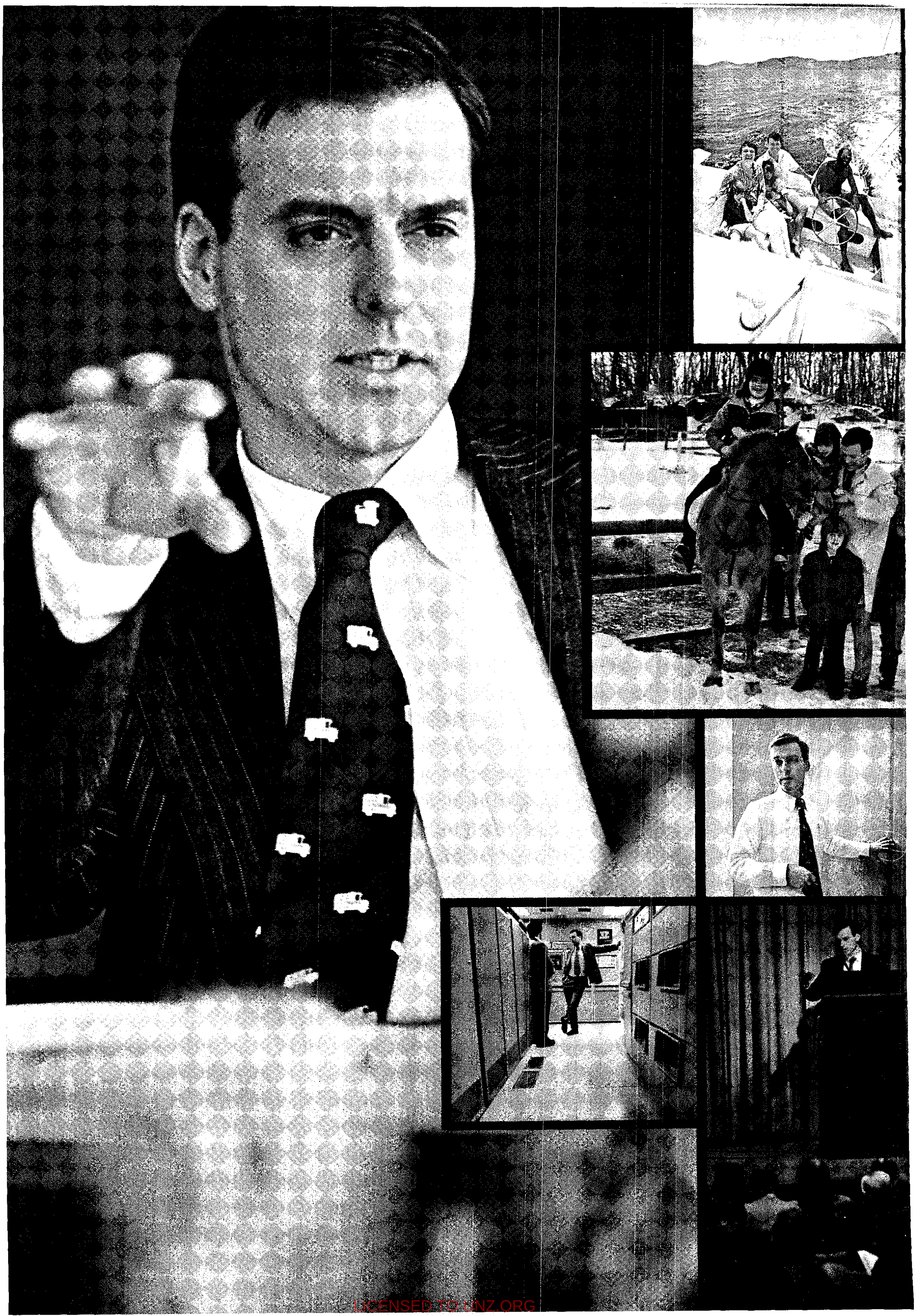

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Reed is also an active participant in the general business community. He is a member of the Board and Executive Committee of Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, and he is on the Board of Directors of Russell Sage and Philip Morris Inc.

Despite a very hectic schedule, Reed manages to spend the month of March in St. Croix with his wife, Sally, and the children, Traci, Timothy, Tefford and Tenley. On winter weekends they ski in Vermont and there's a summer place in New Jersey where the family can enjoy the beach and John can play golf and read.

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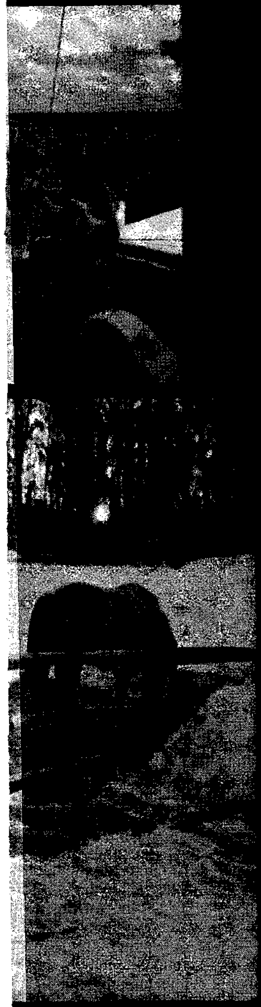

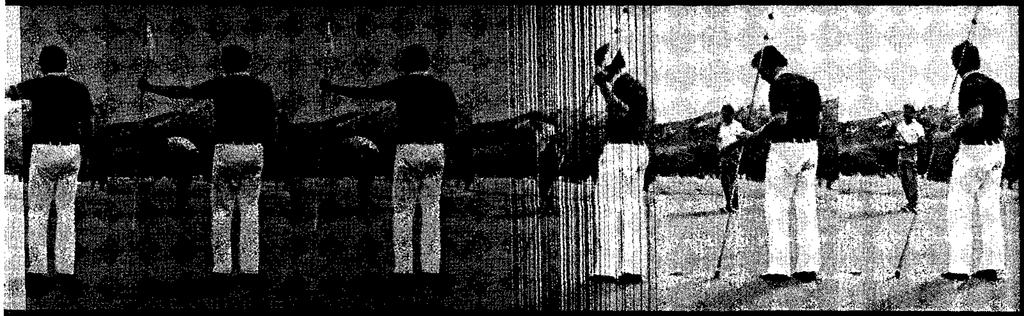

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the manuscript before Crick could ask for it.

TO read a paper by a great scientist which is all wrong is an odd exercise. To read it years after the fact prompts a kind of historical meditation that scientists might try with profit both to their sense of method and to their vanity—but they almost never do try it, for scientists like to ride the cutting edge of the subject, close enough to hear the hiss. The great bloopers aren't reprinted in the collections of classic papers, though some ought to be, for seasoning. To read Pauling's paper on "A Proposed Structure for the Nucleic Acids" the way Watson or Crick would have read it, one would need to be vibrantly familiar with every subtlety of the subject and yet genuinely not know what to expect; then the concept of the paper would form in one's mind, and *then* would come the realization that something may be wrong, must be—*is* wrong. That experience, when the paper was by a figure as great as Pauling and the subject was as close to one's thinking and ambition as DNA was to Watson's, must have been rare and intense.

Three things about Pauling's paper were striking. It was uncharacteristically tentative. "We have now formulated a promising structure for the nucleic acids, by making use of the general principles of molecular structure and the available information about the nucleic acids themselves," it said. "The structure is not a vague one. . . . This is the first precisely described structure for the nucleic acids that has been suggested by any investigator. . . . The structure cannot be considered to have been proved to be correct." The paper was also—strangely—entirely synthetic. Pauling offered no new data of his own about DNA. The densities and the X-ray-diffraction photographs used were those published by Astbury just after the war. "Our own preparations have given photographs somewhat inferior to those." Dimensions, chemical links, and all the rest came out of Pauling's reading—everything except the techniques of model-building, and those were carried over directly from Pauling's work with the alpha helix. But the contrast with the paper twenty-two months earlier announcing the alpha helix was inescapable; the confidence of that paper had been based foursquare and solid, from the first sentence, on fifteen years of investigation of the detailed atomic structure of simpler substances related to proteins. The new paper was peculiar in a third respect. Although it has ever since been thought of as Pauling's structure for DNA, the fact is that from its title onward it appeared to claim a structure correct for the nucleic acids generally, meaning RNA as well—a claim that was biochemically bizarre.

After the half-step hesitation of the opening paragraphs, the paper gathered up its authority and strode joyously into battle. "The structure that we propose is a three-chain structure, each chain being a helix," Pauling wrote. Nucleotides would be 3.4 angstroms apart along each helix; the entire screw would make a complete turn in 27.2 angstroms. Both those values were satisfactorily close to the canonical Astbury numbers. That there were three chains put the density high enough to agree with Astbury's estimate. The phosphate backbones would be intertwined at the axis, and the bases turned outward, because they were too irregular to fit inside. As Watson immediately realized, with a lurch of alarm, this was very reminiscent of the three-stranded model he and Crick had abandoned fourteen months before. Had they *missed* it, then? "The first question to be answered is that as to the nature of the core of the three-chain helical molecule—the part of the molecule closest to the axis," Pauling wrote. "It is important for stability of the molecule that atoms be well packed together"—and that was harder to arrange near the axis than farther out, where the atoms were less likely to get in each other's way. For his closely packed structure for the nucleic acids, he gave tables of atomic positions and six chunky drawings, not easy to understand: not much length or angle data on them, and they were filled with heavy rectangles to show the way the phosphates—a phosphorus atom at the center of four oxygen atoms, making a pyramid form—were arranged. The three helices were tied together at the phosphates, so Pauling wrote, though the pictures don't make that clear, by hydrogen bonds.

Some essential data were wrong, so there was no way the structure could have been right. Pauling said, when I asked him about the structure in 1971, "We weren't working very hard at it. There were two things involved. The value of the density of DNA that we had taken from the literature was wrong. And Astbury's X-ray photographs that we were interpreting were really superpositions of two forms of DNA." But in January of 1953 those flaws in the data were as unknown to Watson and Crick as they were to

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Even in its own terms, Pauling's model had three substantial faults—only one of which the amateur of science reading the paper today could be expected to spot. First, behind the clear, firm words about the need for tight packing of the atoms at the core lay the fact that Pauling had packed this core so tightly it cried out. He knew that himself. One imagines that, knowing it, he felt much as if his own shoes and gloves and collar were too tight; by the time Watson was reading the manuscript, Pauling was tinkering with the structure to try to ease the pain. Watson and Crick did not immediately notice that failing. But, second, the hydrogen bonds that held Pauling's triple helix together at the core made chemical nonsense. They required that the phosphate groups be filled in with extra hydrogen, to connect P—O····H—O—P, cancelling the local electrical charges, with the result that, as Watson wrote in his memoir, "Pauling's nucleic acid in a sense was not an acid at all." Watson could not possibly miss that error, for just here was the reason that, ever thinking about backbone-inside models, he had been preoccupied with the notion that magnesium ions were needed for the bridges joining the helices. He made quick visits to a couple of other Cambridge laboratories to quiz biochemists to be sure he was right. He was right. The appropriate emotion, he wrote in "The Double Helix," was "pleasure that a giant had forgotten elementary college chemistry."

The third fault of Pauling's model was the most comprehensive, and is the most generally comprehensible. The model stood mute. It gave no clue to its own reduplication, or to its influence over the rest of the cell: it explained neither how DNA could be autocatalytic, making identical copies of itself as the gene must, nor how it could be heterocatalytic, specifying the building of the rest of the organism. In particular, the structure was ignorant of Chargaff's ratios. Pauling, the physical chemist who had forgotten the textbook rules, did seem aware that his model ought to raise a brighter torch. He ended the paper:

> It is interesting to note that the purine and pyrimidine groups, on the periphery of the molecule, occupy positions such that their hydrogen-bond forming groups are directed radially.... The proposed structure accordingly permits the maximum number of nucleic acids to be constructed, providing the possibility of

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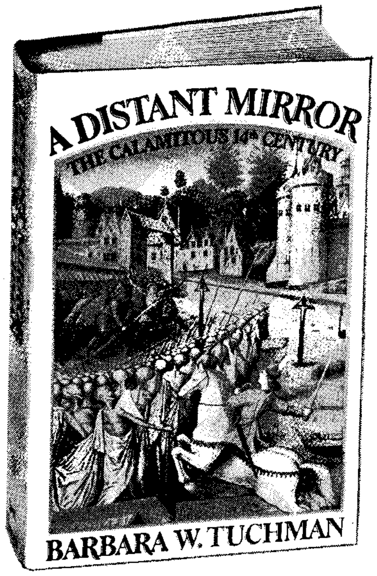
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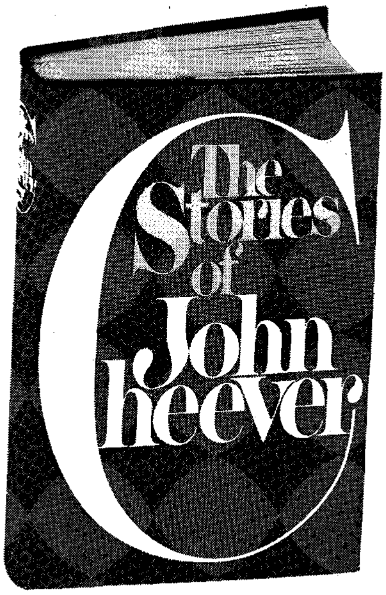
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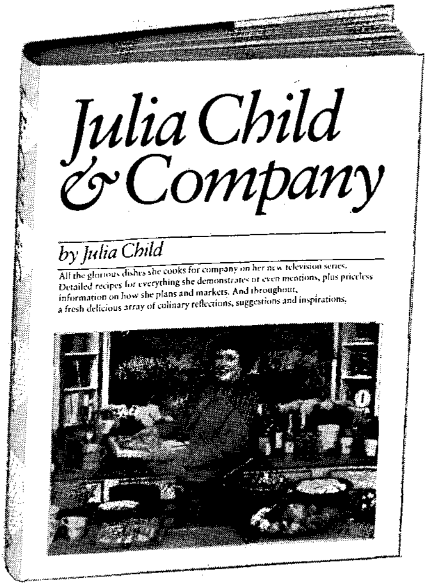
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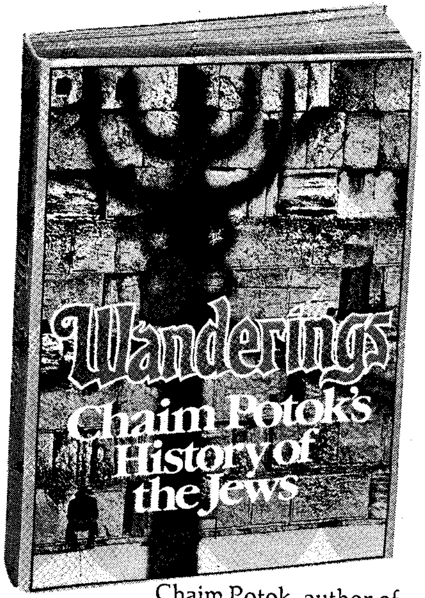
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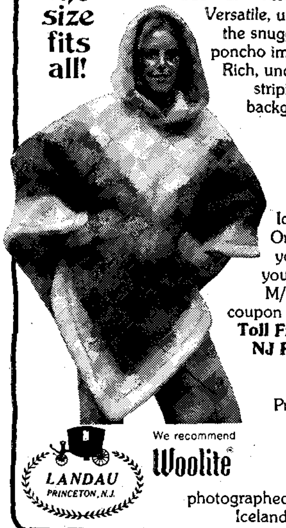

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high specificity [that is, variety of genetic information]. As Astbury has pointed out, the 3.4 Å [angstrom] . . . distance along the axis of the molecule is approximately the length per residue in a nearly extended polypeptide chain, and accordingly the nucleic acids are, with respect to this dimension, well suited to the ordering of amino-acid residues in a protein.

ON Friday of that week, January 30th, Watson went to London to see William Hayes, the bacteriologist with whom he was writing a paper about genetics. He took the copy of Pauling's manuscript with him, and, about teatime that afternoon, stopped at King's College. What happened next Watson made the central episode of "The Double Helix." Finding Wilkins busy, he opened the door of Franklin's lab, saw her bending over a light box examining an X-ray film, and went in to show her Pauling's paper. The two were alone. The only account, of course, is Watson's. Yet there are several things he did not know at the time, or when he wrote the book. She was ready to build models of the A form of DNA, but her notebooks show her—all that week, possibly that very Friday and again the next Monday—twisting and turning from one cul-de-sac to the next in the effort to visualize what structure to build. She was still intent, at the time of the encounter, on what she called the "figure of 8." The frustration is palpable in the neat lines of questions and objections, alternatives and more objections, in her notebook. In addition, she had written to Corey almost a month earlier for information about Pauling's structure but had received no reply. Now Watson thrust a copy of Pauling's paper at her and began to talk about helices. When she looked at it, she could see from the second page or so that the structure could not be right, because the X-ray-diffraction photographs on which it was based were Astbury's—and she knew, as Watson did not, that those pictures mixed the two forms of DNA. There was a reference in the first pages to Wilkins' better pictures of 1951, which Pauling had not seen, but nothing about hers: her professional courtesy to Corey the previous spring, when he had been in London and she had shown him pictures, had been doubly fruitless. Watson wrote that he lectured her about helical theory and repeated Crick's assertion that her anti-helical evidence was a fluke. So she got angry.

> Suddenly Rosy came from behind the lab bench that separated us and began moving toward me. Fearing that in her hot anger she might strike me, I grabbed up the Pauling manuscript and hastily retreated to the open door.

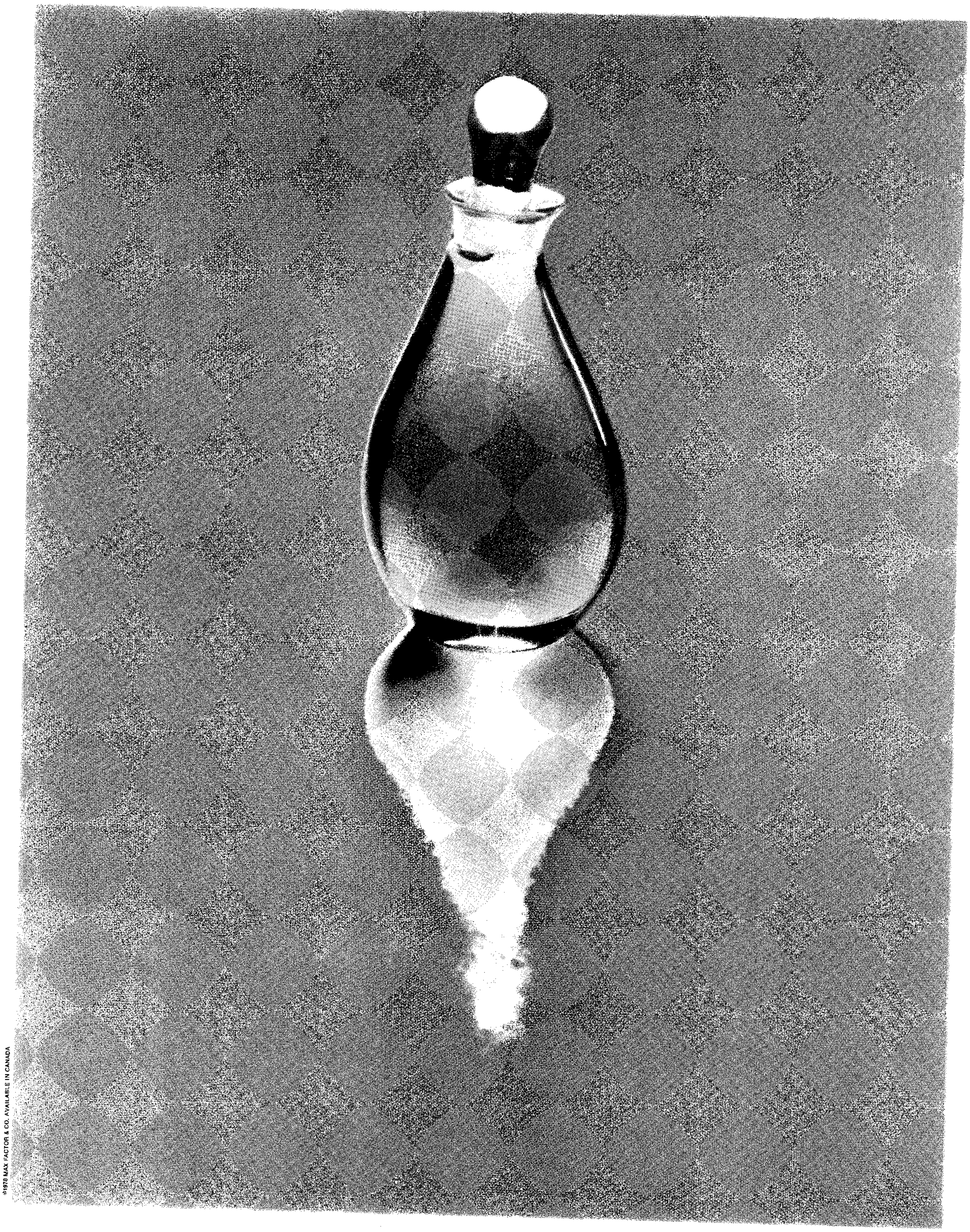
The scene would have been still more comical if Watson had reminded us that she was short and slim, he over six feet and scrawny. Wilkins put his head in the door; Watson sidled out; the two men walked down the corridor in a new brotherhood. Franklin's defenders, and even Wilkins, have variously claimed that Watson's paragraph about her threatened assault is exaggerated, ridiculous, appropriate to a novel. The more interesting defense is to ask whether she had good reason to be angry.

Wilkins told Watson as they went down the hall that Franklin had found that DNA fibres that were made wet enough yielded a different X-ray pattern, suggesting a second structure. Fourteen months after the King's colloquium, despite continued correspondence and conversations between Wilkins and Watson and Crick, despite visits and meals together, the possibility of a second structure was news to Watson, he wrote.

> When I asked what the pattern was like, Maurice went into the adjacent room to pick up a print of the new form they called the "B" structure. The instant I saw the picture my mouth fell open and my pulse began to race. The pattern was unbelievably simpler than those obtained previously ("A" form). Moreover, the black cross of reflections which dominated the picture could arise only from a helical structure. With the A form, the argument for a helix was never straightforward. . . . With the B form, however, mere inspection of its X-ray picture gave several of the vital helical parameters.

The picture that Wilkins showed Watson was Rosalind Franklin's. It was one of the two good pictures of the B form she had taken during the first week in May of the previous year, and was almost surely the better of the two, which she had numbered 51. The helical pattern was inescapable—much clearer than in the X-ray diagram of tobacco-mosaic virus that had elated Watson when he discovered it the summer before.

Despite Watson's palpitations, a first glance told him only that the structure of DNA that gave rise to Franklin's X-ray-diffraction picture was almost certainly a helix. But nobody at the Cavendish had seriously doubted that DNA was helical. To learn more required that somebody carry out the simple measurements that Franklin had begun the previous May but had put aside. Watson might have taken the measurements himself, seizing the instant. Wilkins must certainly have al-

©1978 MAX FACTOR & CO. AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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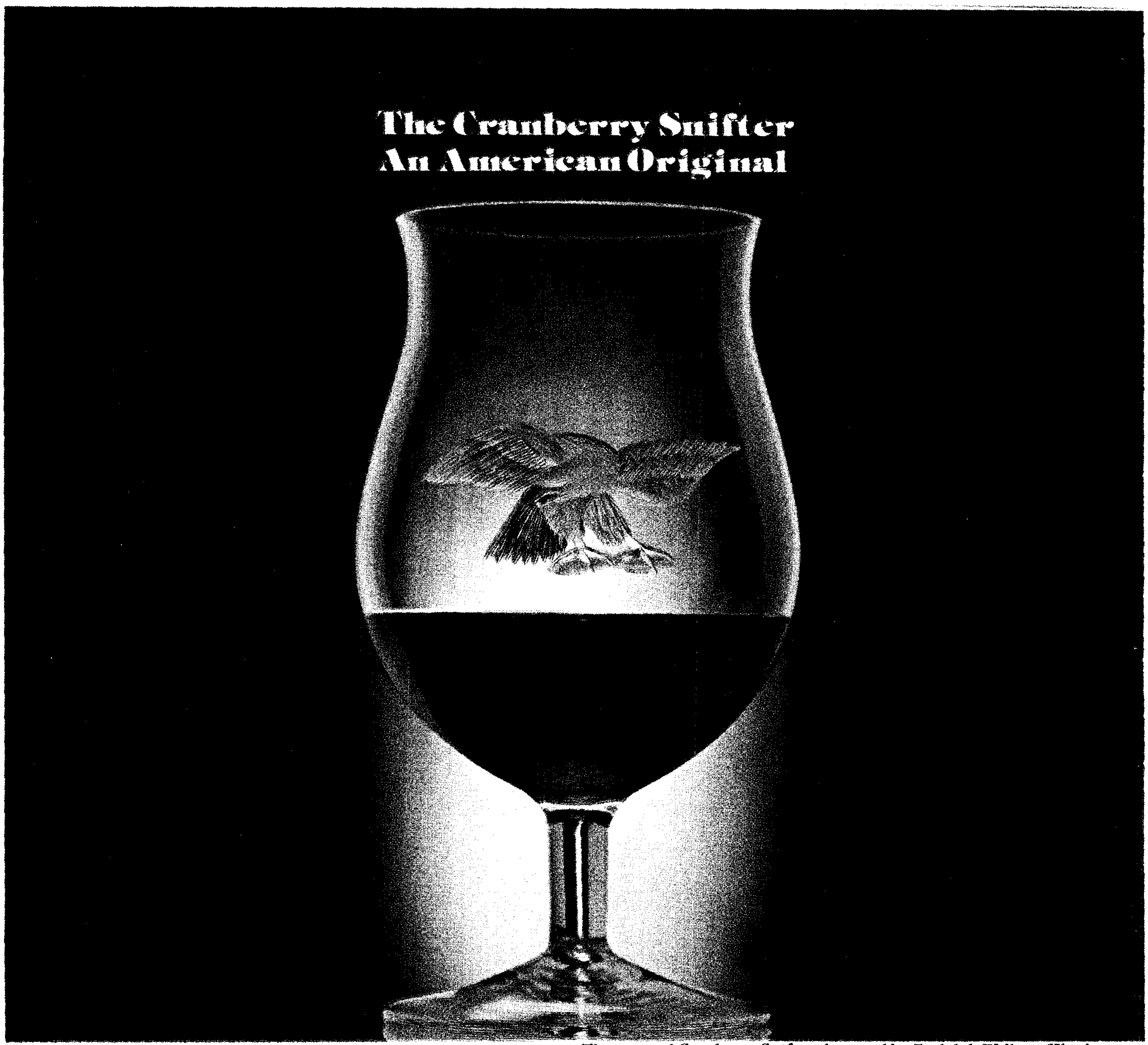
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ready performed them and might have mentioned the results. Only a couple of sentences were needed. Watson knew from Astbury's pictures, as everybody did, that the distance between the parallel bases in DNA was 3.4 angstroms, and a measurement would have confirmed what looked obvious—that that held true for the B structure. This fact was implicit not in the black cross at the center of the pattern but in the heavy black arcs, farther out, at the very top and the very bottom—and these arcs were so heavy they suggested that something was strongly emphasizing the spacing.

Watson had known for months that the diameter of the DNA molecule was about 20 angstroms. He had first learned that from Wilkins' own research. A measurement of Franklin's photograph and a calculation would have confirmed that this held true for the B structure. Watson also knew from Astbury that the repeat distance—the height of a single complete turn of the helix—was about 28 angstroms. A careful look, followed perhaps by a simple measurement, would have found the important and surprising fact, new to Watson, that the B structure had a repeat distance of 34 angstroms—precisely ten times the distance between one nucleotide and the next above it. The multiple of ten was what reinforced the 3.4-angstrom spacing between nucleotides to make the two arcs so strong. The three figures—3.4, 20, and 34 angstroms—were the crucial, controlling dimensions to be had from the X-ray-diffraction pattern.

At the end of a conversation with Watson in his Harvard office several years ago, I asked him whether, that afternoon at King's, besides seeing the photograph, he had seen any of the calculations worked out by Franklin or Wilkins.

"No," Watson said.

Did he come away with simply a memory of the picture?

"I had a clear memory of it, which could help me with the model, because the way the arms of the cross lay in the diagram showed where the main mass of the helix had to be." His point was that when a model was built, the formulas of Crick's helical-diffraction theory could be applied to it to show whether the distribution of the atoms in it—particularly the massive phosphate groups—would produce a pattern generally like the one in the photograph. Watson did not elaborate.

I asked whether he didn't even have to lay a ruler on the picture.

"No," he said. He mumbled something I couldn't catch. Then, "If you saw— That's about it. Just knowing it was a helix and it was, ah, a repeat of ten, which I learned on that day—ten, 34 angstroms and 3.4. That was all."

How had he known that the repeat was ten?

"Oh, Maurice told me, I think, that it was ten. I mean, it was ten. You see a picture like that one, you can count."

The picture did not reveal the dimensions of the unit cell—the crystallographic unit—of DNA. Wilkins knew those dimensions for the A form, but they were not, apparently, among the data Watson brought back to Cambridge and to Crick—not this time, any more than fourteen months before, after the King's College colloquium. Watson pressed Wilkins, over the picture and then at dinner in Soho, for measurements of the photograph, density values of samples, and any calculations that might decide the number of chains. He learned a little. Wilkins said that the data seemed to favor a three-stranded structure; he knew some of the data about densities and water content which led to the conclusion, and perhaps told Watson the figures, but more important than the information itself was the fact that the conclusion was tentative. Similarly, Wilkins knew that as fibres of DNA got wetter, at the transition from the A to the B structure, they lengthened abruptly, by about twenty-five per cent. Again the data would have been useful but, as it turned out, were not crucial. Watson also learned that, in Wilkins' belief, "the real problem was the absence of any structural hypothesis which would allow them to pack the bases regularly in the inside of the helix." Watson added, in his memoir, "Of course this presumed that Rosy had hit it right in wanting the bases in the center and the backbone outside." As Watson rode back to Cambridge that night on a slow, cold train, he sketched what he could remember of the B form's diffraction pattern, and decided that the range of possible densities in the molecule did not, after all, rule out two chains. By the time he had bicycled from Cambridge Station to Clare College, he had determined to start building models with two backbones—still coiled on the inside, with the bases pointing outward.

THE arrival of Pauling's paper, the discovery that his structure was impossible, and the new data that Wat-

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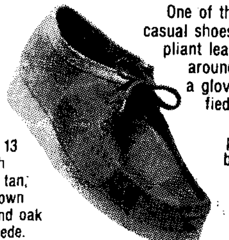

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son learned from Wilkins were the explosions that released first Watson and then Crick for their second attack on the structure. Bragg had read his copy of Pauling's manuscript by the time Watson came to him, on the Saturday morning, to ask that the Cavendish machine shop make up representations of phosphorus atoms and the four bases. To that extent, Watson was correct in his insistence, in "The Double Helix," on the drama of the long-range competition with Caltech. As for King's, "I was never conscious that we were *competing* with Maurice," Crick said when I asked. "We had no intention of doing *experimental* work, in the way they were doing. We *found* ourselves in a state of competition, as it were."

How they happened to find themselves in that state was explained a while ago by Max Perutz, who has the honor of having been in the center of events without ever being bloodied by one of Watson's asides. Perutz still heads the unit he started under Bragg at the Cavendish. It is now the Laboratory of Molecular Biology of the Medical Research Council, with about a hundred and fifty research workers in a six-story building on the southern edge of Cambridge. Its reputation has grown to match, as one of the half-dozen biological laboratories in the world so near the top that it's silly to compare them—except to say that Perutz's is surely the most crowded to work in, and the most pleasant. I had gone upstairs to the rooftop cafeteria from a seminar Crick was giving on chromosomes and found Perutz sitting over a late and hurried lunch with his wife, Gisela. I asked whether the rivalry with Pauling over DNA wasn't very much exaggerated. Perutz sat for a few moments as though he hadn't heard. Then he said, "We none of us had confidence anymore in the group at King's." He spoke quietly and carefully. "Because they were so split among themselves. And seemed unable to move. In that situation, the competition with Pauling was important, because Bragg believed it. And so Bragg felt that we could no longer hold back Crick and Watson." The structure in the strict sense, as a scientific exercise, was embedded in a larger professional and ethical setting—and here Watson was the catalyst, and the rivalry with Pauling was instrumental, even though in large part symbolic. Bragg's consent was the first rampart breached, and marked the turning point.

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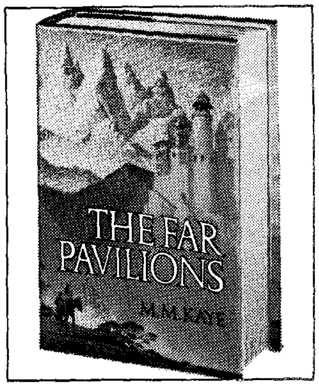

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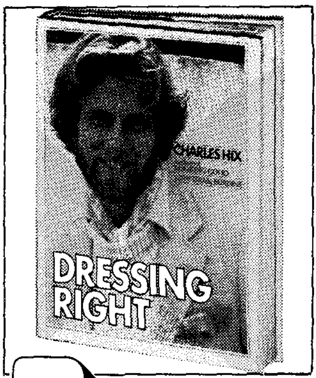

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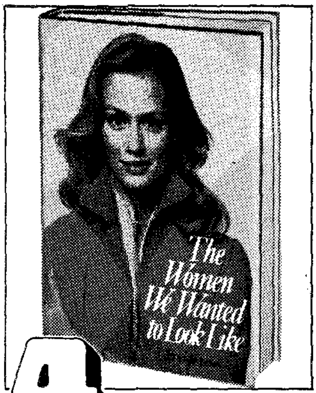

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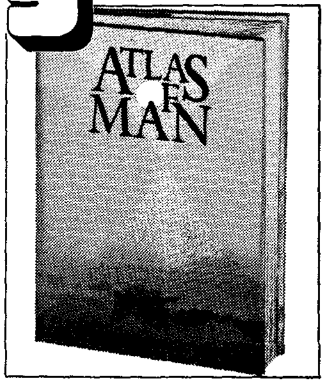

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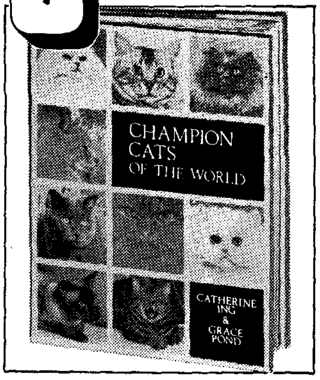

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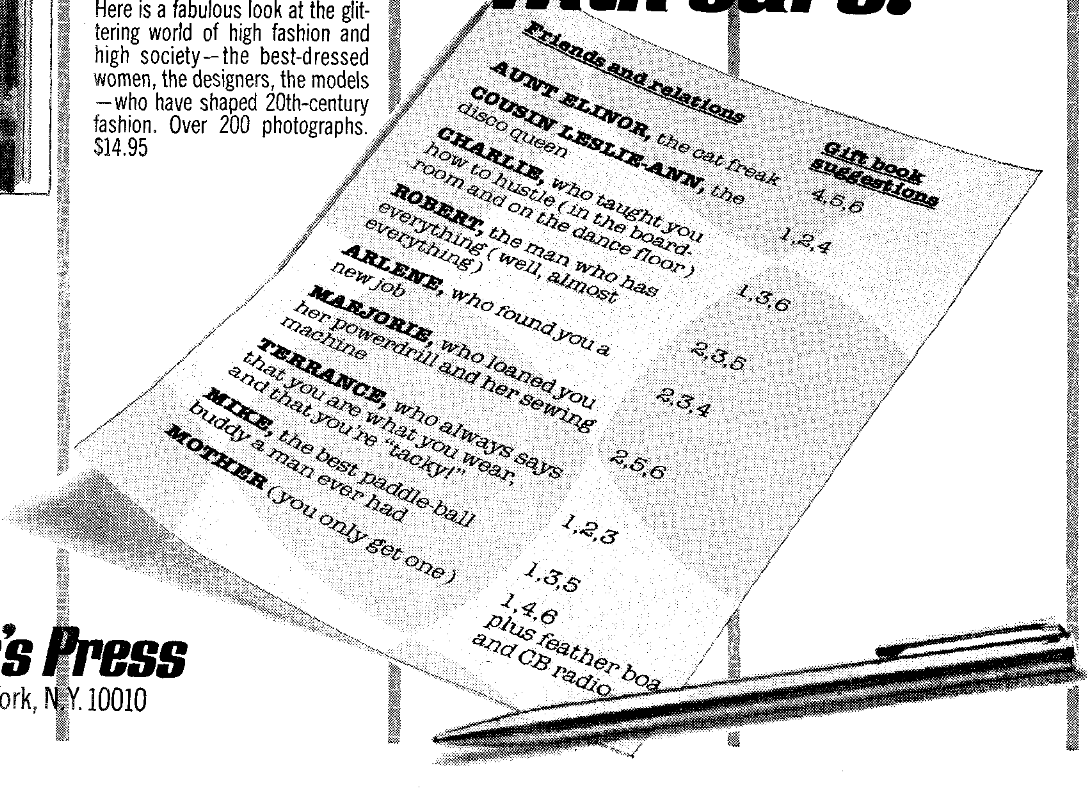

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liable to a sneaky teleology whereby the future, the truth itself, seems to be drawing the discoverer on; such interpretations are harder to purge from this sort of history than from others, because a knowledge of the outcome is often the only redress of the intellectual balance between scientist and historian. Yet if Watson and Crick were drawn on to their discovery, they put up a struggle.

When Crick came to work that Saturday, Watson told him of all he had learned, and of Bragg's consent to model-building. They would, of course, build a model of the B form. Crick warned, on his usual principle, that they must not rule out three-chain molecules by introducing any assumption that was not forced on them by the evidence, and he pointed out that they did not have the evidence. Watson was still resolved to start with two chains, but could do nothing without the precisely scaled components from the machine shop. He went back to his manuscript on bacterial genetics.

On Monday morning, February 2nd, Rosalind Franklin began a new page of her notebook with the heading "*Objection to figure-eight structure*." Two days later, Linus Pauling wrote a letter to his son admitting that he and Corey were having to make adjustments to their triple helix, because the atoms were packed too tightly.

Watson was hampered by the slowness of the shop at the Cavendish in making his toy atoms. He didn't have the simplest pieces until the middle of the week, and the bases would take much longer. He worked at the large table in the middle of the room. He began with the backbones—phosphates and then sugars—tinkering with wires, supporting rods, and clamps. He went off to play tennis for two hours, three hours, every afternoon. (One of his more accomplished court opponents from those weeks has recalled, "He had no idea of form, but he had tremendous energy and seemed to reinvent the game every time he played. And he hated to lose.") He went off to films and French lessons. (One who taught him said, "He was very clever at making a little bit of knowledge go a very long way.") And he returned to prod the model.

Watson spent two days working with the backbones inside; the results looked worse, in terms of the packing of the atoms, than the three-chain version he and Crick had produced fourteen months before. Crick—not much involved, writing his dissertation—would look up from time to time with a comment or a suggestion. Watson grumbled at the difficulty of intertwining the chains on the inside.

Crick asked, "Then why don't you put them on the outside?"

"That would be too easy," Watson said.

"Then why don't you do it!"

On Wednesday night of the first week, over coffee after dinner at the Cricks' place, by Watson's account in "The Double Helix":

> I admitted that my reluctance to place the bases inside partially arose from the suspicion that it would be possible to build an almost infinite number of models of this type.... But the real stumbling block was the bases. As long as they were outside, we did not have to consider them. If they were pushed inside, the frightful problem existed of how to pack together two or more chains with irregular sequences of bases. Here Francis had to admit that he saw not the slightest ray of light.

The next day, Watson did try coiling the backbones as though they were ribbons moving up the outside of a cylinder, barber-pole fashion. He and Crick saw quickly that such configurations worked comfortably—as long as the bases were left out.

On Friday morning, Crick got a letter from Wilkins accepting an invitation to come to Cambridge for Sunday lunch. "It's very nice of you to get Pauling's paper and I will tell you all I can remember & scribble down from Rosie," Wilkins wrote. On the Sunday, almost as soon as Wilkins arrived, Crick started asking questions. Crick and his wife had recently bought a house in a picturesque eighteenth-century lane in the center of Cambridge. The house was narrow, the rooms small, the floors uneven, the proportions pleasing. The dining room was in the basement, and Watson and Peter Pauling were also lunching there. English Sunday lunch is an elastic meal that can reach through tea. Peter Pauling recalled, much later, "We spent most of the afternoon trying to convince Maurice that he must start immediately to build atomic models of DNA. Our chief argument was that if he did not, my father would have another attempt and would get the correct structure." But they learned nothing more than Watson had nine days earlier. Near the end of the afternoon, Wilkins said he was going to start building models, but not until Franklin left for Birkbeck, in mid-March. Crick quickly asked whether Wilkins would mind if *they* started building models. Both Watson and Crick re-

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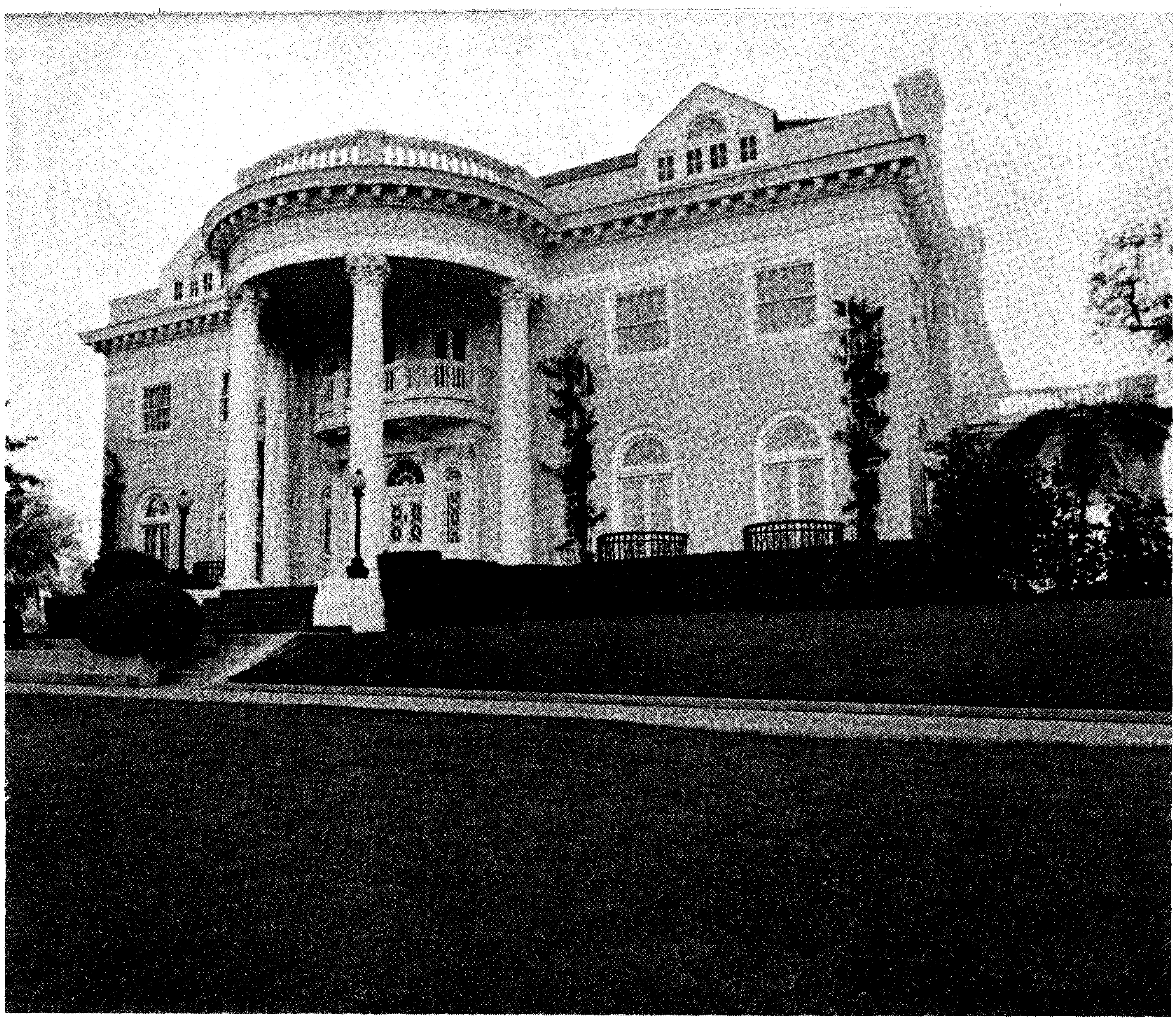

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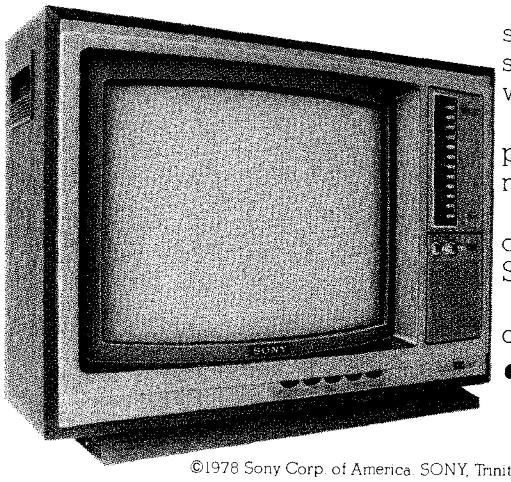

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member the instant vividly. Wilkins—slowly, clearly—gave his consent. It mattered—to Crick, at least. He said to me, "You'll recall that before we started on our second attempt Maurice paid us a visit and we did actually ask his permission first, to work on the thing, which he gave, though reluctantly."

ON Tuesday, February 10th, Franklin broke away from her monotonous catalogue of rejected impossibilities and headed her notebook entry "*Structure B.* Evidence for 2-chain (or 1-chain) helix?" She was looking at photograph No. 49, saw that its features were helical, and wrote herself an eight-line review of the mathematics of helical-diffraction theory, trying to distinguish between single and double helices in the data before her. Then, with a couple of vigorous slashes of the pen, she crossed out the last four lines. She turned to some other calculations. She did not come back to the B structure for a fortnight.

AT some point, Crick had learned, probably from Wilkins, about the report that had been passed out when the biophysics committee of the Medical Research Council visited King's College the previous December 15th—the report that included Franklin's description of her crystallographic results so far. It is evident that Crick could not have seen the report before Wilkins came to Sunday lunch; very soon after that, though, he got it from Perutz. Watson wrote in "The Double Helix" that the report contained "Rosy's precise measurements" and so confirmed to Crick that "following my return from King's I had correctly reported to him the essential features of the B pattern." Bragg, in 1971, told me that the report had contained the photograph itself, though he remembered it wrong, for the report contained no pictures of any kind. Franklin had gone no further than to include data about the crystalline geometry of the A form, about the role of water in the transition from A to B, and about the associated change from the 28-angstrom repeat distance to the 34-angstrom repeat. In 1968, Watson's breathless account—"Rosy, of course, did not directly give us her data. For that matter, no one at King's realized they were in our hands"—caught the attention of scientist reviewers. Two in particular—André Lwoff, of the Institut Pasteur, in a review in *Scientific American*, and Erwin Chargaff, in *Science*—questioned whether Perutz had acted ethically in giving Randall's report to Crick. So in June of 1969 Perutz published a note in *Science* printing the full text of Wilkins' and Franklin's sections of the report, and also showing that the committee had been set up—in the words of a letter from the Medical Research Council's archives—expressly "to establish contact between the groups of people working for the Council in this field," and that the report had not been confidential. Furthermore, the note pointed out, nothing was in the report that Watson had not had a chance to learn at the King's colloquium. Perutz's act in giving Crick the report had been commonplace and not incorrect. The same issue of *Science* carried a letter from Watson apologizing to Perutz for creating the wrong impression, but in it he maintained, "The relevant fact is not that in November 1951 I *could have* copied down Rosalind's seminar data on the unit cell dimensions and symmetry, but that I *did not.*"

As Crick read through Franklin's eleven brief paragraphs, he came upon the following facts—and now it was his turn to experience the sudden leap of recognition:

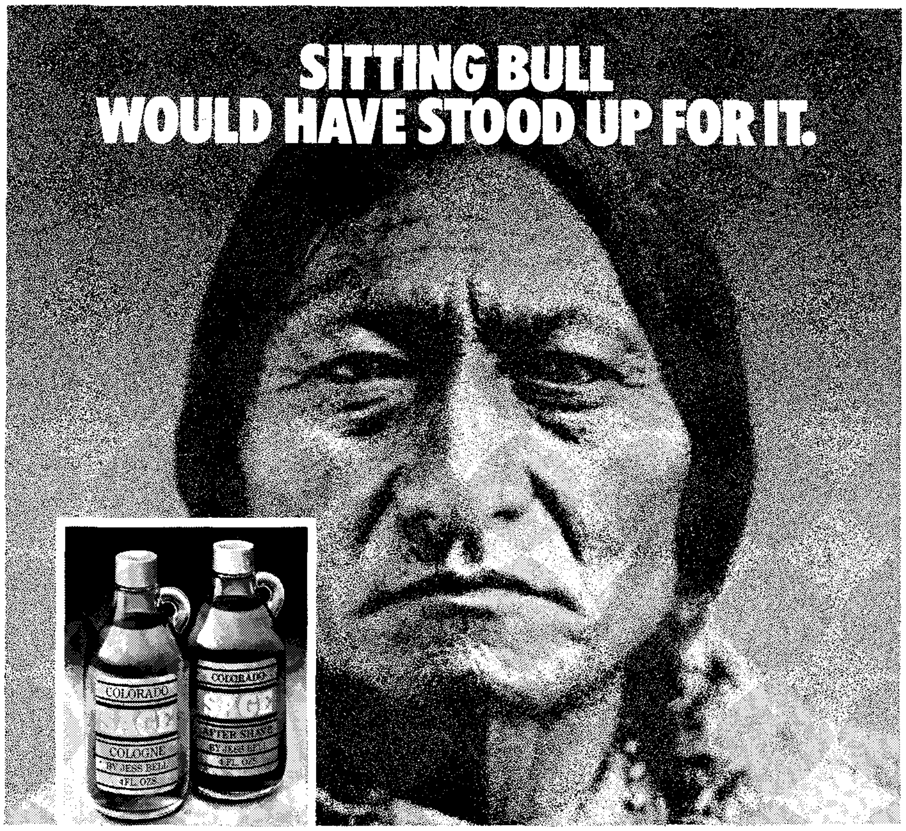
> The crystalline form of calf thymus D.N.A. is obtained at about 75% RH [relative humidity] and contains about 20% by weight of water.... The change from the first to the second structure is accompanied by a change in the fibre-axis repeat period of 28 A to 34 A and a corresponding microscopic length-change of the fibre of about 20%.... It was apparent that the crystalline form [structure A] was based on a face-centered monoclinic unit cell with the C-axis parallel to the fibre axis.

She then listed the dimensions of the unit cell of that crystal, three lengths and an angle.

In the long row of candles that had to be lit, one by one, before the structure of DNA emerged from the darkness, Crick now set his spark to the one that stood closest to the center of the mystery. Watson had the shock of insight when he recognized the implications of the Franklin photograph that Wilkins showed him, and that insight was dramatic, easy to visualize and to explain. Crick saw in Franklin's words and numbers something just as important—indeed, eventually just as visualizable. But the insight was cerebral and subtle—so subtle that even Watson was not for a long time entirely comfortable in his understanding of the point. There was drama, too: Crick's insight began with an extraordinary coincidence. Crystallographers distinguish two hundred and thirty different space groups, of which the face-centered monoclinic cell, with its curious properties of symmetry, is only one—though in biological substances a fairly common one. The principal experimental subject of Crick's dissertation, however, was the X-ray diffraction of the crystals of a protein—the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin from the blood of horses—that was of the same space group as DNA. That was what he was working on the day that Perutz gave him the Medical Research Council report. So Crick saw at once the symmetry that neither Franklin nor Wilkins had comprehended, that Perutz, for that matter, hadn't noticed, that had escaped Alexander Stokes, the theoretical crystallographer in Wilkins' lab; namely, that when the molecule of DNA was rotated a half turn it came back to congruence with itself. The structure was dyadic, one half matching the other half in reverse.

"This was the crucial fact," Crick said a while ago. "Furthermore, the dimensions of the unit cell, which were also in the Council report, proved that *the dyad had to be perpendicular to the* length of the molecule"—switching end for end—"and implied also that the duplication was in fact within the single molecule, and not merely between adjacent molecules in the crystal. And so the chains must come in pairs rather than three in a molecule, and one chain must run up and the other down."

What ran up and down, Crick now understood, were the two backbones. The sequence of bonds by which the phosphates and the sugars linked up and alternated along one chain was flipped over in the chain running alongside. Discovery of the dyadic symmetry of the molecule immediately settled the spatial arrangement of the backbones as they spiralled up the outside around the core—though Watson at first couldn't follow Crick's reasoning. Watson began his backbone-outside models as though the two chains ran in the same direction. "He was trying to build it with the sugars too close," Crick said when I asked about that. "What I mean is, not moving around the cylinder far enough from one sugar, or one nucleotide, to the next. If the pair of chains ran in the same direction, the way Jim was building it, then each chain *singly* had only to rotate *half* the way around, in the height of 34 angstroms, for the structure to repeat itself as Rosalind's X-ray picture showed that it did. Can you visualize that? A lot of people find it difficult. Close your eyes and think about it. But if the two chains ran in opposite directions, as I kept telling Jim they did, then they were not identical, and so *both* had to



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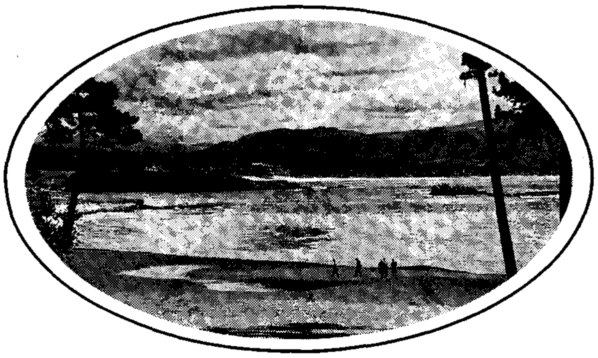

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It all started in a grove owned by Dr. Webb, our family doctor. One of the men who was picking fruit in the doctor's orchard came up to the Webb house holding six of the strangest grapefruit anyone had ever seen! A single branch of an ordinary grapefruit tree had produced these six unusual fruit.

These were big grapefruit, unusually big, And they had a faint red blush on their skin. When Dr. Webb sliced open the grapefruit, the fruit was a **brilliant ruby red** in color.

Doctor Webb decided to taste this strange new grapefruit. The fruit was perfect, juicy and luscious. It wasn't sour like other grapefruit either — it was naturally sweet without sugar.

For some reason, we'll never know why, nature had chosen to produce an entirely new kind of grapefruit here in our Magic Rio Grande Valley. It was incredible — men had labored for years to produce the ideal grapefruit, and had failed. But suddenly on a single branch of one tree in one grove, Mother Nature had done it all herself!

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From the fruit on that one branch, grove after grove now produces our own Texas Ruby Red Grapefruit. When I say, "not one man in a thousand has ever tasted this grapefruit." — you can easily understand why.

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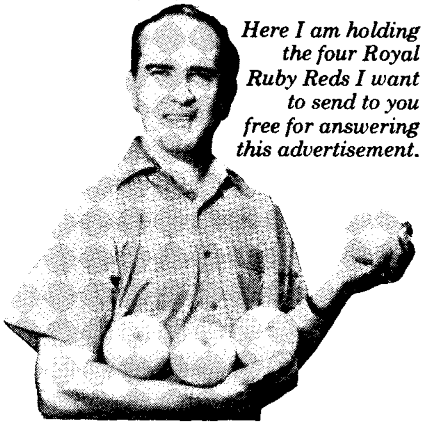
And when we pick the fruit we're just as fussy. Every one of us takes a "picking ring" when we harvest. If the fruit is small enough to pass through this ring — we don't pick it! It simply isn't big enough to qualify as a Royal Ruby Red!

This is a picture of the actual harvest of this season's first Ruby Reds.

Even after picking there are other careful inspections each fruit must pass before I'll accept it. I size the fruit. And I grade it for beauty. Sometimes the fruit will be wind scarred. I won't accept it. Or sometimes it will have a bulge on the stem end that we call "sheep nose." I won't accept it. You can see I really mean it when I say I accept only **perfect** Royal Ruby Reds.

When I realized that the Royal Ruby Reds were the ultimate fruit, I decided to form a club and sell only to my club members. In this manner I can control my production to insure that nobody will be disappointed.

But before I ask you to join my club, I want you to sample my Royal Ruby Reds for yourself, at no cost to you whatsoever. Let me send you a box prepaid of 16 to 20 Royal Ruby Reds. Place four of them in your refrigerator until they are thoroughly cool. Then cut them in half and have your family sample this unusual fruit.



Here I am holding the four Royal Ruby Reds I want to send to you free for answering this advertisement.

You decide whether or not Royal Ruby Reds are everything I say. You determine whether or not eating a Royal Ruby Red is the fantastic taste experience I promise.

You decide. I'm confident that you and your family will want more of this superb fruit - and on a regular basis, too. If the four Royal Ruby Reds make you say "yes," then keep the remaining fruit. Otherwise return the unused fruit (at my expense) and you won't owe me a single penny.

But you are never going to know just how wonderful genuine Royal Ruby Reds are unless you place your order right quick.

This way you are sure to receive your package containing 16 or 20 Royal Ruby Reds for you and your family to sample a few days before Christmas. But since the supply is strictly limited it's important to place your order now.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

I'll put the bill for $10.95 for this first shipment on the top of the box. That's a saving of $5.00 off the regular price of $15.95. All delivery charges are prepaid by me. Remit only after my Ruby Reds have proved themselves, otherwise you don't owe a thing.

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Every Royal Ruby Red you receive will pass my tough tests. Each will weigh a pound or more. Safe delivery is guaranteed. This fruit is picked, packed and shipped each month, December through April.

You pay only after you have received each shipment. And you may skip or cancel any shipment, simply by telling me your wishes.

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Call my toll-free number below, or send your name and address to me at the address below.

Remember it obligates you to nothing, except making a taste test of the best grapefruit that has ever been grown. And this taste test is on me!

Of course, as you can well imagine, when I say supplies are limited — I'm not kidding! There's just so many club members I can accept before I must close my membership this year.

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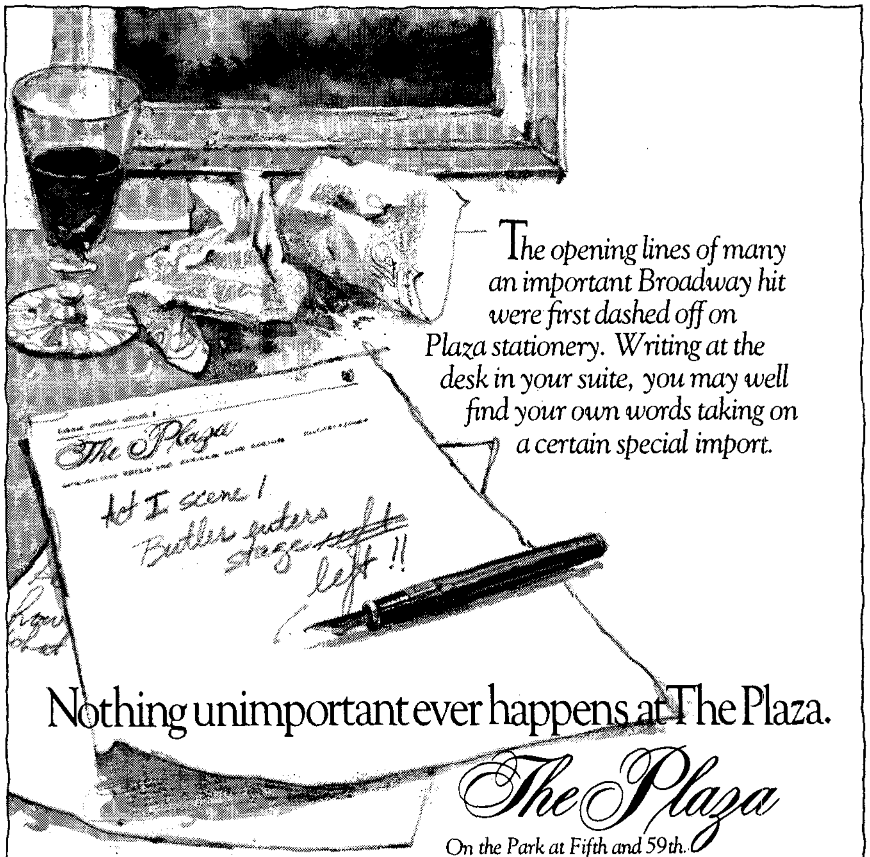
go *all* the way around the cylinder, three hundred and sixty degrees, before the structure made a complete repeat. Well, then, if there were ten nucleotides on a chain in the 34-angstrom height, that obviously meant that the rotation from each to the next was 36 degrees. It was difficult for Jim to grasp that the chains were running in opposite directions, and what that meant. Therefore, he was trying to build it to 18 degrees." Watson went to play tennis one afternoon, telling Crick to try building the model. Crick built one not with an 18- but with a 36-degree rotation. Thus, a complete turn comprised ten bases. He left a note on the model: "This is it—36° rotation." Crick told me, "To be fair to Jim, I think it would be ludicrous to say that he didn't understand. But I don't think he liked the type of argument. Therefore, I don't think he gave it quite the force that I gave it. If you produce an argument yourself, you like it and give it a lot of force. And, after all, there are flaws in the argument—it is only suggestive, and not conclusive—and I don't think he knew very clearly what the flaws were; he just sensed they were there."

Crick's argument applied to the backbones of the chains. X-ray crystallography, by its nature, cannot identify the individual bases along the chains, because the bases are not in repetitive order. In settling the problem of coiling, Crick took DNA almost as far as Pauling had taken the structure of a protein chain with the alpha helix two years before. The differences were two, and crucial. First, Pauling's alpha helix was held in shape by hydrogen bonds, up and down along the spiral, which were an integral, primary aspect of the structure. Crick and Watson still had no idea how the two backbones of DNA were tied together. Crick still rejected bonds between bases on opposite chains, because the hydrogen atoms fringing the bases which would form such bonds were generally said not to occupy fixed positions but to jump back and forth between alternative spots. This was the problem of tautomers, or equivalent forms, that Crick had confronted the first time he and Watson tried to build a model. Second, the alpha helix had its backbone at the core, and so, although each of the twenty-odd kinds of amino acid had a side chain that was not part of the backbone, those side chains pointed outward, and for Pauling's purposes their individual conformations could in principle be ignored. Watson and Crick, with the backbones of DNA on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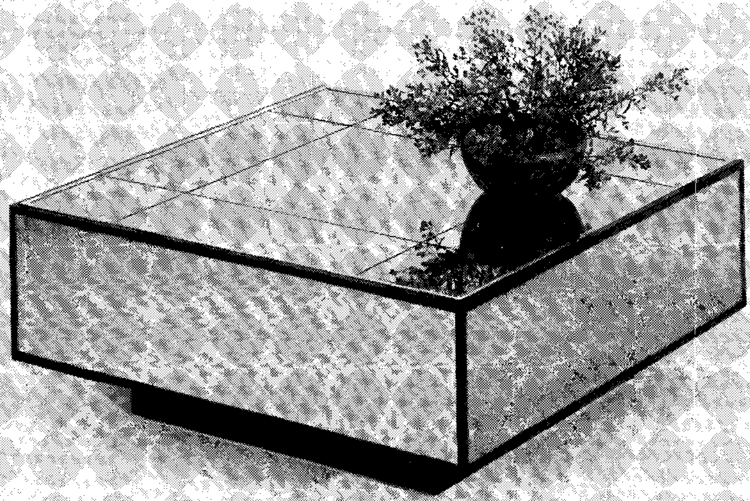
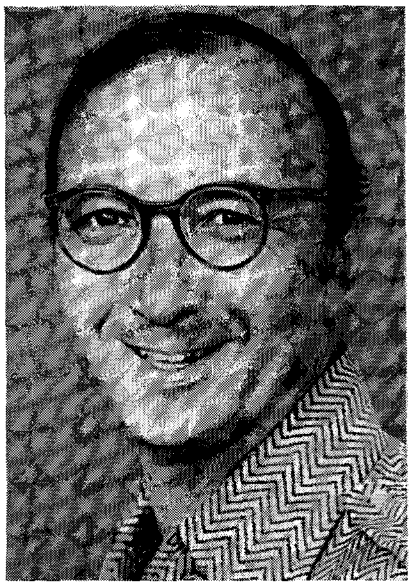


A personal message to you from Neil Simon



Dear New Yorker,

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I do so now to tell you about the remarkable job Save the Children is doing for impoverished youngsters and their families around the world.

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Won't you join me as a Save the Children sponsor by filling out the coupon below.

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6. How do you wish to send your sponsorship contribution?
Enclosed is my check for $________.
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☐ Quarterly, $48 ☐ Annually, $192

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the outside of their model, were left with the problem of how to fit the four kinds of bases into the core. Each sugar had to have a base sticking inward from it at the correct position and angle. If the sequence of bases was in some way the vehicle for the genetic information, then the structure ought to permit a lot of freedom in which base followed which. Yet the bases were of very different sizes and shapes: some pairs would be too closely packed or would make the sides of the structure bulge; other pairs would leave a gap between them or create a pinched waist in the backbones.

Watson abandoned model-building for the moment and began to soak himself again in the literature about the bases. He browsed through one of the standard monographs, "The Biochemistry of the Nucleic Acids," by James N. Davidson. There he encountered diagrams of the bases guanine and thymine drawn, as most books drew them, with the hydrogen atoms in place around the fringe of the rings in the tautomeric form called the enol configuration rather than in the alternative form, called keto. Though the difference was a shift of only one hydrogen atom, the enol form of each base was the more irregular in shape—a lumpier piece in the puzzle. He reread a series of papers, stretching back many years, by John Masson Gulland and Denis Oswald Jordan, which reported chemical experiments with DNA in various solutions that seemed to show that bundles of several molecules of the stuff were held together by hydrogen bonds between bases. Indeed, such bonds formed very frequently, and this suggested that shifts between tautomeric forms of the bases were not the hindrance Crick supposed. Furthermore, Watson now noticed that the hydrogen bonds between bases were reported to be present even in solutions that contained very little DNA; and this fact hinted, though Gulland and Jordan had made nothing of it, that the bonds linked bases not between molecules of DNA but within single molecules. Was there a rule governing hydrogen bonds between bases?

On February 18th, Pauling wrote another letter to Peter, in which he said, "I am checking over the nucleic-acid structure again, trying to refine the parameters a bit. . . . It is evident that the structure involves a tight squeeze for nearly all the atoms." He added, "I heard a rumor that Jim Watson and Crick had formulated this structure already sometime back, but

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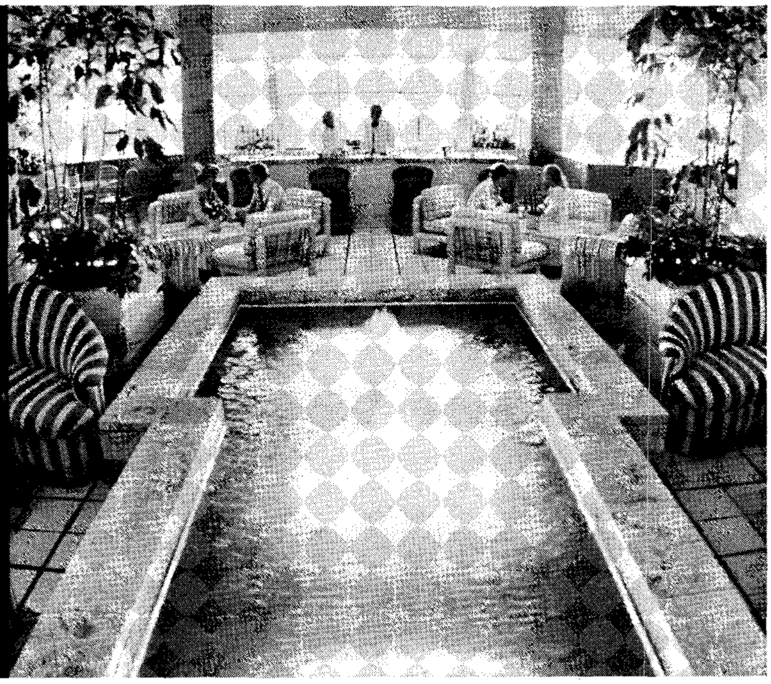

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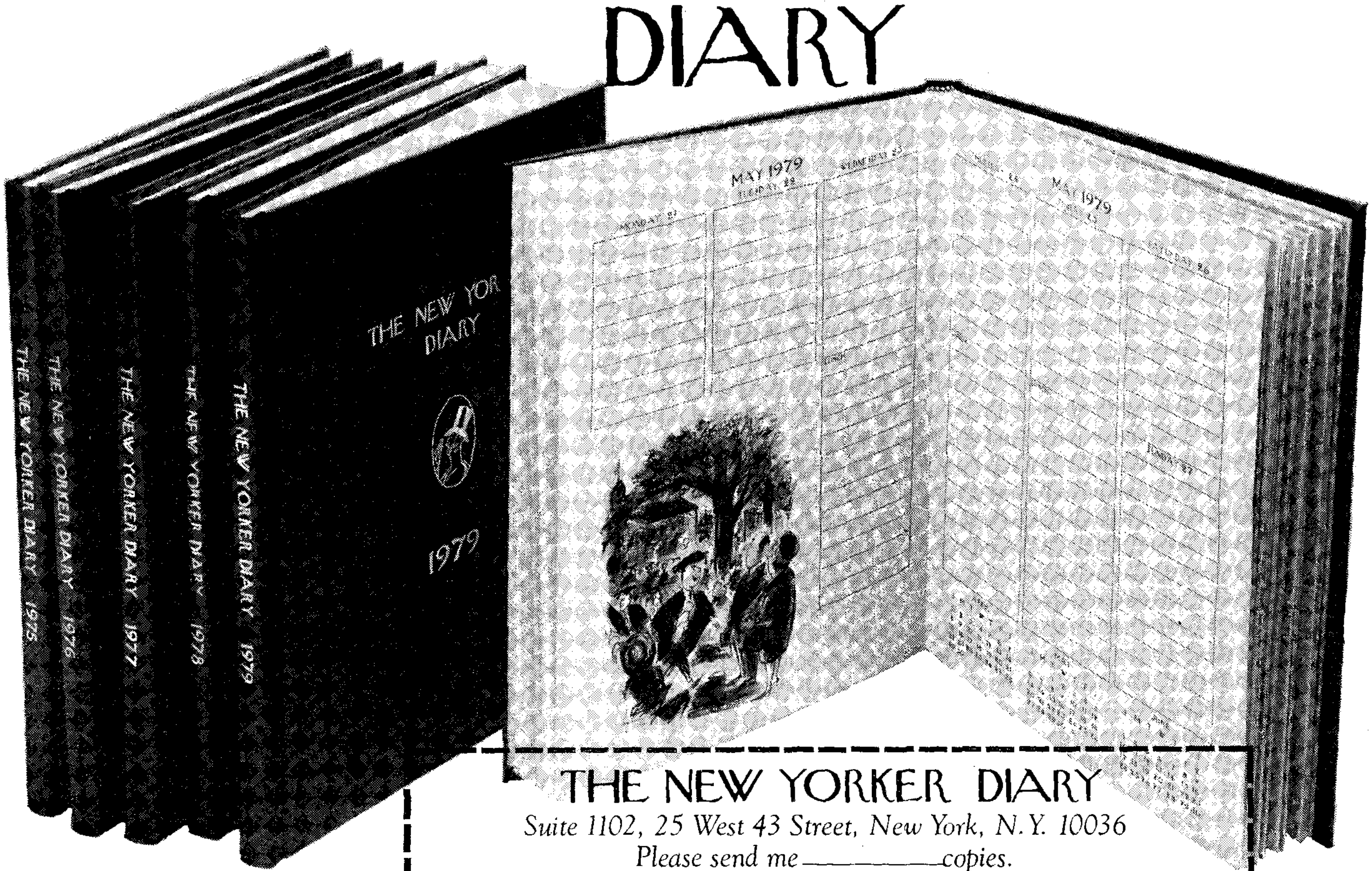
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had not done anything about it. Probably the rumor is exaggerated."

WATSON also read or reread several reports about X-ray studies of the purine bases, guanine and adenine, each of which had been isolated, purified, allowed to form crystals, and then investigated. One of the reports was a paper published two years earlier by June Broomhead, at the Cavendish, in which she showed that pure guanine made hydrogen bonds from molecule to molecule in a regular, repeated configuration. Adenine, she had found, did the same. At some moment on Thursday, February 19th, Watson—by his later memory, he was doodling a diagram of adenine at the instant—realized that if he took a pair of adenines hydrogen-bonded as Broomhead showed them, lying flat side by side, he could revolve them a half turn and they would be back in position. The pair were symmetrical. The hydrogen bonds looked to be of the right length for the pair to be squeezed into the core of the DNA molecule, with one base in place on each backbone. He checked Broomhead's paper with Davidson's monograph and found that guanine could be shown to form bonds in the same symmetrical way. He copied out the structures of the two pyrimidines, cytosine and thymine, and, with a few moments' manipulation, spotted ways that they, too, could be bonded to themselves to form symmetrical pairs.

The idea was marvellously simple: that the DNA molecule was made of two chains coiling around each other with identical sequences of bases and held together by hydrogen bonds between every matched pair. Pairing the bases like with like presented palpable difficulties, but perhaps they were not insuperable. The purine pairs were larger and had different shapes from the pyrimidine pairs, so the backbones would have to bulge and pinch. Until the machine shop delivered the pieces, to scale, Watson could not tell just how serious that objection might be. Then, there was the problem of mistakes in pairing. From the diagrams, Watson could see no reason that guanine should not also bond happily to adenine, and several other mismatches also seemed easy. Frequent pairing errors would make genetic nonsense. Nonetheless, there might be specific enzymes that built the pairs correctly. An explanation could surely be found, for like-with-like pairing made dazzling biological sense: it explained at last the replication of the gene, the preservation of the hereditary message. Replication would occur when the two strands un-

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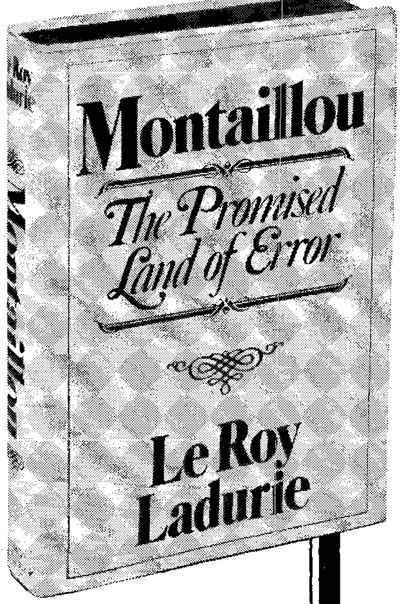

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wound and each became the template on which a new strand was formed, *the nucleotides in the growing strand* matching themselves one by one to the base sequence on the parent strand. That night, as Watson went to sleep, or so he wrote later, visions of adenine pairs danced in his head.

Replication by template—strands unwinding and new ones forming on the old—was an idea that would survive. Watson's like-with-like structure collapsed quickly, but its collapse brought down the last of the misconceptions that walled off the way to understanding. Coincidence again played a part.

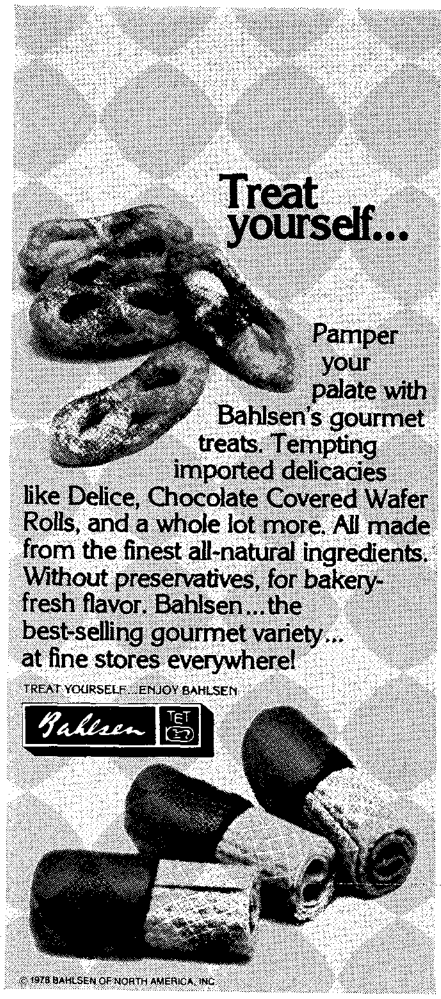
Friday morning, February 20th, Watson wrote a letter to Max Delbrück to accompany the manuscript of the paper on bacterial genetics that he and Hayes had written. (The letter, and others he wrote to Delbrück at that period, is now among the Delbrück papers in the archives of the California Institute of Technology.) Watson requested Delbrück, who was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, to put the paper in for publication in the Academy's *Proceedings.* Then he wrote:

> I am now extremely busy, largely working on DNA structure. I believe we are close to the solution. We have seen Pauling's paper on Nucleic Acid. Have you? It contains several very bad mistakes. In addition we suspect he has chosen the wrong type of model. All in all, however, Pauling's paper is at least in the proper mood and the type of approach which the people at King's College, London, should be taking instead of being pure crystallographers. I had started on DNA when I first arrived in Cambridge but had stopped because the King's group did not like competition or coöperation. However, since Pauling is now working on it, I believe the field is open to anybody. I thus intend to work on it until the solution is out. Today I am very optimistic since I believe I have a very pretty model, which is so pretty I am surprised no one has thought of it before. When I have the proper coördinates worked out, I shall send a note to *Nature* since it accounts for the X-ray data, and even if wrong, is a marked improvement on the Pauling model. I shall send you a copy of the note.

The idea of a competition with Pauling served the same function with Delbrück that it had three weeks earlier with Bragg. Watson didn't take time to add any scientific details. He posted the letter and went off to the Cavendish.

There his idea was "torn to shreds"—before noon, by his account in "The Double Helix," though here he has telescoped into hours the running arguments of a week. When Watson sketched his model for the others in the room, the first reaction came from a figure so far silent—Jerry Donohue, who had become their office mate the previous fall. He objected to Watson's using the enol configuration of the bases. Watson was astonished, but he listened, because he knew that Donohue was a physical chemist and crystallographer who had worked for years with Pauling on the structures of small organic molecules. Donohue said to me during a visit I paid to him at the University of Pennsylvania, "When I went to Cambridge, I didn't even know what a nucleic acid was." Perhaps, but he knew as well as anyone in science what a base was. Two years earlier, at Caltech, Donohue—as he explained to Watson—had come across a paper of June Broomhead's about crystals of adenine and guanine. This was one of the things Watson had just been reading. Donohue had founded part of a paper of his own on Broomhead's data, and had established for guanine that the positions of the hydrogen atoms were fixed—they did not, after all, jump from place to place. He was certain that none of the other bases went through tautomeric shifts, either. When Watson showed Donohue the hydrogen bonds he had worked out to pair the other bases, Donohue said, "But those are the wrong forms." When Watson showed him the textbook diagrams, Donohue said the diagrams were based on no evidence. The quantum-mechanical arguments, as well as what little evidence there was—he cited the structure of a similar small molecule that had been determined at Caltech—indicated that the bases were far more likely to take the keto forms. At a stroke, Donohue removed the reason for Crick's long-standing aversion to hydrogen bonding in DNA. At the same stroke, Donohue ruined Watson's pairing of bases like with like, for in the keto forms, though hydrogen bonds could be invented, the difference in size between a pair of purines and a pair of pyrimidines was much greater than before. The pieces could not fit within the cage of backbones.

Crick rejected like-with-like pairing as improbable on other grounds. When it came to attaching the pairs to the backbones, Watson's scheme threatened to upset the work of the previous ten days: the two chains would more plausibly be running in the same direction again—abandoning the dyadic symmetry called for by the X-ray evidence. Further, as the argument developed, Crick pointed out that Watson's scheme did not account for the ratios that Chargaff had discovered, whereby



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however widely the proportions of the bases might vary from one species to another the amount of adenine seemed always to be about equal to the amount of thymine and guanine equal to cytosine.

They now had everything in mind that they needed for the structure.

SEVERAL scientists have told me that they wondered how much more Donohue might have said to Watson: in particular, had he suggested any alternative way to pair the bases? The question examines the finely balanced relation between the individual and his community at the moment of discovery. Accordingly, in a conversation in the fall of 1973 I asked Watson whether Donohue had gone further than to say which were the right tautomeric forms. "No, he did not," Watson said. "Jerry really had no interest in DNA. He wasn't thinking about the problem."

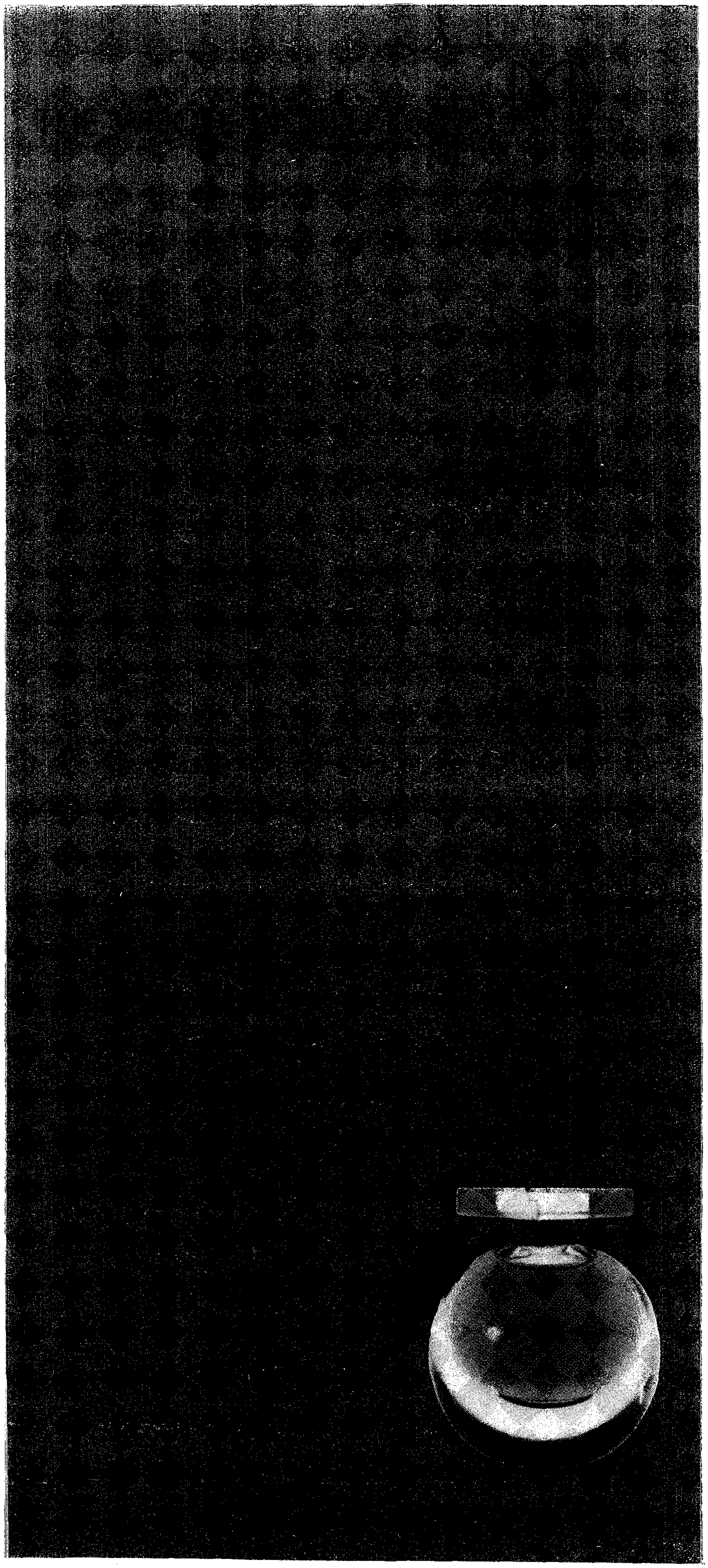
When I talked to Donohue, I asked him the same thing. "I don't recall the conversation exactly, of course—but no, I'm quite sure I went no further than insisting they had to use the keto forms," Donohue said.

Had he brought the Chargaff ratios into the discussion, for example?

"No," Donohue said. "I probably didn't know who Chargaff was."

ON Monday, February 23rd, Franklin headed the next page in her notebook "*Structure B:* Photograph 51." There is a long day's work in the seven pages of measurements, calculations, and tightly woven reasoning that follow. Using only the mathematical tools of the crystallographer, she was trying to resolve the question that Watson and Crick were at that moment attacking by model-building. Five pages in, she stopped to sum up. She had the diameter of the molecule right, though she wasn't sure about it. She confirmed her opinion that the backbones were outside. Then she went on. In her last note of the afternoon, she wrote, "If . . . helix as above is basis of structure B, then structure A is probably similar, with P-P [phosphate-phosphate] distance along fibre axis less than 3.4 angstroms"—because of the shortening of the fibres as they changed from the B form back to the A.

The next day, Franklin went at it again. She switched repeatedly from A to B, interpreting each by the other. She had spent months puzzling over the A structure. Now, in hours, she permitted her analysis of the X-ray

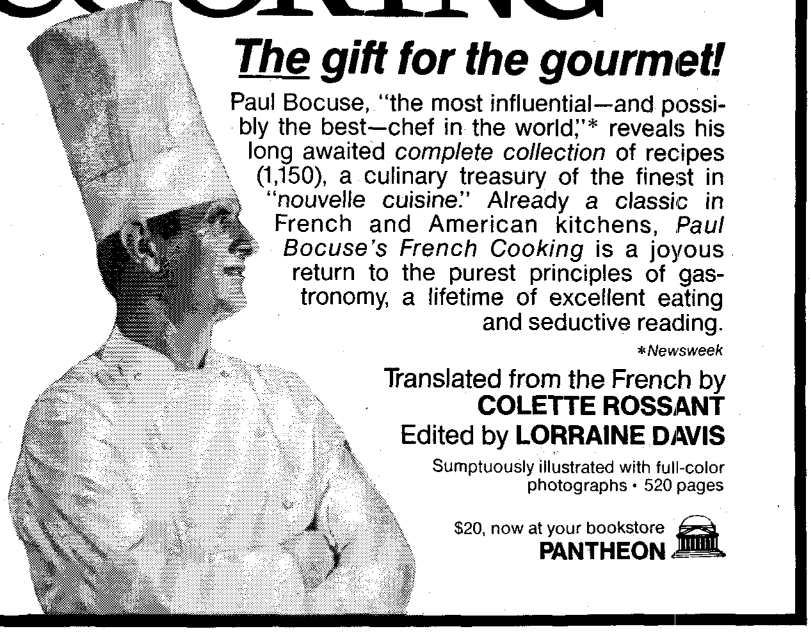


pattern from the B structure to confute the errors that had been holding her spellbound. She accepted, at last, the idea that the A structure would have to be helical, too. She concluded that the helix was made up of two chains. She was tormented—a torment that she showed in line after line—by an awareness that those two chains bore some strange relation that was eluding her.

Aaron Klug, who has kept Franklin's papers since her death, and who lent me her notebooks, had gone through them to make occasional comments in pencil. Some of these are poignant. On the last page of her notes for February 23rd, Klug wrote in the margin, "Nearly home." Further on, in the notes for the next day, he observed, "R.E.F. is at last making the correct connection between structures A and B."

It is easy to feel great sympathy for Franklin. The fact remains that she never made the inductive leap. Her notes on the B structure stopped with February 24th. Some days later, but still before she learned about the model proposed by Watson and Crick, she and Gosling began to draft a paper to state their conclusions so far about the B structure. That draft also survived among Franklin's papers. It was vigorous, clear, and limited. Klug and I went over it one afternoon in his office. "You see, she was lacking one final step," Klug said. "Well, two steps. What she missed was the presence of the dyad—the symmetry of the molecule. Which Francis had seen immediately from her information about the space group. And, even though her notes earlier showed that she knew about Chargaff's ratios, she never got to the base pairing." Klug put the notebooks away in the bottom drawer of a cabinet under the window and put the draft paper back into a file. "She needed a collaborator, and she didn't have one. Somebody to break the pattern of her thinking, to show her what was right in front of her, to push her up and over," Klug said. "You know, in a way, Watson was her collaborator."

THE Cavendish machine shop still had not provided the representations of the bases, so toward the end of that week Watson drew them to scale on cardboard, in the keto forms, and cut them out. Watson and Crick disagree in their recollections of exactly how the next candle was lit. Crick told me that the insight was at first theoretical, a principle revealed, and that it came to them mutually. Crick's mind works that way, of course. It hap-



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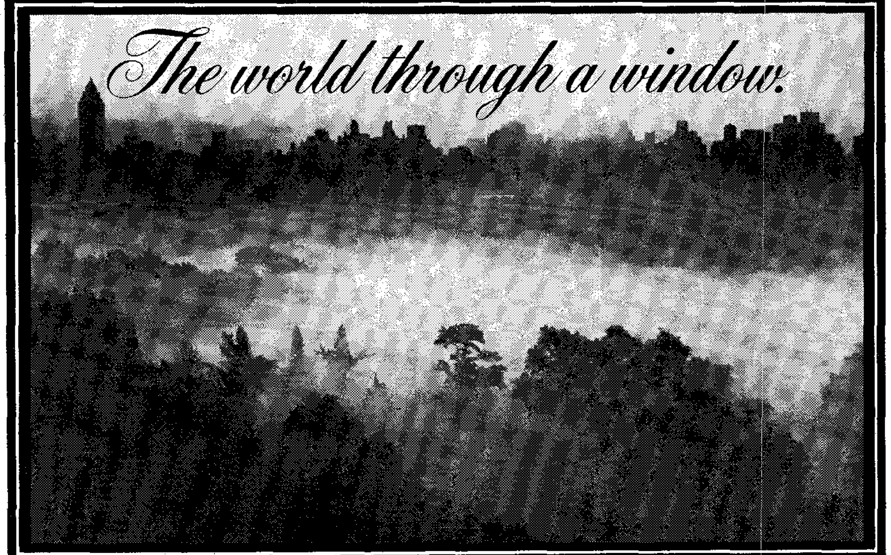

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pened late in the week—almost certainly on Friday, February 27th. "You know, the way ideas develop is very strange," Crick said. "Base pairing and complementary replication—you'll recall we had that idea the summer before, when Chargaff came through Cambridge, and then I talked to John Griffith, and I realized then that one-to-one ratios could mean complementary replication. So the idea long predates the structure. And, of course, the paradox of the whole thing is that when we came to build the structure *we did not initially use that idea.* We didn't do it until we were *driven* toward it. The crucial point was after Jerry put us right about the tautomeric forms, because then we could put hydrogen bonds together. And I can remember the moment"—Crick was at his desk, Watson and Donohue were by the blackboard—"when we realized that, by God, we could build a *structure* in which the bases would be complementary. And explain Chargaff's one-to-one ratios that way. And then next day Jim wrote out and worked out what the base pairs were. I mean, this is how *all* research goes: you *have* an idea, but you can't quite *believe* it."

Watson has not remembered things that way. He told me, "Francis and I had a rule that we wanted to use as little data, as few assumptions, as possible to solve the structure, and we never knew whether Chargaff's rules had some completely extraneous functional reason, and so we didn't put them in. The Chargaff ratios just fell out at the end." Friday night, after cutting out the cardboard bases, Watson, still deep in defeat, went home and then to the theatre. Saturday morning, February 28th, he came in, cleared a place to work, got out his cardboard cutouts. He wrote in "The Double Helix":

> Though I initially went back to my like-with-like prejudices, I saw all too well that they led nowhere. When Jerry came in I looked up, saw that it was not Francis, and began shifting the bases in and out of various other pairing possibilities. Suddenly I became aware that an adenine-thymine pair held together by two hydrogen bonds was identical in shape to a guanine-cytosine pair held together by at least two hydrogen bonds. All the hydrogen bonds seemed to form naturally; no fudging was required to make the two types of base pairs identical in shape.

Watson stumbled onto his part of the solution visually, from a shape, a representation, and that had happened several times before: that is the way his mind works. No two of the four kinds

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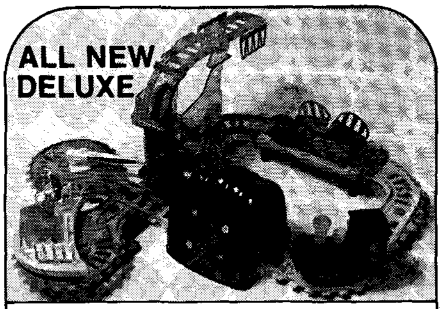

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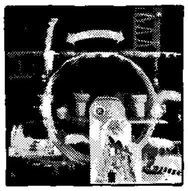

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of bases have the same contour. Watson found that the purine adenine, a fused double ring with other atoms fringing it at several points, could form two hydrogen bonds with the pyrimidine thymine, a single ring, when he placed the two cutouts side by side in the right way. The bonds were the correct length, and were straight lines, N—H····O or N····H—N, as Pauling's model-building precepts required. Guanine and cytosine made hydrogen bonds the same way. The pairing could not be switched—that is, to guanine with thymine and adenine with cytosine—for then the various atoms around the fringes got in one another's way. But when an A-T pair was laid on top of a G-C pair, the two compound shapes were exactly congruent. Such pairs could fit inside the backbones without bulges or pinches.

Donohue said that these pairs agreed with what he knew. Crick, when he came in, immediately pointed out that the way the bases in these pairs would attach to their sugars meant that the two backbones ran in opposite directions, just as they had to do. Each chain could include both purines and pyrimidines, because either pair could appear with its purine to the left or, flipped over, to the right. That satisfied the dyadic symmetry. Chargaff's ratios were satisfied, too. The bases could appear in any order on one chain. Once that order was fixed, though, the base pairing, guanine always with cytosine and adenine with thymine, determined the complementary order on the opposite chain.

That morning, Watson and Crick knew, although still in mind only, the entire structure: it had emerged from the shadow of billions of years, absolute and simple, and was seen and understood for the first time. Diameter of 20 angstrom units, seventy-nine billionths of an inch. Two chains twining coaxially, clockwise, one up and the other down, a complete turn of the screw in 34 angstroms. The bases flat in their pairs in the middle, 3.4 angstroms and a tenth of a revolution separating each pair from the one above or below. The chains held by the pairing closer to each other around the circumference one way than the other, by an eighth of a turn, one groove up the outside narrow, the other wide. A melody for the eye of the intellect with not a note wasted. In itself, physically, the structure carried the means of replication—positive to negative, complementary. As the strands unwound, a double template was there in the base pairing, so that only complementary nucleotides could form bonds and drop into place as the daughter strands grew. "We have discovered the secret of life," Crick told everyone within earshot over drinks that noon at the Eagle. It was not the entire secret of life, yet truly, for the first time, at the ultimate biological level, structure had become one with function, the antinomy dialectically resolved. The structure of DNA is flawlessly beautiful.

TOWARD the middle of the next week, when at last the machine shop delivered the flat metal pieces, Watson and Crick began to build the model. These pieces were thin plates of galvanized sheet metal, cut to the shapes of the purine and pyrimidine rings, with brass rods, three millimetres thick, welded to the corners, sticking out and cut to the right lengths for the bonds. Crick devised a neat theorem, which he has since forgotten, that allowed them at this stage to erect a section of one strand only, knowing that the geometry of the other was accounted for. Then, when measurements proved that no atoms were squeezed too tight or rattling too loose, Watson began to build the complementary half—and still, at first, had trouble seeing how to make it run in the opposite direction. The model took shape slowly, on the table in the middle of the room. The scale was five centimetres to the angstrom, so one complete turn would be nearly two yards tall. The plates and rods were spidery. The stands and clamps that held the structure up were visually obtrusive. In a mounting rush of excitement, Watson and Crick completed the model on Saturday evening, March 7th. Crick went home to bed.

That day, Maurice Wilkins wrote a letter to Crick:

> Thank you for your letter on the polypeptides. I think you will be interested to know that our dark lady leaves us next week & much of the 3 dimensional data is already in our hands. I am now reasonably clear of other commitments & have started up a general offensive on Nature's secret strongholds on all fronts: models, theoretical chemistry & interpretation of data crystalline and comparative. At last the decks are clear & we can put all hands to the pumps!
>
> It won't be long now.
> Regards to all,
> yours ever,
> M.

Wilkins' letter reached Cambridge the following Monday. "It was a remarkable thing," Crick said recently. "I went to my desk, opened the letter from Maurice, you know, 'dark lady' and this sort of thing, and I looked across, and I thought, was it more a question of laughing or—well, you know, sadness almost. You see, there was the model."

Watson and Crick now began to check with plumb line and measuring rod the coördinates of every atom in one of the pairs of nucleotides, so that the structure could be described. Crick began beating Watson to the office in the mornings. Perutz and Kendrew were shown the model several times, with excited lectures by Crick. Bragg was in bed with flu when first told about the model, but when he came in he quickly saw the power of complementary replication; a physical structure with built-in biological consequences stirred his profound interest in the nature of things. Watson and Crick were riding a surge of interest and enthusiasm among their colleagues. The number of visitors increased daily, and Crick gave his talk over and over. Alexander Todd, called in at Bragg's request, confirmed that the structure was biochemically plausible; there were no obvious oversights. Many of the physicists in the Cavendish first heard of the secret of life one afternoon at tea. G. F. C. Searle, an experimental physicist who had collaborated at the Cavendish with J. J. Thomson before the turn of the century—he was now eighty-eight—asked to be shown the model. He stared at it; then he said that if this was the basis of human heredity, "no wonder we're such a queer lot!" Watson and Crick began drafting a letter to *Nature* to announce the discovery.

At midweek, Watson received a letter from Pauling. A conference about protein structure was being organized to take place in Pasadena the following September, and Pauling had decided to include nucleic acids, too, so he asked Watson to be sure to arrive at Caltech to take up his fellowship early enough to attend the conference. Pauling went on to say that Delbrück had told him Watson had found "a beautiful new structure for the nucleic acids," and he was curious about the details. This, of course, was Watson's ephemeral like-with-like scheme. Pauling added that he had just made modifications in his own structure to increase some of the distances between atoms; he and Corey did not hold "that our structure has been proved to be right, although we incline to think that it is."

On Thursday, March 12th, Watson wrote a long letter to Delbrück explaining the new model fully, with diagrams, and saying, toward the end:

> The model has been derived almost entirely from stereochemical considerations with the only X-ray consideration being

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the spacing between the pairs of bases 3.4 A which was originally found by Astbury. It tends to build itself with approximately 10 residues per turn in 34 A. The screw is right-handed.

The X-ray pattern approximately agrees with the model, but since the photographs available to us are poor and meager (we have no photographs of our own and like Pauling must use Astbury's photographs), this agreement in no way constitutes a proof of our model. We are certainly a long way from proving its correctness. To do this we must obtain collaboration from the group at King's College, London, who possess very excellent photographs of a crystalline phase in addition to rather good photographs of a paracrystalline phase. Our model has been made in reference to the paracrystalline form and as yet we have no clear ideas as to how these helices can pack together to form the crystalline phase.

In a postscript, Watson asked Delbrück not to mention the letter to Pauling.

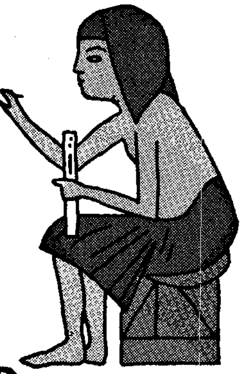
About the same time, John Kendrew telephoned Wilkins.

ONE July morning nearly twenty years later, at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, on Long Island, where Watson is now the director and where Max Delbrück has often spent the summer working, Delbrück and I were sitting on a bench in the shade, looking down the long lawn and out across the water toward some small boats moored on the far side. We had been talking about Oswald Avery's first demonstration, in the early nineteen-forties, that DNA carried genetic specificity, and how incomprehensible that discovery had appeared at the time. I asked Delbrück whether he had had a sense of dénouement in March of 1953, when he received Watson's letter describing the structure.

"Oh—I was fascinated," Delbrück said. He fell silent.

I asked again whether there was a sense of sudden illumination.

"I— Well, it was obviously right," he said. "There is a funny story connected with that. I had promised Pauling that I would tell him what the *structure* was *they* were *thinking* of the minute I heard more. Then I got this letter which said at the end don't show him. So I was in a dilemma." He explained that he wanted to tell others in the laboratory about it, he knew Pauling was eager to hear, and anyway he hated secrecy in scientific matters. "So my first reaction was to call up Pauling and say I have the news, come on over," he continued. "And he did, and I just gave him the letter and walked out of the room. And I came back ten minutes later, and he



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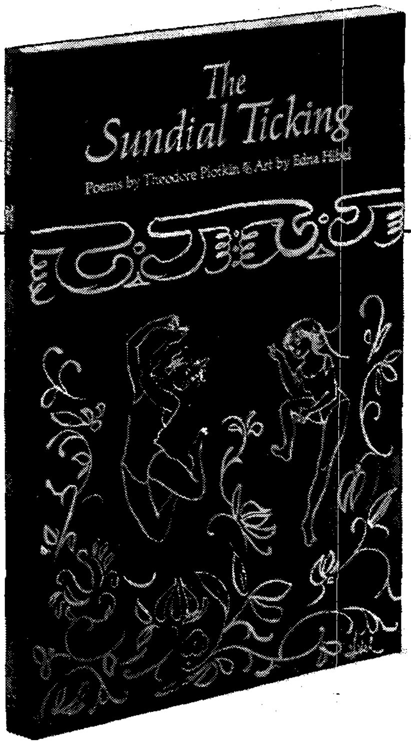

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laughed and said, 'Did you finish reading the letter? Because at the end it says . . .' Pauling was convinced, effectively, within five minutes. He had this rival structure at the time."

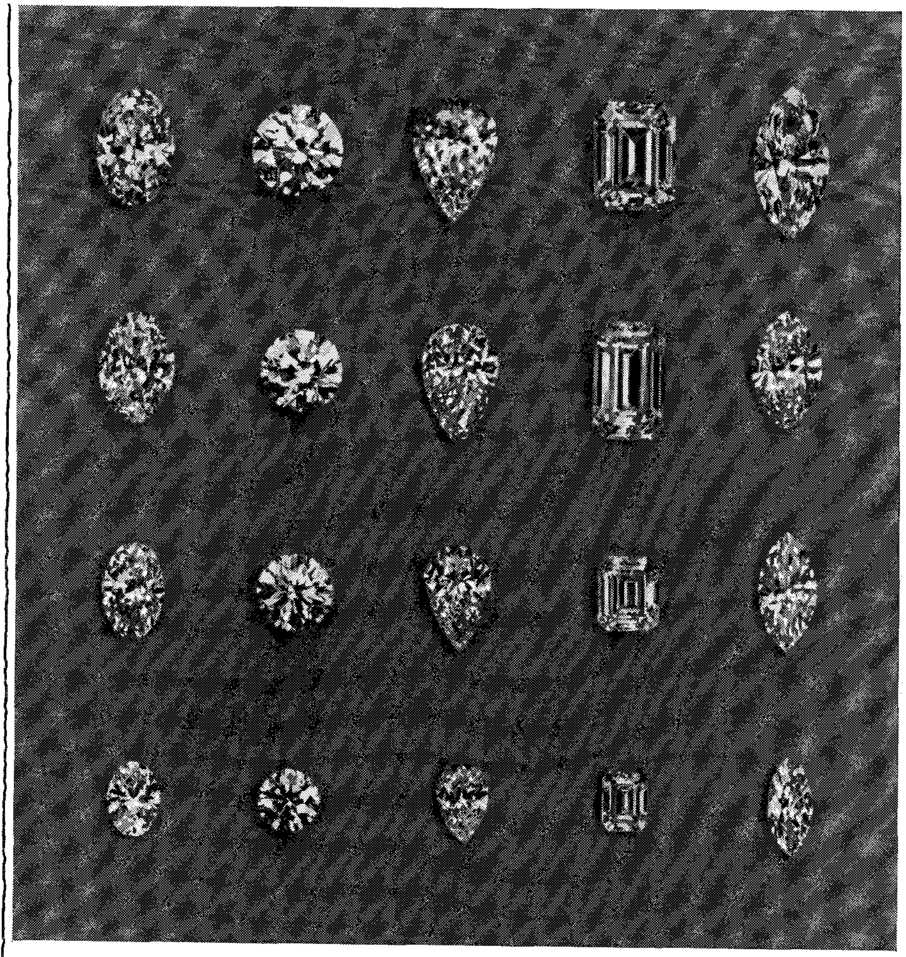
We talked some more about the reception of the model.

"But look out," Delbrück said. "The dénouement at that point was only with respect to the structure and the replication mechanism. How you used this Watson-Crick structure to—as we now say—*code* for anything, to carry genetic specificity, that was still very, very obscure."

Was it not even evident that the place to look was in the sequence of nucleotides?

"In some way, of course, for that was the only degree of freedom left. But how you could use the sequence to code information for amino acids to build proteins was just completely baffling. It was George Gamow"—a physicist, not a chemist—"who had the boldness a few months later to propose an extremely simple scheme: that the amino acids themselves fitted physically into the DNA." That is, that they fitted into the groove between the two chains. "Every chemist immediately saw this was utter nonsense," Delbrück went on. "It was manifest it was complete crap, from the stereochemical point of view. And yet, as it turned out, he was remarkably close to the truth." Gamow's notion at least started people looking for the code and the machinery. "So in retrospect what the dénouement was," Delbrück concluded, "was that both the *principle* of replication and the *principle* of readout are very simple, and the actual machinery for doing it is *immensely* complex."

ON Tuesday, March 17th, Franklin and Gosling finished and dated the rough draft of a paper summarizing their incomplete conclusions about the B structure of DNA. By then, Franklin had moved to Birkbeck College; they had not been told of the model built in Cambridge. That day, or perhaps the day before, Wilkins received a copy of the letter that Watson and Crick had drafted for *Nature*. On the eighteenth, Wilkins wrote cheerfully to Crick; he asked that he be allowed to publish his experimental data simultaneously. He added that he'd just learned that Franklin and Gosling wanted to publish *their* data, too. In a postscript, Wilkins suggested a change in Watson and Crick's manuscript: "Could you delete the sentence 'It is known that there is much unpublished



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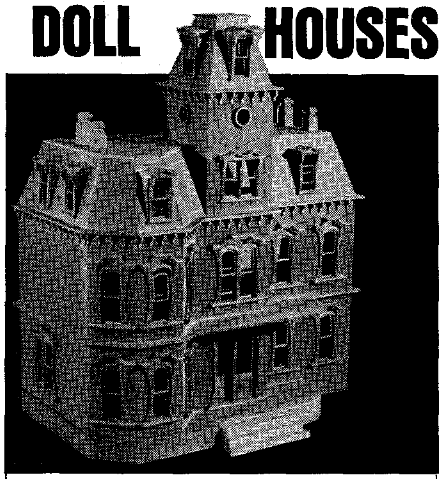

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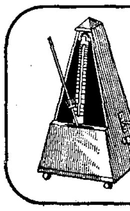

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experimental material.' (This reads a bit ironical.)"

First Wilkins, later Franklin took the train to Cambridge to see the model. Franklin gracefully agreed that the structure must be right, and her agreement surprised Watson, for he did not know how far she herself had come. Bragg made it clear that he thought three-way simultaneous publication was fair play.

Crick and Watson took longer to put together the final version of the letter to *Nature* than to build the model. The flat wording hardly conveyed the jubilation both men felt, though there were a couple of flourishes Watson could hug to himself. The letter was dispatched on April 2nd.

Pauling came to Cambridge the first week in April, a couple of days after the three papers were sent to *Nature*. He saw the model and a print of Franklin's X-ray pattern of the B form, listened to Crick's well-polished explanation, and agreed that the structure looked right. Pauling and Bragg then went to Brussels for the Solvay Conference of chemists, an occasional meeting, small and with a distinguished history, named for the Belgian chemist and industrialist Ernest Solvay. At the Solvay Conference, Bragg reported what Watson and Crick had found, and that was the first public announcement of the structure. Pauling supported Bragg and the structure generously, saying during the discussion, "Although it is only two months since Professor Corey and I published our proposed structure for nucleic acid, I think that we must admit that it is probably wrong. . . . Although some refinement might still be made, I feel that it is very likely that the Watson-Crick structure is essentially correct." He mentioned the method of replication inherent in the model, and said, "I think that the formulation of their structure by Watson and Crick may turn out to be the greatest development in the field of molecular genetics in recent years."

Among the forty-one participants at the conference was the Swedish biochemist Arne Tiselius, who had been a member of the Nobel Committee for Chemistry since 1946; Tiselius became president of the Nobel Foundation in 1960, two years before the prize in chemistry was given to Perutz and Kendrew, for the first solutions of the structures of proteins, and the prize in physiology or medicine to Crick, Watson, and Wilkins, for the structure of DNA.

The letter to *Nature* appeared in the April 25th issue. To those of its readers who were close to the question and had not already heard the news, the letter must have gone off like a string of depth charges in a calm sea. "We wish to suggest a structure for the salt of deoxyribose nucleic acid (D.N.A.). This structure has novel features which are of considerable biological interest," the letter began, and it ended, "It has not escaped our notice that the specific pairing we have postulated immediately suggests a possible copying mechanism for the genetic material." That last sentence has been called one of the most coy statements in the literature of science. According to Watson, Crick wrote it. Wilkins' paper followed, signed also by two of his associates at King's College—Alexander Stokes and H. R. Wilson. It was an application of helical-diffraction theory to DNA, and sprang to life and significance only in the last paragraphs, where Wilkins briefly reported that his X-ray-diffraction studies of intact sperm heads and of bacteriophage—both, of course, containing a high proportion of DNA—gave patterns suggesting that DNA in living creatures had a helical structure similar to the model just proposed. The note by Franklin and Gosling came next. It was a revision and extension of their draft from the middle of March, in the light of the model. It presented the crucial diffraction photograph of the B structure, and analyzed that and the other experimental evidence to show—with curt authority—that Franklin's data were compatible with Watson and Crick's structure.

"If Watson had been killed by a tennis ball I am reasonably sure I would not have solved the structure alone, but who would?" Crick wrote in *Nature* for the twenty-first anniversary of their first paper. He went on:

> Watson and I always thought that Linus Pauling would be bound to have another shot at the structure once he had seen the King's College X-ray data, but he has recently stated that even though he immediately liked our structure it took him a little time to decide finally that his own was wrong. Without our model he might never have done so. Rosalind Franklin was only two steps away from the solution.... She was, however, on the point of leaving King's College and DNA, to work instead on TMV [tobacco-mosaic virus] with Bernal. Maurice Wilkins had announced to us, just before he knew of our structure, that he was going to work full time on the problem.... I doubt myself whether the discovery of the structure could have been delayed for more than two or three years.
>
> There is a more general argument, however, recently proposed by Gunther Stent and supported by such a sophisticated thinker as [Sir Peter] Meda-

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war. This is that if Watson and I had not discovered the structure, instead of being revealed with a flourish it would have trickled out and that its impact would have been far less. For this sort of reason Stent had argued that a scientific discovery is more akin to a work of art than is generally admitted. Style, he argues, is as important as content.

I am not completely convinced . . . at least in this case. Rather than believe that Watson and Crick made the DNA structure, I would rather stress that the structure made Watson and Crick. After all, I was almost totally unknown at the time and Watson was regarded, in most circles, as too bright to be really sound. But what I think is overlooked in such arguments is the intrinsic beauty of the DNA double helix. It is the molecule which has style, quite as much as the scientists.

DISCOVERY, examined closely, I once said to Crick, seemed curiously difficult to pin to a moment or to an insight, or even to a single person.

"I don't think that's curious," Crick said. "I think that's the nature of discoveries, many times: that the reason they're difficult to make is that you've got to take a series of steps, three or four steps, and if you don't take them you won't get there, and if you go wrong in any one of them you won't get there. It isn't a matter of one jump—that would be easy. You've got to make several successive jumps. And usually the pennies drop one after another until eventually it all *clicks*. Otherwise, it would be too easy."

But was there a moment when DNA all clicked?

"Oh, yes, there was a moment when it clicked as far as *I* was concerned. That was the moment when Jerry Donohue told us about the tautomeric forms. I realized immediately that you could do the thing by base pairing. Though I didn't actually say that we should now build this, that, and the other, I thought it was obvious. I recall it as something I saw very clearly and I thought they saw very clearly; but I didn't actually spell it out in so many words. But that was the moment when, as it were, the final brick fell into place. It only needed—" He laughed. "From then on, you just had to try and see that it worked. But there was no further jump to be made."

What it came to, I said, was that the difference between Crick's experience of the discovery and Watson's was the moment when the solution was clear.

"Yes, well, I think Jim knew very clearly what it was, he experienced the same thing."

But Watson came in the next morning and found the right pairs, before Crick arrived.

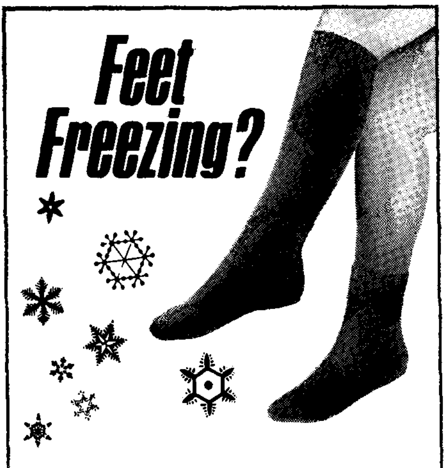
"That's right, yes, yes. I came in later. Oh, he did it all right, there's no doubt about it. But—but the feeling we had on that occasion was, it's very curious, that it would be *too good to be true* if it worked. You see. And if you ask me why I didn't do it myself that evening—I don't know. Jim got there very fast; we could have taken another week."

"I SOLVED it, I guess, because nobody else was paying full-time attention to the problem," Watson said to me. "Sure, you can say that a number of other people could have got it in the meantime. Francis wasn't really thinking about it. During that period of a week or so when I was really worrying about how to put the bases together, I don't think Francis was ever worrying about that. Now, *why* he wasn't: 'Well, Jim is thinking about it, and maybe if he doesn't get anywhere I'll think about it.' The thing was not that it was difficult for anyone to think through—it was getting yourself into a position where it was your only problem to think about. I had nothing else to do. I was totally underemployed. And I was the one who got it." He stopped, and breathed in with a hiss and a grimace. "The only one who might have would have been Francis—gone back that night, and, ah, done it."

Or Donohue, who knew everything that Crick and Watson knew?

"He could have done it. But he hadn't come to Cambridge to solve the problem. DNA was just, ah—you know, another big molecule, and nothing that unique about it."

THE strangest character in the pursuit of DNA is the one Watson created in "The Double Helix" for himself to hide behind: bumptious brilliance, surefooted gawkiness, Midwestern American youth in Europe. Maurice Wilkins knew Watson well at the time, and reviles Watson's memoir. "I'm Jim, I'm smart. Most of the time Francis is smart, too," Wilkins characterized it to me. "The rest are bloody clots." A little calmer, and more perceptively, Wilkins added, "Jim plays himself as the holy fool." Yet in reading "The Double Helix" one sees that Watson was more intuitive than he seemed to allow himself to appear, and surely more hagridden. His working title for "The Double Helix" when the first draft was circulating in manuscript in the United States and England was "Honest Jim." His writing is direct, nervous, clear, awkward as though through impatience, and more skillful than the self-characterization leads one to expect. Watson's college textbook,



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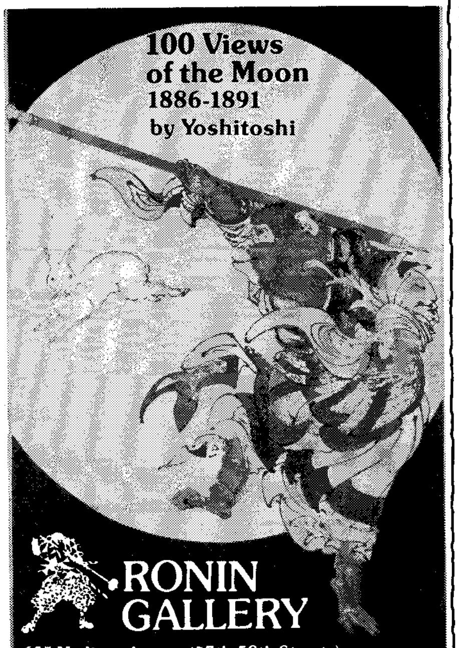
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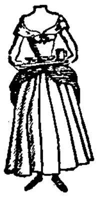
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published before the memoir, shows qualities that illuminate the later book. "Molecular Biology of the Gene": its title makes a large claim. The manner is authoritarian. There is urgency, even salt, but reflection is not stayed for, argument not brooked. Thus, the intellectual texture of science in process is, I think, stifled, and this is a loss of what ought to be the first, if most intangible, concern of great teaching. The text has sold exceedingly well in its own right.

Crick found "The Double Helix" an infuriating invasion of privacy, vulgar, inaccurate, and a gross violation of friendship. After reading one of the drafts, in the spring of 1967, he wrote Watson a six-page incandescently angry letter, and sent copies to at least ten other people involved, beginning with Sir Lawrence Bragg and Watson's boss at the time—Nathan Pusey, the president of Harvard. "Should you persist in regarding your book as history I should add that it shows such a naïve and egotistical view of the subject as to be scarcely credible," Crick wrote. "Anything with any intellectual content, including matters which were of central importance to us at the time, is skipped over or omitted. Your view of history is that found in the lower class of women's magazines." At the heart of Crick's rage was friendship betrayed, but there was an issue of another kind as well:

> Your book is misleading because it does not in fact accurately convey the atmosphere in which the work was done. Most of the time we were engaged in complicated intellectual discussions concerning points in crystallography and biochemistry. The major motivation was to understand. Science is not done merely by gossiping with other scientists, let alone by quarrelling with them. The most important requirements in theoretical work are a combination of accurate thinking and imaginative ideas.

Crick has got over most of the anger. For a while, his lab maintained a list of likely titles for a possible counter-memoir by Crick. Sydney Brenner, Crick's office mate in Cambridge for many years, suggested "Brighter Than a Thousand Jims." Crick's preference was "The Loose Screw," and he devised a snappy opening: "Jim was always clumsy with his hands. One had only to see him peel an orange." One point still astonishes him: Watson's continual references to the lust for a Nobel Prize. "Because on no occasion whatsoever do I recall anything of that being said by him to me," Crick told me. "It certainly didn't enter *my* thoughts, and it wasn't my impression

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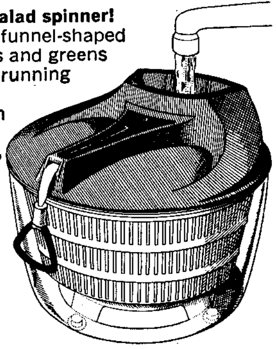

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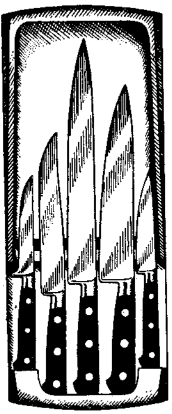

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that it was in *his* mind. My impression was that we were just, you know, *mad keen to solve the problem,* and all the related problems. So that did surprise me."

Bragg was kindest to Watson and his book. Where Crick had made him "fiercely annoyed," Watson, in his extreme youth, did not. Bragg wrote a gentle foreword to "The Double Helix"—observing, though, that "those who figure in the book must read it in a very forgiving spirit." Later, he told me, "I thought it ought to be published. They—Pauling and Wilkins and Crick—quite rightly thought it wasn't always accurate. That is not the book of a mature man at all. A rather brash young man coming to Europe for the first time, his violent reactions to it—that's the interest of the book. That's why I thought more or less it ought to be published—as a specimen. But you see, as I suppose young men wouldn't do, he hadn't the responsibility that I think a more mature man would have had, in that he ascribed actions and thoughts to people not because he knew they had 'em but because he thought it was the sort of thing they would do. A novelist's interpretation."

"PEOPLE always ask me, 'Are you doing science? Are you doing experiments?' And I say no, and then they seem to think that that's terrible, and that I should be very unhappy, but I'm really not unhappy at all," Watson said. "The thing that makes one happy is just the appearance of new science, so if I see new science appearing, then I'm happy." We were sitting in his office in the Biological Laboratories at Harvard in 1973. The room was narrow and extremely neat, with little obvious indication that science was the kind of scholarship practiced there. A very few pieces of paper were arranged rectilinearly upon his desk, which was standard office issue, not large. Bookshelves covered part of the wall behind his chair. The books included biologists' reference works, several copies of his own books in various translations, just one copy of "The Double Helix" in English, and a number of books about theatre, among them "Tynan Right and Left" and Peter Brook's "The Empty Space." Watson said, "Largely, now I guess I'm an administrator." His speech was breathy, hesitant, arrhythmic, as though always half a step ahead of the thought or behind it. Students at Harvard have described his lecture style as talking to his own shirt pocket. He acknowledges such things with the same clarity of vision that he

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directs at his competitors and his friends. "I've never done much with my hands. I've been trying to get a group together at Cold Spring Harbor to work on mammalian cells—and when you try to create the conditions under which work can be done, that's largely administrative. And I write books now. I've edited together a book on cancer viruses; the lab will publish it. There's a new edition of 'Molecular Biology of the Gene.' It's very hard, you cannot be on top of it all, you oversimplify, you know you oversimplify, and you hope you're not caught—caught in the bad-conceptual sense.

"I think I would hate to be in a position where I didn't have to know facts. To me, you're still a scientist if you know the facts. And still try to think about them. So I don't think I've got out of science. I find the question am I still in science awful. Some people used to ask me, you know, to explain DNA. They ask you, 'What is the significance of DNA for mankind, Dr. Watson?' It's unanswerable."

HIGH achievement in youth must leave a residue of nostalgia. "The Double Helix" ends in the spring of 1953 with Watson in Paris "looking at the long-haired girls near St. Germain des Prés and knowing they were not for me. I was twenty-five and too old to be unusual." One dismisses that; yet in his textbook Watson wrote about the structure of DNA, "Before the answer was known, there had always been the mild fear that it would turn out to be dull, and reveal nothing about how genes replicate and function. Fortunately, however, the answer was immensely exciting." Five weeks after the publication of Watson and Crick's first paper in *Nature*, their second appeared, in which, after re-explaining the structure and the evidence, they pursued some of the genetical implications:

> Previous discussions of self-duplication have usually involved the concept of a template, or mould. Either the template was supposed to copy itself directly or it was to produce a "negative," which in its turn was to act as a template and produce the original "positive" once again. In no case has it been explained in detail how it would do this in terms of atoms and molecules.

The elucidation of the structure of DNA called for a new kind of functional explanation:

> Now our model for deoxyribonucleic acid is, in effect, a *pair* of templates, each of which is complementary to the other. We imagine that prior to duplication the hydrogen bonds [connecting each of the pairs of bases] are broken, and the two chains unwind and separate. Each chain then acts as a template for the formation on to itself of a new companion chain, so that eventually we shall have *two* pairs of chains, where we only had one before. Moreover, the sequence of the pairs of bases will have been duplicated exactly.

They acknowledged the most puzzling objection that had been raised to the model, but they did not answer it:

> Since the two chains in our model are intertwined, it is essential for them to untwist if they are to separate.... Whatever the precise structure of the chromosome a considerable amount of uncoiling would be necessary.... Although it is difficult at the moment to see how these processes occur without everything getting tangled, we do not feel that this objection will be insuperable.

It has been said that the packing of all sorts of molecules inside a cell is so dense that it makes a rush-hour subway in New York or Tokyo seem uncrowded. A mammalian cell, invisible to the eye, contains—along with its enzymes and other proteins, fats, sugars, amino acids, nucleotides and other building blocks, energy-carrying molecules, and the rest—a yard of double-stranded DNA. How uncoiling and recoiling proceeds in that tiny space is still not understood very well. The structure of chromosomes—the arrangement and functioning of the DNA and the protein in them—remains a problem, too. Crick returned to that in the early nineteen-seventies.

In June of 1953, Watson went to Cold Spring Harbor for the annual symposium, which that year was about viruses. Most of the phage group was there. A paper by Watson and Crick had been inserted in the program at the last minute. Before the meeting, Delbrück distributed, as required reading, copies of Watson and Crick's first paper in *Nature*. They wrote one more paper on DNA, the longest—sixteen pages—and most complete exposition of the arguments they had developed. It was finished that summer and appeared in *Proceedings of the Royal Society* late the following winter. At the end of the summer, Watson left Cambridge for his fellowship at Caltech. In September, almost the entire cast of the drama reassembled in Pasadena for Pauling's protein conference, as though for a curtain call. Pauling and Delbrück were there, Watson had taken up residence, Crick came, and Bragg, Perutz, Kendrew, Randall, Astbury, Wilkins, and thirty-eight others. Franklin stayed in London. That was a meeting buoyant, even effervescent, with achievement. Pauling pursued further the bio-

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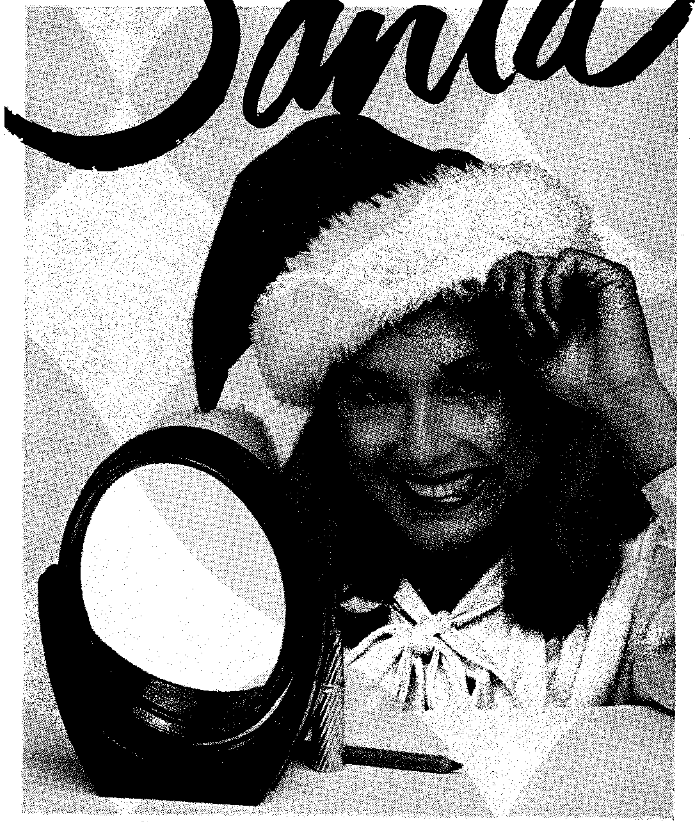

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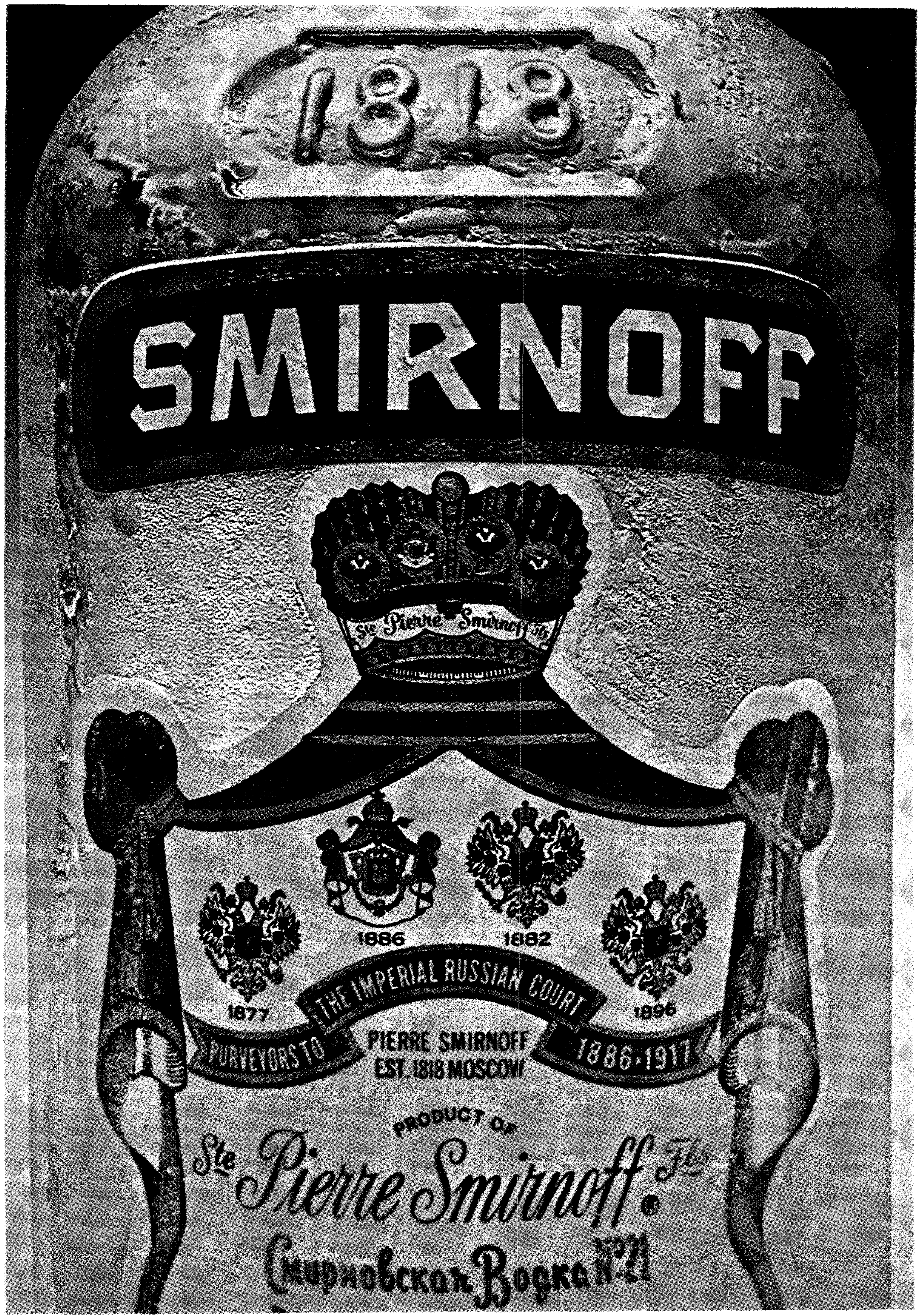
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From Pasadena that fall, Watson wrote to Crick objecting to the idea that Crick might give a talk about the discovery over the BBC:

> I still think a talk on the Third [Programme] would be in bad taste. There are still those who think we pirated data and I'm of the belief that a few enemies are worse than a few admirers. . . . Basically, however, you are the one to suffer most from your attempts at self-publicity. My main concern is not to be dragged into it.

He then mentioned a plan to study the structure of the other nucleic acid, RNA. He and Crick hoped that its structure would emerge just as neatly, but it proved very much tougher. Meanwhile, it was left to others to clean up the details of the Watson-Crick model of DNA and resolve some doubts that it inspired.

MORE was involved than simply sweeping up the marble chips: essential points of confirmation were missing. From April through September of 1953, Watson and Crick had written four papers and given several talks to scientific audiences about their proposed structure; while these had grown in mastery of both the argument and the evidence, all the evidence, even in the paper for the Royal Society, was from other people's work. The model that Watson and Crick had devised, despite its physical presence on a table in the corner of a room at the Cavendish Laboratory, had its only significant status as a theory: a theory in the neutral, non-pejorative sense in which Francis Crick, or Albert Einstein, for that matter, was a theoretician. The model of DNA was a proposal about the physical nature of a biological substance. The proposal had consequences: if it was false, certain consequences should fail to be found by experiment. The first scientific purpose of the series of papers was to elaborate what the consequences were, so that the model, the theory, could be tested. The papers' second purpose, of course, was part of the practical work of science: to bring the structure to general awareness, to begin weaving it ever deeper into the unrolling pattern of thought of the scientific community.

The first independent confirmation of the structure came from Franklin, now at Birkbeck College, and Gosling, still at King's. In the spring of 1953, they finished their crystallographic work on DNA. With the model of the B structure in mind, Franklin at last resolved her great difficulties over the Patterson synthesis of the A structure. She had the measurements and math in hand, and quickly showed that the A structure, too, fitted the sort of model proposed, with exactly the changes that the differences in length of the DNA fibres called for. In July of 1953, she wrote in *Nature:*

> We suggest that the unit in structure A is, as in structure B, two co-axial helical chains running in opposite directions. In the change from B to A the number of residues [nucleotide pairs] per turn increases from ten to eleven and the pitch of the helix decreases from 34 angstroms to 28 angstroms.

The two structures were, after all, so similar that the reversible transition between A and B was fully explained. As the molecules shortened to the A structure, the distance between bases shrank from 3.4 angstroms to 2.5, and the base pairs no longer lay flat but tilted at about twenty-five degrees.

The second kind of confirmation needed was biological. In particular, if DNA multiplied by the two strands' unwinding while each dictated the assembly on itself of a new complementary strand, plucking the unique pairing nucleotides out of the soup, then those two original strands were still present in the two daughter molecules, divided between them, and still present among the four molecules of the next doubling, the eight of the next, and so on. In principle, somewhere in the billions of cells in a fully developed newborn baby there survived unchanged, though many times unwound and rewound, the original strands of DNA from the father and the mother which had been brought together in a single cell at the moment of conception. This idea is a unique consequence of the theory—of the model. If the original strands could be picked out unchanged, then the method of replication called for by the model would be distinguished from two other possibilities: one, called dispersive, in which no structure is conserved but, rather, all the DNA is broken down into fragments that are assembled into new DNA by some means that would be the immediate object of a worldwide hunt; the other, totally conservative, in

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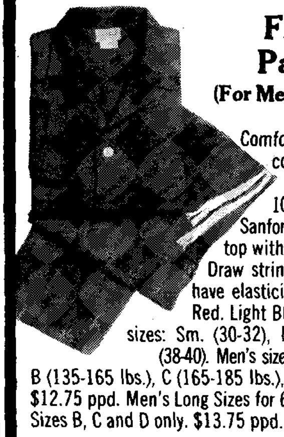

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which the double strand does not unravel at all but is copied into new double strands in some other fashion. Gunther Stent was the first to set out the three alternatives, in a paper he published with Max Delbrück. Between the two possibilities lay the one predicted by the Watson-Crick model, which Stent called semi-conservative replication. Proof was a matter for bacterial and phage geneticists. A first try to find it was made, soon after Watson and Crick proposed the structure, with the use of radioactive phosphorus to label the starting generation of DNA in micro-organisms. The results were ambiguous, and thereafter the pursuit became increasingly ingenious.

I first heard of semi-conservative replication on the morning of New Year's Day, 1958, in Chicago. While seven of us who had been undergraduates together at the University of Chicago in the late forties (we had overlapped Watson's last year there) were sitting over bacon and eggs and coffee, Matthew Meselson, who had just finished his Ph.D. with Pauling at Caltech, took a photograph from his wallet and passed it around the table. The picture showed a stack of gray stripes with narrow dark-gray bands crossing them—some stripes with one band, some with two or three, close together near the middle. The photograph was the main result of an experiment that Meselson had devised with Franklin Stahl, a postdoctoral fellow at Caltech. Their paper had not yet been written. The work it describes is now recognized as displaying the rarest technical skill, while conceptually its demonstration of the way DNA reproduces itself has become, simply, part of the mainstream. In its place toward the end of the history of the elucidation of the structure and function of DNA, Meselson and Stahl's paper possessed an importance—an authority—like that of Oswald Avery's announcement, fourteen years earlier, of the isolation of the transforming principle and its identification as DNA. "Classic" was Watson's word for Meselson and Stahl's paper. In a conversation one day in 1974, John Cairns, Watson's predecessor as director of Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, startled me by describing Meselson's demonstration without qualification as "the most beautiful experiment in biology."

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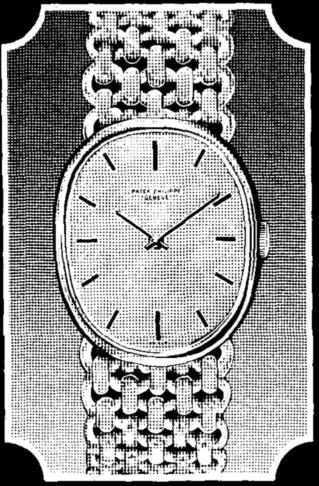
served, and the much-multiplied progeny. Meselson told us something about those false starts as he explained the photograph that winter morning, and he and I have since talked about the experiment again. Meselson and Stahl first met when Stahl was taking a course at Woods Hole in the summer of 1954 while Meselson was doing a research project there. Even in their first conversations about semi-conservative replication, though others said that radioactive labelling was the obvious technique they wondered whether they could instead use differences in density to label the DNA strands. The notion was not unlike radioactive labelling, except that it would use weight. They thought to grow a crop of micro-organisms in a broth that provided some element essential to growth in the form of a heavy isotope, then to grow a single generation in a normal broth, harvest the DNA, and try to separate heavy molecules from light with a centrifuge. They first talked about using heavy hydrogen, the double-weight isotope of ordinary hydrogen, which could be introduced in the form of heavy water. Then, a year later, when Meselson and Stahl were both at Caltech—sharing a house in Pasadena with some other apprentice biologists, just across the street from their lab—they began trying to label phage DNA with an unusual pyrimidine called 5-bromouracil, which is like the normal base thymine except that it contains an atom of bromine and so is much heavier; the phage mistook the fake for the real thymine and incorporated it into their growing DNA. But the labelled phage kept breaking into bits in the centrifuge. "Phage were too tough—that is, too fragile—to handle," Meselson said. "It was a mess."

Meanwhile, they had invented a new way to use the ultracentrifuge. The technique is called density-gradient centrifugation, and, despite the opaque term, the idea behind it is hardly more complicated than the observation that swimmers don't sink in the Great Salt Lake or the Dead Sea. Indeed, a density gradient is a subtle refinement of the insight upon which Archimedes shouted "Eureka!" Archimedes made his discovery in the bath; Meselson began his at the dinner table. "In the house where we lived at Caltech, we had a periodic table of the elements on the guest-room wall," Meselson said. "It was a big chart, made of oilcloth—a beautiful chart. Anyway, the first experiment we did was at dinner. We had sugar on the table—I remember the evening very clearly; Frank and I and some other people were there—and I



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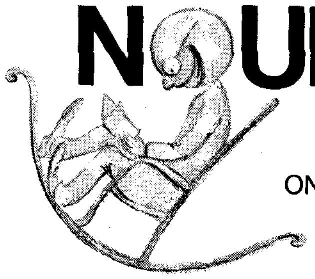

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just put sugar, a *lot* of sugar, in a glass, and filled it with water, and then cut off a piece of fingernail and dropped it in, just to see if you could float, in a solution like that, materials of the density of DNA. I mean, we didn't know exactly the density of DNA—though we sure did later—but fingernail seemed a reasonable analogy. And the fingernail sank, even in the strongest sugar solution. So we needed something denser. We went to the chart in the guest room and said, 'Well, we want something like table salt, sodium chloride, but very dense,' so we read straight down the chart from sodium to the heavier elements that are chemically similar—potassium, rubidium, and then cesium, which is the last naturally occurring element in that group. And we could have used other salts of cesium—the bromide, the iodide—but we knew that the chloride was the most stable and least likely to hurt the DNA. So we chose cesium chloride." Meselson had thus selected a solution of salt in water, like the Great Salt Lake except that the salt was much heavier.

Sure enough, cesium chloride produced a solution whose density was finely adjusted to match the densities of the substances that they wanted to have float, or sink, or remain suspended. In the laboratory of Jerome Vinograd, a physical chemist, was a new-model centrifuge designed to allow photographs to be taken of an individual tube as it was spinning. With this machine, they found that if a tube of a solution of cesium chloride was spun for a few hours at about forty-five thousand revolutions per minute, the salt—even though it was in solution, diffused throughout the water—was forced to become more concentrated toward the bottom of the tube. Here was the crucial improvement over Archimedes. The salt concentration formed a gradient of increasing density. "We were surprised at how quickly such gradients approach their equilibrium state," Meselson said. When DNA was present in the solution, too, and spinning, extreme forces—a hundred and forty thousand times the strength of gravity—acted on the individual molecules. Those that started out in the lower part of the salt gradient, where the density soon became greater than their own, rose buoyantly, while the ones near the top were driven down, until they all reached the narrow region of the gradient that matched their own density exactly. The result, when the tube was photographed by passing ultraviolet light through it, was a dark band across the lighter gray of the solution.

After the detour through phage and 5-bromouracil, Meselson and Stahl went back to their original idea of using a heavy isotope for labelling. "And we switched from phage DNA to pure DNA from bacteria—old *Escherichia coli* itself," Meselson said. He was referring to the bacterium that has become the most widely used, thoroughly understood experimental creature in biology. "There was a little bit of a thought leap involved in that. Which sounds ridiculous now, but— In fact, it sounds shameful now. But if you work with bacteriophage T4, even though you grow the darned things on *E. coli*, you're a phage worker. To do an experiment on the actual *E. coli* takes a little bit of a leap—it's like going to a mouse. Even if not quite so big a leap. And it was a special kind of leap, in that very sophisticated, intelligent people worked with phage but a rather dull lot of people worked with bacteria—or maybe people who weren't liked so much in our lab. These things were never spoken, but they'd float around at the back of your mind somewhere. Caltech was Delbrück and the phage group, and people who worked on bacteria were—shall we say?—outside the circle. Now, *none* of this is sensible. But in the background I think there was this aversion to bacteria. Still, we took the leap. And then it worked fine."

Meselson and Stahl chose for their label the heavy (and non-radioactive) isotope of nitrogen, an atom of which has a weight equivalent to fifteen hydrogen atoms, and is therefore written N^{15}, where ordinary nitrogen has an atomic weight of fourteen and is written N^{14}. They grew *E. coli* for fourteen generations at blood heat in a broth wherein the only source of nitrogen was ammonium chloride—a white salt known for centuries as sal ammoniac—that had been compounded with the heavy nitrogen. After fifteen hours, the bacteria reached a concentration of a billion in every spoonful, and the heavy nitrogen had been built into the bases of all their DNA. Such DNA, Meselson and Stahl reckoned, should have a density almost one per cent greater than normal. They took out a sample of about four billion bacteria—and then abruptly switched the rest of the culture to growing on light nitrogen, by adding a great excess of ammonium chloride made with the ordinary element.

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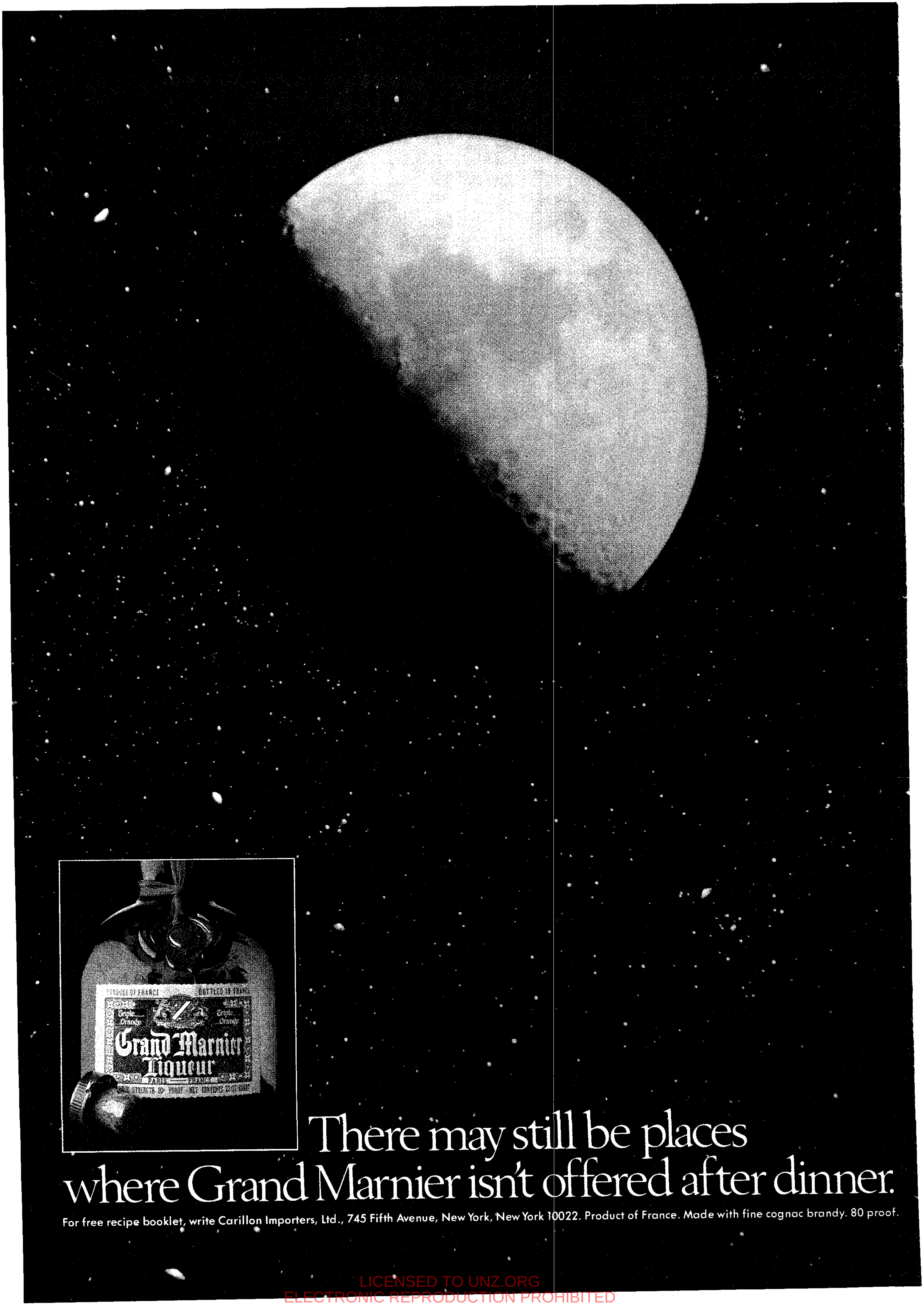
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more generations, they took another sample. Finally, as a reference point, they made up a separate sample of ordinary, unlabelled bacteria. Each sample was quickly chilled, and centrifuged lightly for five minutes to drive the bacteria into a pellet. The cells in each sample were then broken open, by the addition of a simple detergent, to release their DNA; a measured portion of each sample was put into cesium-chloride solution, and each tube was spun at forty-four thousand seven hundred and seventy revolutions per minute for twenty hours.

The DNA from the first sample, harvested before the lighter nitrogen was introduced, formed a crisply defined band toward the denser, lower end of the gradient. The DNA from the unlabelled reference sample formed a band higher up. When the two types were mixed and spun, they separated: two bands formed, with a space between. So much for the controls. In the central experiment, if replication was semi-conservative, then precisely at the end of the first generation of bacteria grown with ordinary nitrogen all the DNA in the sample should be hybrid: each newly grown double helix composed of a heavy and a light strand, so that it would all show up in a single stripe midway between the labelled and the unlabelled—heavy and light—positions in the gradient. Then, in the second generation, Meselson expected to find DNA molecules of two kinds—some hybrid, others now unlabelled chains only. (But if replication was totally conservative, then there would always be two bands, labelled and unlabelled, and never a band of mixed density. And if replication was dispersive—not even single strands conserved—then there would be only one band, in the middle position, of average density.)

The photo that Meselson showed us New Year's Day could be read like a chart. It arrayed all the different samples, one above another, the bands shifting position and number as one read down. In their paper, Meselson and Stahl said:

> The degree of labeling of a partially labeled species of DNA may be determined directly from the relative position of its band between the band of fully labeled DNA and the band of unlabeled DNA.... It may be seen... that, until one generation time has elapsed, half-labeled molecules accumulate, while fully-labeled DNA is depleted. One generation time after the addition of N^{14}, these half-labeled or "hybrid" molecules alone are observed. Subsequently, only half-labeled DNA and completely unlabeled DNA are found. When two generation times have elapsed... half-labeled and unlabeled DNA are present in equal amounts.

Sitting around the breakfast table, we could see that in the picture almost without explanation. The paper went on:

> The nitrogen of a DNA molecule is divided equally between two subunits which remain intact through many generations.... Following replication, each daughter molecule has received one parental subunit.... The results of the present experiment are in exact accord with the expectations of the Watson-Crick model for DNA duplication.

Soon after Meselson got back to Pasadena that winter, Max Delbrück carried him and Stahl off to the Kerckhoff Marine Station, run by Caltech, on the sea at Corona Del Mar, and locked them in an upstairs room with two sleeping bags and a typewriter until they wrote that paper.

Rosalind Franklin, at Birkbeck College, worked with Aaron Klug to get the structure of tobacco-mosaic virus by X-ray crystallography—a project that Bernal had begun before the war and that Watson had visited in a lightning raid in the spring of 1952, during which he learned to recognize a helix in an X-ray pattern. Franklin substantially brought out the details of the virus structure before her death, in 1958.

Maurice Wilkins, at King's College, London, went on refining the structures of the A, the B, and other forms of DNA with more X-ray crystallography, and proved that the B structure could be found in the DNA of any species, from viruses to mammals. He and his associates obtained pictures, and from them structures, of DNA in its different forms at progressively higher resolutions, and published a long series of papers. Their improved structure for the B form differed considerably from Watson and Crick's original in details of the backbones—most significantly by a shift in the angle of the five-carbon sugars, which brings the bases in more snugly to the center. The improved model took Wilkins seven years.

"You mustn't give the impression that the discovery was all done in a fiercely competitive race," Crick said.

I answered that to some extent the impression was inevitable when the relevant events were picked out of the streamy mass and put in order.

"I see that—but it wasn't actually *like* that at the time," Crick said. "I mean, people didn't feel as strongly. Life was much more relaxed, you

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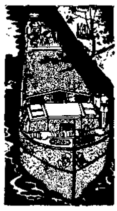

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know. Jim— The only person who thought it was a race was Jim; nobody else did. Not only that, but there was more *science* than people realize. I mean, outsiders don't understand the amount of intellectual effort that had to go in—as opposed to just sort of having bright ideas. At least, that's my impression. Because unless you know what the Fourier transform of a helix *means*—how to manipulate the mathematics of helical-diffraction theory—then you're going to go away with the impression that we could have done it without that. And that's what these young men don't always realize—that you've got to learn to do a lot of hard thinking in order to have bright ideas, you see. And Jim was quite good, you understand, at picking it up. I mean, by the time I'd finished tutoring Jim he understood helical-diffraction theory better than Perutz and Kendrew did at that time, you see. I don't think he'd ever have learned it by himself; he had to be taught. And then, of course, you must remember I wasn't really working on this problem, I was working on a thesis on proteins; that's why the work was haphazard."

A FRIEND who is a scientist asked me one day, "Who was Jim competing with?"

Not with Pauling, I said. That competition was factitious.

"Not with Rosalind Franklin, either," he said. "She didn't really count, after all. Yet Jim's book reeks of competition."

The book laid the competition to Pauling, I said.

"But Jim didn't love Pauling," the friend said. "He loved Francis."

I waited.

"There has to be an extraordinary interaction between two people before the mind can do what they did. Jim and Francis talked in half sentences. They understood each other almost without words. Modern science is said to be run by teams—but not in this sense at all. Jim and Francis were pretty nearly unique. Perhaps Delbrück and Salvador Luria had it in the years when they were first working with phage. Jacques Monod and François Jacob at the Institut Pasteur. I've known it myself briefly. And Jim and Francis. That marvellous resonance between two minds—that high state in which one plus one does not equal two but more like ten. It can't be common. Linus Pauling and Francis are as nearly alike as any two you could imagine, in brilliance, in strength and dominance of mind—even in looks, as Jim recog-

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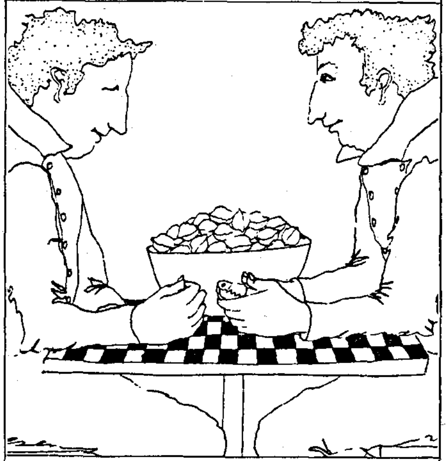

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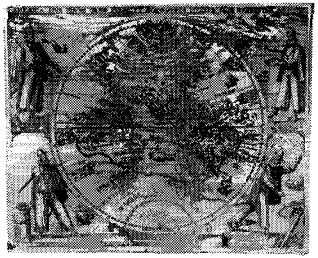

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nized at once. But if Jim wasn't competing with Pauling, who was he competing with really? Who are the other candidates?"

Did my friend think Watson was competing with Crick, I asked.

He nodded, with a slight smile. "Yes," he said. "Understand me. The love and the competition are one and the same. You want to have esteem in the other's eyes. Jim was a young Chicagoan with a Midwestern accent, meeting the English for the first time. He brought to Francis that vacuum you carry with *you* when *you* come from Chicago. Francis was the one whose regard moved Jim. You want to excel. You want to perform for the other."

"I STARTED out in genetics. I'm still interested in genetics," Watson said. It was the first time I had gone to see him, at his Harvard laboratory, in the spring of 1971. "The work with mammalian cells is no big change. I'm still interested in cells and their organization. One tool that has been very useful in studying bacterial cells has been bacterial viruses. Phage. And now, again, you have viruses that multiply in higher cells, which are very useful tools. If you study these, you can study a tumor, or some kinds of tumor. It's not a big jump. It's a very small jump." He paused, and drew in his breath as though his gums were sore. "You can wonder whether you can just have enough facts in your head sometimes."

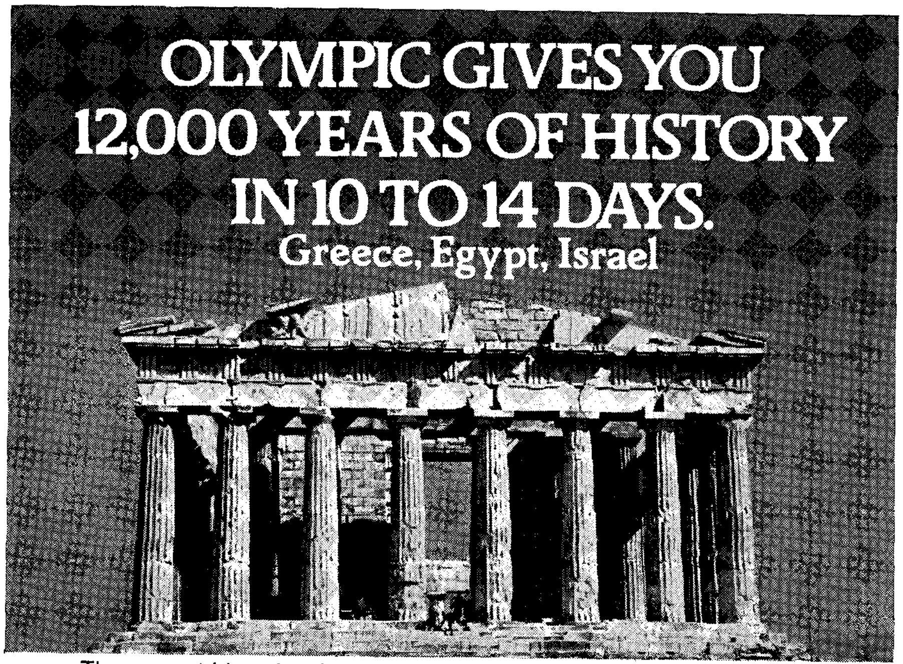
How serious was that, really?

"Very serious. One feels that those who are— People like Francis and Sydney Brenner and myself—there will be very few people who will try to be as general as we are."

I remarked that some former colleagues say that "The Double Helix" exaggerates the competitiveness of science.

Watson's manner changed. He bit the words out sharply. "I probably understated it. It is *the dominant motive* in science. It starts at the beginning. If you publish first, you become a professor first; your future depends on some indication that you can do something by yourself. It's that simple. Competitiveness is very, very dominant. The chief emotion in the field. The second is you have to prove to yourself that you can do it—and that's the same thing. You've got to keep doing it; you can't just . . . once."

OUTSIDE on Divinity Avenue, as I left Watson that spring day, ice still lay in the shady corners. Sev-



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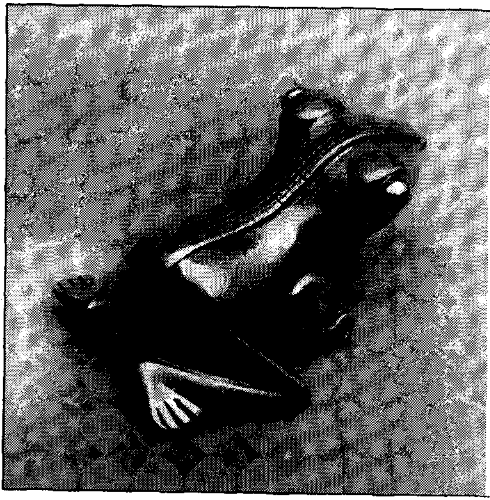

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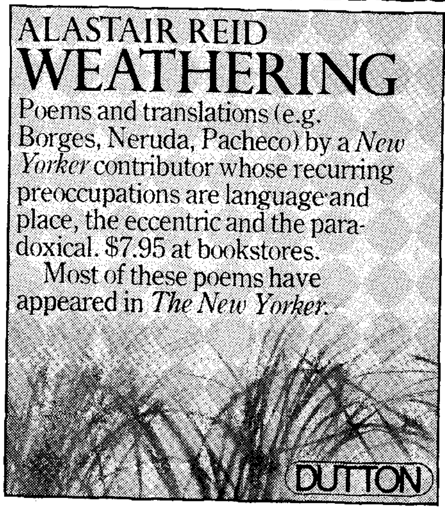

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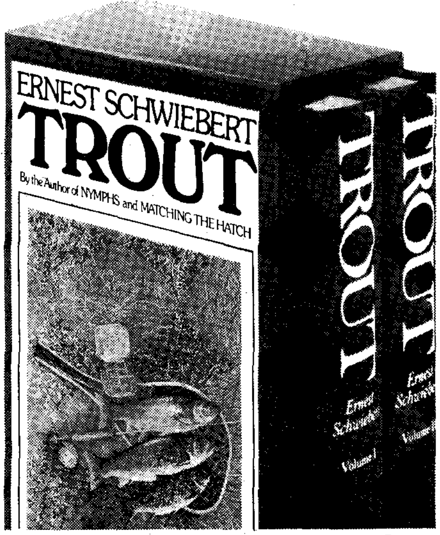

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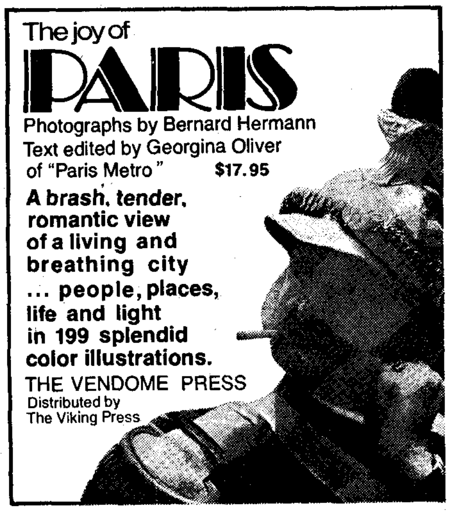
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en weeks earlier, in London, when I talked with Sir Lawrence Bragg, crocuses had been in bloom. Bragg had got his Nobel Prize in 1915, at the age of twenty-five—the prize in physics—for the invention of X-ray crystallography and the solution of the first crystal structures, beginning with common salt. Bragg was, and remains, the youngest person ever to receive a Nobel Prize. Over the decades since, he had developed the science he invented and watched it grow to the triumphs of Watson and Crick with the structure of DNA, and of Kendrew and Perutz with the first structures of proteins—molecules thousands of times larger than salt. For many years, too, until his death the summer after our conversation, he was the eldest statesman of Nobel Prize politics. He had campaigned for the Nobel Prizes for the discovery of the structures of DNA and of the first proteins. "I was glad to go to Stockholm in 1965—that was the year the Nobel was awarded to Jacques Monod," Bragg said now. "That was the fiftieth anniversary of my own." (Monod, with his colleagues François Jacob and André Lwoff, had received the prize in physiology or medicine for their discoveries in molecular biology by which the expression of the genetic message is controlled.) Then Bragg reflected on the discovery of the structure of DNA. Wilkins, he believed, had been bitterly disappointed. "Because he'd been working on it for *so* long. And then Perutz and I said, 'Wilkins must be in on this.' And they published their contributions jointly in *Nature*. And later on, when it came to the Nobel Prize, I put every ounce of weight I could behind Wilkins' getting it along with them. It was just frightfully bad luck, really. It was one of those discoveries where— And the other thing was that that young Watson played an enormous part in it. I don't think Crick would ever have done it, apart from Watson, for a moment. Watson's enthusiasm was so enormous."

—HORACE FREELAND JUDSON

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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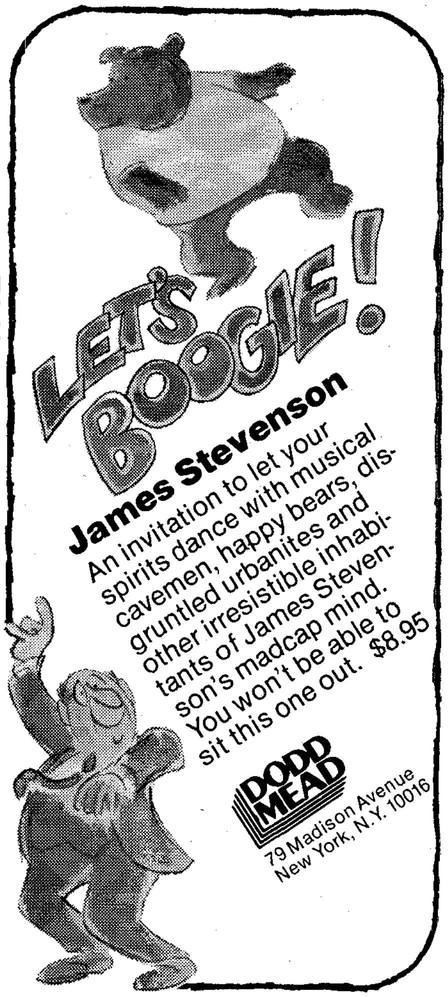
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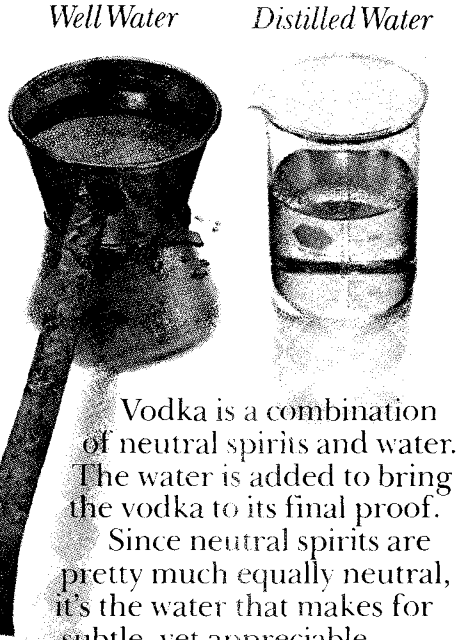

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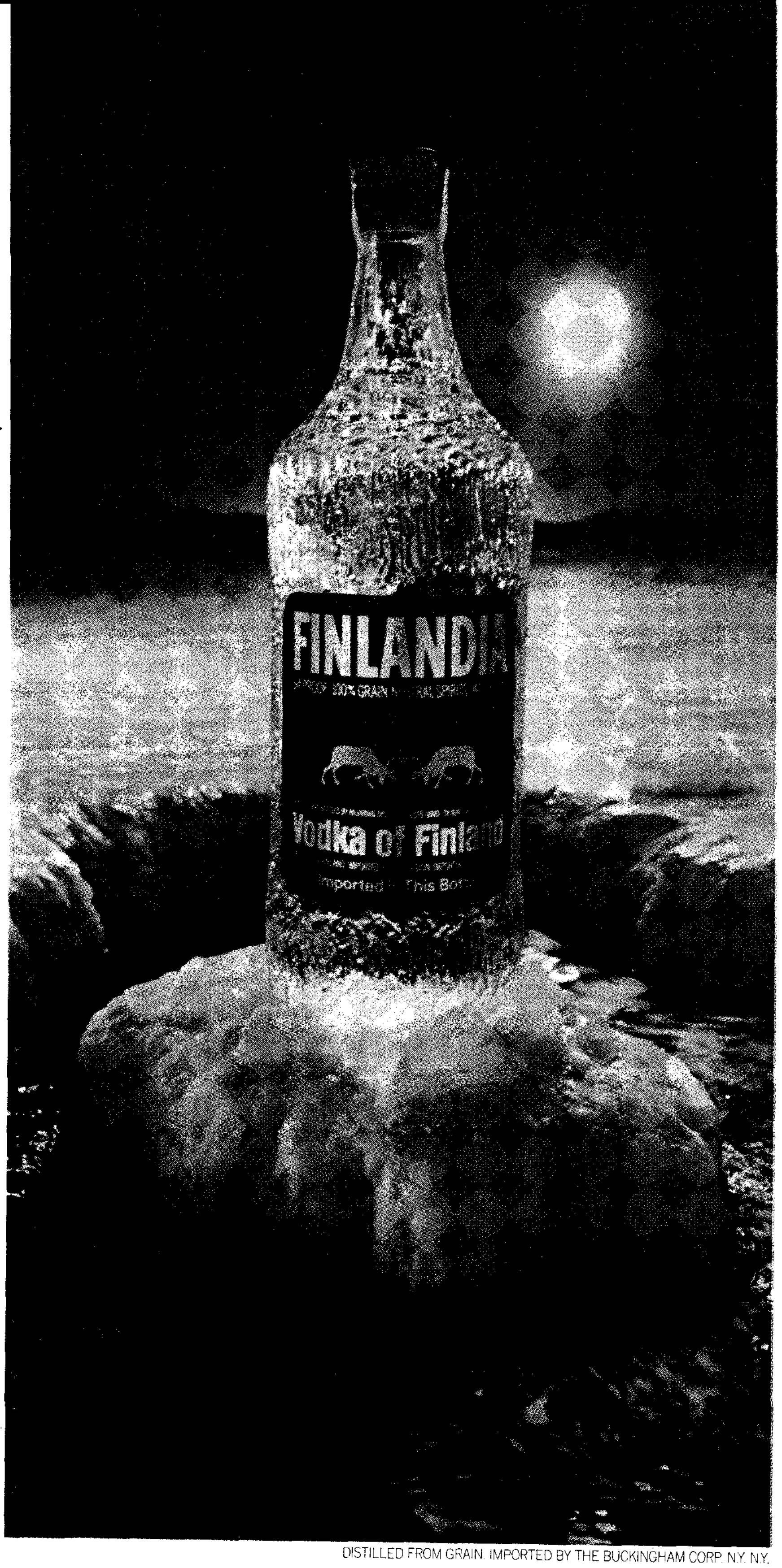

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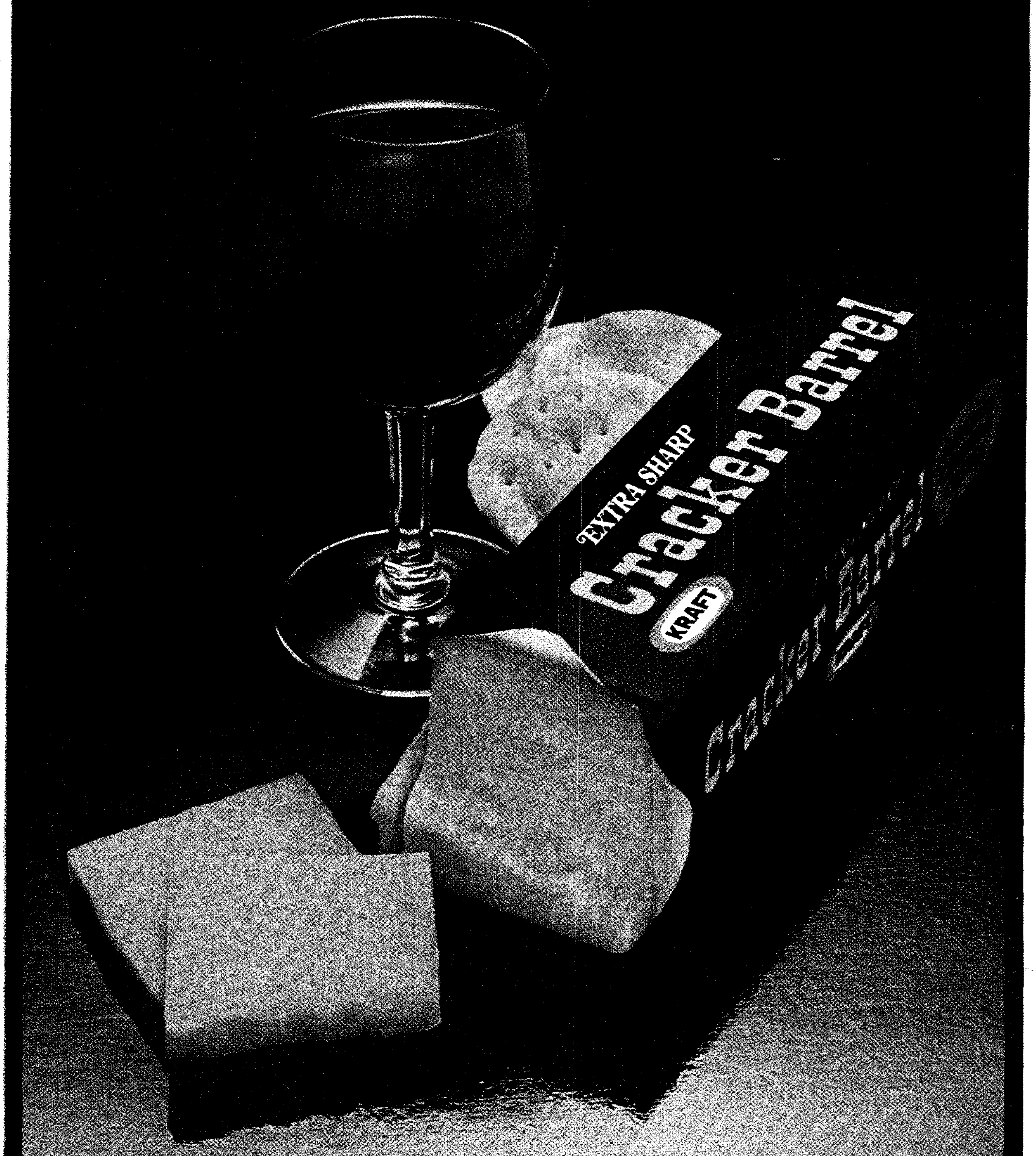
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FOOTBALL

Old Home Week

ONCE again, the largest family gathering in this neighborhood assembled on Saturday in one of the grimmer outskirts of Philadelphia to celebrate an in-house contest between the two more prominent members of the Service clan—Army and Navy—and once again certain characteristics, which have now begun to seem almost hereditary, impressed themselves upon the seventy-nine thousand beholders. These are two: Army's slowness afoot backfield, and Army's inability to field a quarterback who can both throw the ball and run with it. Never mind the years of Leamon Hall, an Army quarter who was magnificent with a pass and reasonably adept at a scramble. On Saturday, a new ailment manifested itself—a certain Army susceptibility to fakery in the matter of handling the draw. And there went the ballgame, at 28–0. Both Army and Navy, whose seasons run to eleven matches, usually come up to their final exams in a slight, or worse, state of physical disrepair, and this time Navy was as deficient in this respect as Army almost always is. But the effortless manner in which Navy, with Leszczynski at quarter, ran off touchdowns the first two times it had the ball suggested that, damaged though his team might be, the match was already at an end. For Navy, always in control, a superb effort; for Army, a dogged try. Thereafter, there were flashes of humor and drama: Leszczynski's pursuit of a poor snap from center on an attempted field goal, which he turned into a touchdown pass; the appearance in the final moments of Jerryl Bennett, Army's inexperienced but throwing-*and*-running quarter—without question the fastest man on the field that day. The rest of the afternoon verged upon matter-of-fact. The demands of television were at last relaxed to permit the engagement to get under way at ten past four—prime time on the Saturday-afternoon air, perhaps, but hardly prime time for all those cash customers.

Soon enough, we shall know who is to succeed Homer Smith as mastermind for Army. He will come up against the indispositions that have levelled off more than one of his predecessors in office at the Point: too many top-heavy opponents and too much travelling away from home, and too little manpower, raw or refined, to cope. More plausible schedulings for Army teams of the next decade are in progress or have already been effected, but they cannot assist whoever is put in charge for the season of 1979. As for Navy, it goes to a bowl game out in San Diego toward the end of the month, and this department extends its best wishes for a rewarding journey.

Navy and Army have established working arrangements with the Ivy League, and in a couple of years the reunion will commence. Holy Cross, which is soon to be even busier with the League, ended its season on Saturday with another of those encounters that have given real bounce to football in these parts this fall—Holy Cross over Boston College, another familiar of the League, at 30–29. It is reasonable to guess that this encounter was a trifle more stirring than what Army and Navy were able to muster that same afternoon.

ONE of the oddest aspects of professional football is that graduates of the Ivy League who make their way—and a fair number of them do—on into this kind of Big Time are almost invariably converted into another sort of performer: a split end will become a corner back, and so on and on. This comes again to mind because of Dick Jauron, a leading runner for Yale in his League tour of duty, an industrious autographer of programs after winning days, of which he had an ample share, and a young man handsome enough to catch a goodly supply of female eyes. He vanished into what could be called obscurity when, following the formula, he became a defensive back in the professional game—not really to be heard of again as the tackle-breaking speed runner-off of touchdowns until last Sunday, when, collecting an errant pass from the backfield of the Atlanta Falcons, he rattled off twenty-four yards for a Cincinnati Bengals touchdown. If the records hashed about the feet of this correspondent are accurate, it was only Jauron's second professional touchdown.

—J. W. L.

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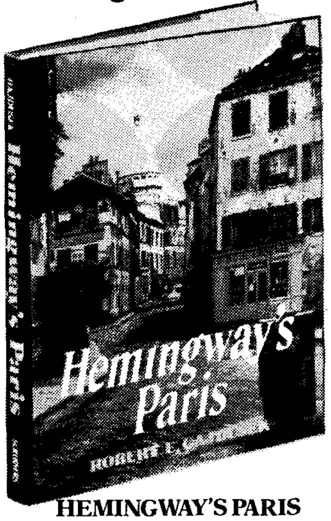

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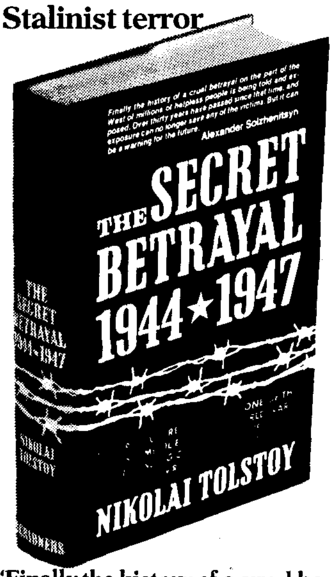
Finally the history of a cruel betrayal on the part of the West of millions of helpless people is being told and exposed. Over thirty years have passed since that time, and exposure can no longer save any of the victims. But it can be a warning for the future. Alexander Solzhenitsyn
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"Finally the history of a cruel betrayal on the part of the West of millions of helpless people is being told and exposed...it can be a warning for the future."
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AFFAIRS OF STATE

DECEMBER 1

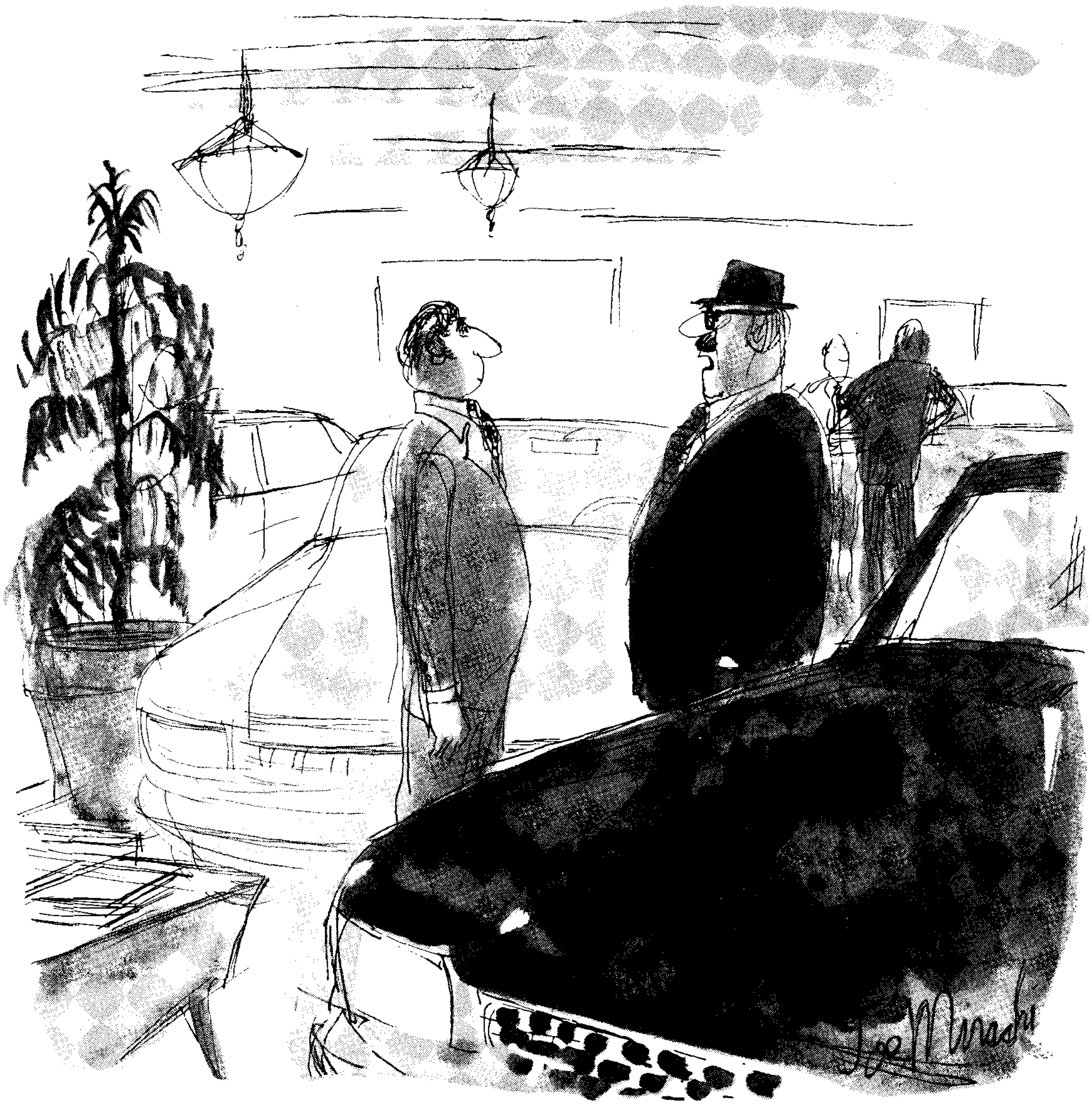
OF the many cases that can be made for arms-control agreements, one is economic. When the first accords (SALT I) were reached, in 1972, Henry Kissinger, lobbying for Senate approval, argued that the cost of rejecting them would be between fifteen and twenty billion dollars. That amount, he said, would go into military programs that would not be necessary if the Senate accepted the treaty. Early this year, the White House was saying that without a SALT II agreement spending on strategic weapons might have to be increased by about a third; later, the Secretary of Defense testified that if the current negotiations failed we would have to buy extra nuclear weapons at a cost of approximately two billion dollars a year. Thus, an agreement would be attractive not only because it would take at least a bit of the peril out of what Winston Churchill used to call "the balance of terror" but also because it would have measurable benefits in "cost avoidance" and "cost reduction"—terms that have, or should have, a most appealing sound to a Congress that hears so much about "cost overruns" and "cost increases."

Now, in the aftermath of last month's elections, it appears that the cost of merely getting a treaty and having it approved in the Senate may offset, or more than offset, the savings that earlier were held out as inducements to approval. President Carter, who two years ago thought that defense spending could be reduced by five or six billion without jeopardy to our security, will ask the Ninety-sixth Congress to increase it by almost six billion, and to finance part of the rise by stringent cutbacks in domestic programs. This is not because he anticipates a breakdown in negotiations; on the contrary, these are reported to be reaching a successful climax. Nor is it because the Soviet Union is beefing up its forces in Europe and seeking to enlarge its spheres of influence in Asia and Africa. In urging new appropriations, the Administration may make what use it can of those expansionist developments, but in fact they have been going on for more than two years—all through the period in which Carter favored a measure of unilateral disarmament and decided against putting the B-1 bomber and neutron warheads into production—and there is no reason to think that the President and his advisers have recently come to feel that the likelihood of war has increased or that our capacity for retaliation has lessened. There has been some concern that Leonid Brezhnev, reported to be in poor health, may be succeeded by someone who is less enthusiastic about détente than Brezhnev is believed to be and who is willing to undertake even riskier overseas adventures. (According to reports from Moscow, however, Brezhnev has recently strengthened his grip on power by placing several men beholden to him in positions of authority.) But if the danger of confrontation or nuclear blackmail is as great as some claim it to be, an extra six billion dollars (about five per cent of the total to be spent on defense) would add little to our strength—and, of course, bombs and bombers are of no use whatever in countering Soviet power in, say, Afghanistan or southern Africa or Ethiopia. It can be argued, as it has been for more than three decades, that merely having bombs and bombers at hand is bound to exert a restraining effect. But Russia was never more reckless than it was in the early sixties, when we had a clear preponderance of weapons. It armed an ally ninety miles off Florida, withdrawing its big missiles when it feared that ours might be used but continuing to pour other arms into Cuba, to subsidize its military and civilian economies, and to make it the most dependent of satellites. It has been quite a while since anyone in Washington has brought up the Monroe Doctrine. Also, it is reported, the Administration's call for increased military spending will be accompanied by a request for two billion dollars for civil defense—another matter that has not been spoken of much in recent years. (The idea now is not to build underground shelters provisioned with uncontaminated water and biscuits loaded with protein but to plan for evacuating large centers of population—moving people from target cities to the countryside.)

The notion of spending more money on both arms and civil defense is clearly a response to developments at home—particularly to those that took place on November 7th—rather than to any abroad. As the *Times*—which estimated that two billion dollars would just about cover the cost of rebuilding eight miles of the West Side Highway—recently wrote of Carter, "his real concern . . . is not for the defense of the population against the Russians but the defense of an arms-control treaty against the Senate." To put the matter in its crudest form, the President is buying, or trying to buy, votes in the Senate at a record-shattering price—tens of millions of dollars a head. To put it in its most defensible form, he is calling for more armament in order to win the Senate's consent to his ambitious schemes for universal disarmament. He wants, and he believes that he still can get, a treaty limiting the number and variety of Soviet and American strategic weapons. But even last summer he knew that he would have a difficult time getting such a treaty approved in the Senate. Now several of those senators whose votes and whose powers of persuasion he counted on are looking for new employers, and several of those senators he hoped would now be in the job market have been returned to office. It was extremely rare that strategic arms or any other aspect of military policy were an election issue—as far as can be learned, such matters were hardly ever even mentioned—but a good many of the winners, both incumbents and newcomers, are hostile to Carter's foreign policy in general and, in particular, to any arrangements that would afford us anything less than "supremacy" in firepower. In the Senate next year, the ranks of the big military spenders will be strengthened, as will the ranks of those who deplore almost all domestic spending. These are not, as it would seem reasonable to assume, two factions; the most ardent budget-balancers are, with few exceptions, the most reluctant to challenge Pentagon requests. Gordon Humphrey, an airline pilot who defeated Senator Thomas McIntyre, a New Hampshire Democrat and a supporter of Carter, campaigned on promises to oppose SALT and to establish himself as the "biggest skinflint" in Washington.

a. ehrenberg

It may well be that SALT II deserves the kind of priority the President is giving it, and is worth the cost he is asking us to pay. (It may be analogous to the sale of a lot of new hardware to the Saudi Arabians and the Egyptians as a sweetener for the Camp David agreements—a strategy whose critics in time became its defenders.) And it may have been politically astute to replace Paul Warnke as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency with a retired lieutenant general, George Seignious, whose only known qualification, if it is one, is the familiarity with ordnance which he gained in a thirty-two-year Army career, and who last summer joined the American Security Council's Coalition for Peace through Strength, an organization that opposes SALT II on the ground that it would "lock the United States into military inferiority." (When proposed as director of the A.C.D.A., General Seignious resigned from the council, saying he had been unaware of its position on this question.) But the cost of the strategy could be high in political and military terms as well as in dollars. At the time John Kennedy urged the building of shelters in urban centers, he was clearly working on the assumption that it would be not we but the Russians who would launch a first strike, and that it would therefore be necessary to protect people in the cities—protect them where they lived and worked. But large-scale *evacuation* of the cities makes no sense at all as a reaction to a preëmptive strike; if intercontinental missiles were in flight, no one could move more than a city block or two before they struck. Evacuation makes sense only if *we* strike first and fail to destroy the Soviets' second-strike capability. It is possible that the Russians think an American first strike as unlikely as most people in Washington do; no reasonable person who has ever seen or read about our traffic jams could take such a program seriously. However, the civil-defense measures that the Russians are believed by some people to be taking are based on the assumption that we will strike first, and if the treaty hits a snag or relations worsen, they could use the Carter program as evidence of our aggressive designs—or, at least, as evidence that, whatever we may have said in the past, we do not now wish to rule out the possibility of a first-strike attack on their cities. And if the Pentagon uses its appropriation to develop the MX missile (the initials stand for "missile experimental," and some speculation centers on a highly mobile and easily concealed device that can be moved about underground in such numbers, and with such rapidity, that no enemy, as of now, could keep track of its mole-like movements), the treaty may be blighted by that new weapon.



"I'm looking for something with a very authoritative horn."

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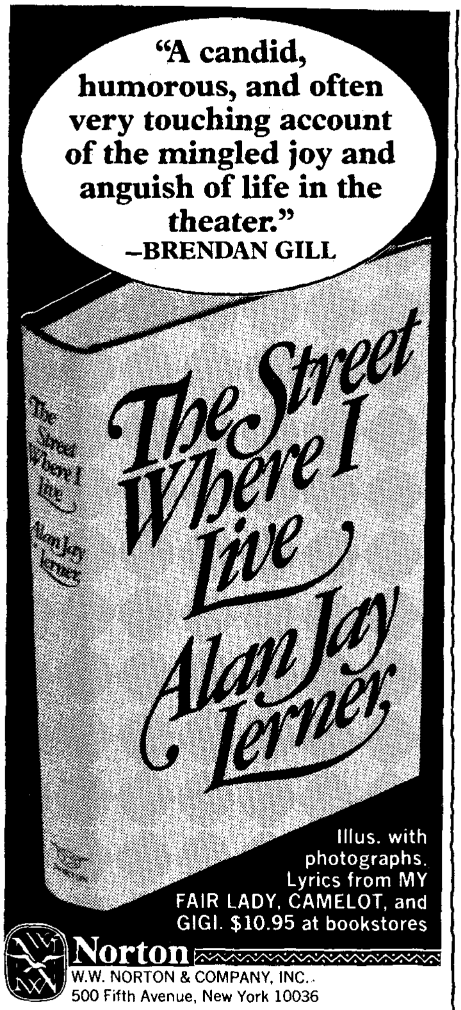
THE concessions to the military lobbies (the largest concession, in financial terms, is probably the huge and inflationary increase in veterans' benefits—an eighty-two-per-cent rise, costing thirty billion over five years) may improve the outlook for ratification of a SALT II agreement, but the resistance will still be formidable. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee will have a different aspect next year. The new chairman (Frank Church, of Idaho) will be a more aggressive and articulate advocate of Carter's policies than the retiring one (John Sparkman, of Alabama), but Clifford Case, of New Jersey, the ranking Republican, and one who generally sided with the majority, is likely to be replaced on the committee by Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, an opponent of SALT and of just about everything else, who is not likely to change his mind simply because an Army officer will head the disarmament agency or because the White House is now talking about civil defense. And there are several other Republicans of Helms' general persuasion who are bidding for seats on the committee, which has lost Dick Clark, of Iowa, and Muriel Humphrey, of Minnesota, both of them supporters of the President.

The matter of SALT, though, seems to be the only issue of high policy that is likely to be much affected by the results of the elections. The Middle East was hardly more of an election issue than Pentagon spending, but the lack of debate over the American role in that part of the world was, in effect, a vote of confidence in the President. His anti-inflation and other economic programs will have essentially the same amount of support and opposition next year that they have had this year—perhaps a bit more support and a bit less opposition, since he himself is in a tight-fisted mood and is scuttling or deferring several of the projects he earlier proposed to undertake. But the elections did register some changes in the political atmosphere, and the results confirmed some developments that have been in the making for years. The voter turnout continued to decline, though not so precipitously as some had expected. In October, the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, a bipartisan research organization that has been examining the causes and effects of non-participation, announced, "If the voter turnout in the 1978 primaries is any guide, less than a third of America's eligible voters may cast their ballots in the November elections." In the event, slightly more than a third voted, though this was down by two per cent from the last midterm election.

The party structures seemed more rickety and less visible than ever. Unattached political-action committees flourished all across the country. Halfway through this year's campaigns, they had contributed more than sixty million dollars, as against a total of twenty-three million in the Presidential election of 1976. The Supreme Court decision that construed spending one's own money in unlimited amounts for election to public office as an exercise of free speech brought a growing number of millionaires into the contests. Candidates have become more and more their own managers and strategists, deciding for themselves what the issues are, or should be, and putting together coalitions in which party may be a minor, even a negligible, factor. Robert A. Young, a Missouri Democrat from a suburban district outside St. Louis, won a second term in the House by ignoring party and ideology and calling attention to the role he had played in fighting to keep the St. Louis airport in the state, instead of allowing it to be relocated across the Mississippi in Illinois, and to his success in winning an increased share of public-service jobs for St. Louis County. He found support, according to the Federal Election Commission, in the political-action committees of several labor unions and of—among many others—Western Air Lines, United States Steel, the Tobacco Institute, Trans World Airlines, the Southern Railway Company, the Railway Labor Executives' Association, the National Rifle Association, the Ford Motor Company, the Emerson Electric Company, and Burlington Northern. With such support, Representative Young, a member of the House Public Works and Transportation Committee, hardly needed his party or any issue of more transcendent importance than where or where not to put an airport.

Increasingly, those people in the electorate who are not alienated from the two-party system seek means of bypassing it. For years, there has been an increasing epidemic of initiatives, referenda, propositions, and amendments on the ballots—direct lawmaking by citizens in states, counties, and municipalities. Altogether, in all the states this year, there were three hundred and fifty statewide proposals to be voted on, forty of them put on the ballots by citizen petition. There were only thirteen states that had no statewide propositions on the ballot this year, though in several of these there were dozens of local initiatives. New York, for instance, had no statewide propositions, but in Dutchess County voters were called upon to decide whether or not there should be an office of "county veterinarian." Voters made law by rendering decisions not only on acceptable ceilings for taxes and public expenditures and on the legal rights of homosexuals but on the amount of training that should be required of technicians seeking a license to fit false teeth. (The state was Oregon; a majority of those voting felt that six months was enough.) In Washington now, there is an organization named Initiative America, which hopes to amend the Constitution so that voters in the future can determine such matters on a national basis. It claims to have lined up forty-two supporters in the House and seven in the Senate to sponsor the amendment next year. "This is a whole new political era," Roger Telschow, a director of Initiative America, said recently. "The result will be greater participation by the public . . . and renewed strength in our foundations of government." Participatory democracy may someday be carried to the point where we will all have a chance to tell the President, the Congress, and the Pentagon exactly what kind of missiles to deploy, how much megatonnage they should pack, and what we are willing to pay for them. It might then be possible to get along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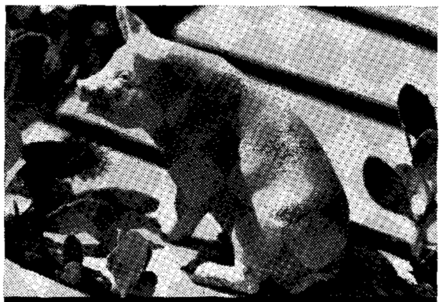
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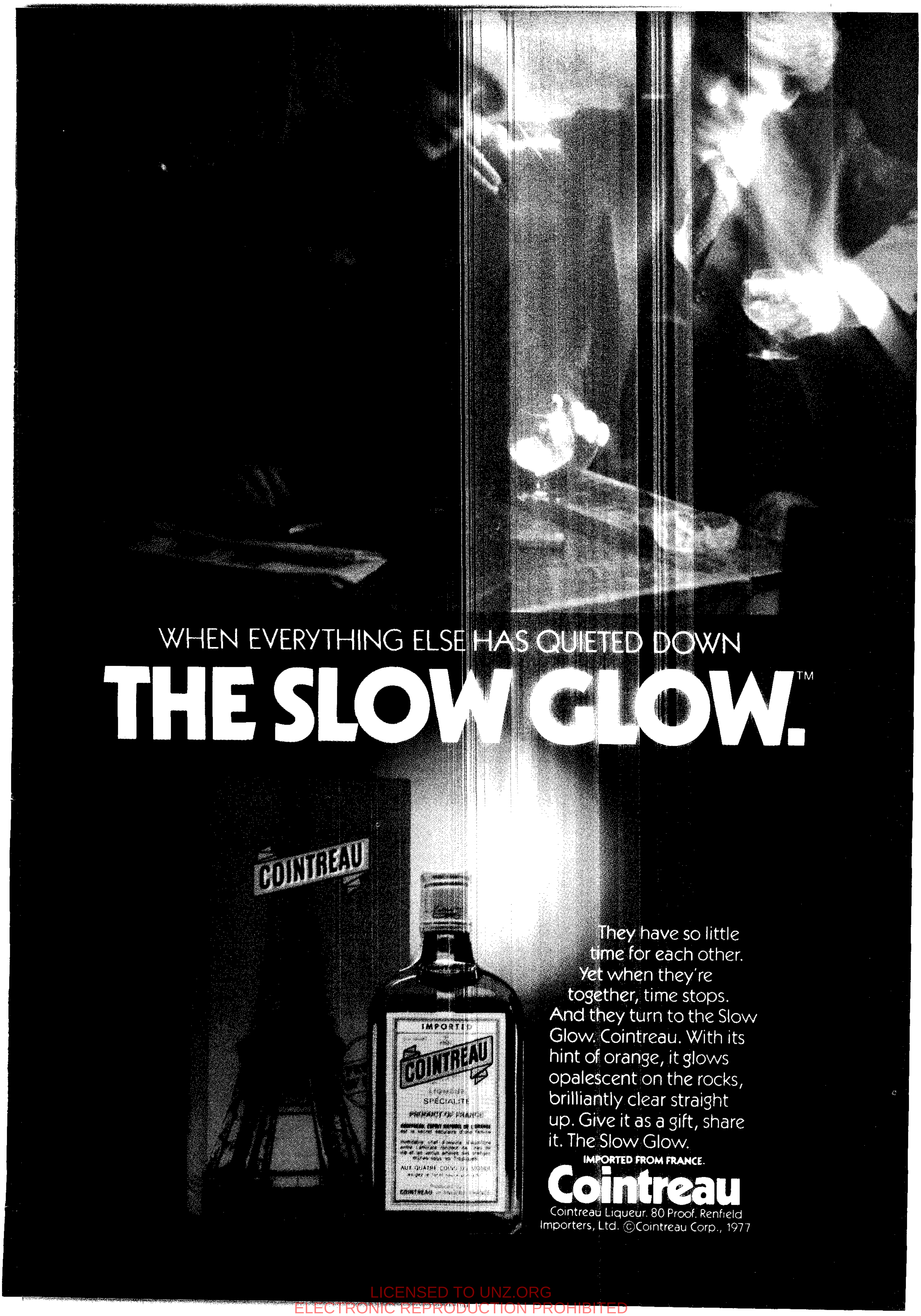

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without a President, a Congress, or the Joint Chiefs of Staff at all, reducing the bureaucracy to a few clerks, statisticians, and engineers.

It may be that a few years of single-issue politics and government by initiative will have consequences disagreeable enough to lead to a call for a return to representative democracy. It is relatively easy now to assemble coalitions of rebellious taxpayers, groups opposed to abortion and in favor of capital punishment, opponents of gun control, supporters or opponents of equal rights for homosexuals, friends of the snail darter, people who want airports here instead of there, angry policemen, and a host of corporate and labor interests. But serving all these groups at once is a different matter and a generally difficult one, and the difficulty helps explain the unprecedented number of legislators who are leaving public life after a relatively brief experience of it. "I had to be accessible to them all," one man who retired from the House in early middle age said recently, "and I had no time for those of my constituents—a majority by far—who aren't much exercised by any of these issues, and no time for the issues I care about." In September, 1977, a group of political scientists met in Washington and set up an organization to counter Initiative America and other such lobbies. In a statement issued at the time, they said, "Without parties, there can be no organized and coherent politics. When politics lacks coherence, there can be no accountable democracy." They formed the Committee for Party Renewal, of which James MacGregor Burns, a professor at Williams College who is active in party politics in western Massachusetts, is the chairman. Their proposals for renewal do not at the moment seem very promising: fewer direct primaries and greater reliance on statewide caucuses and conventions; midterm national conventions; and a public-financing scheme that would channel funds to the parties rather than to individual candidates. All this the party leaders would surely welcome, but, in their current disorder and distress, they probably lack the strength to organize in their own self-interest.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "The Popular Medical Encyclopedia," by Morris Fishbein, M.D.*]

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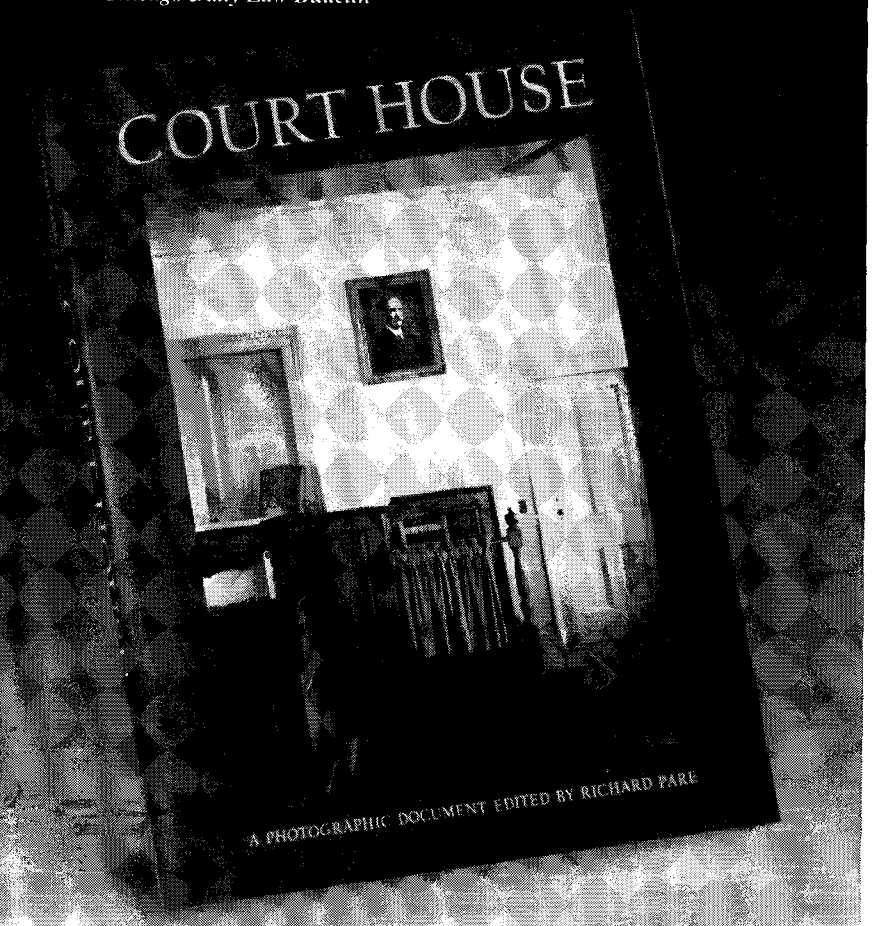

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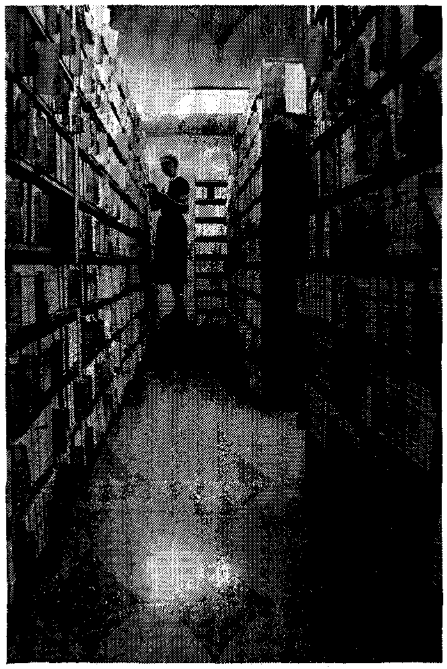

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRAXIS, by Fay Weldon (Summit; $9.95). The sunny scene on the beach at Brighton which opens this story (circa 1925) promises a happy future for little Praxis and Hypatia Duveen, who are being photographed for their pretty mother. But then their father beats his wife and runs away; the seaside photographer joins the family, contributing only disarray; the mother goes mad and is locked up; and Hypatia (all brains) blames Praxis (all beauty) for everything. The lives of the sisters, which crisscross the adventures of their many friends, enemies, and lovers, make a sorry story. Hypatia tries to be primly conventional, but her inherited madness shines through her disguises; Praxis tries almost everything, including the model-wife-and-career-woman routine, but her eccentric past gives her no peace. By the end, Praxis is a tired old woman who has served two years in prison for a deed that has prompted the women's movement to set her on a pedestal, to her discomfort. Fay Weldon writes short sentences and uses proper names repeatedly to emphasize her ironies; she tells so many stories of sexual repression and injustice in this singsong style that the novel acquires the speeded-up, choppy animation of a Punch-and-Judy show. The reader may want to give up long before the characters do.

DEATH OF A POLITICIAN, by Richard Condon (Marek; $9.95). Who killed Walter Slurrie, the former Vice-President of the United States, celebrated for his jowls and widow's peak, whose bullet-ridden body is found seated in a red plush chair in a bathtub at the Waldorf? The answer comes at the end of a series of statements made to police investigators by a lurid assortment of Slurrie's cohorts in corruption and depravity. Among them are his mother, who relates the creepy story of Walter's early years in Salopado (Spanish, we are told, for "sneaky"), Texas; a political adviser, who roomed with Slurrie at Coomber, a one-building law college in New Jersey; a Mexican who taught Slurrie how the government and the Syndicate serve each other's best interests, and who fathered Mrs. Walter Slurrie's offspring; and the reclusive billionaire Horace Riddle Hind, whose theories about voodoo and hygiene seem too farfetched to imagine until one recalls the historical figure from whom he has sprung. As the suspects uncover Slurrie's slimy trail, the murderous bitterness of one of them comes to light, and the consequent confession caps a novel that is more outrageous and alarming than a whodunit, thriller, or farce.

GENERAL

THE TEAMSTERS, by Steven Brill (Simon & Schuster; $11.95). It has been all but evidentially determined that Jimmy Hoffa was abducted and killed by gangster members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, who feared the changes he had promised to carry out if he regained the union presidency. Mr. Brill claims that Hoffa's body was taken to the Central Sanitation Services, in Hamtramck, Michigan—an establishment allegedly run by two organized-crime figures—and obliterated in a garbage shredder. The murder itself, he says, was carried out by henchmen of Anthony Provenzano, the notorious New Jersey Teamster boss, who, so to speak, choreographed the abduction and murder at a safe distance. The book is a good deal more than an exposure of crimes. It is a history and an anatomy of the biggest and wealthiest trade union in the world. Mr. Brill tells his story in terms of the personal histories of nine significant Teamsters members, including Hoffa and his successor, Frank Fitzsimmons; Allen Dorfman, who helped wreck the Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund by making bad loans to organized-crime enterprises; and Ron Carey, an honest Teamsters leader who is the embodiment of the trade-union ideal. Mr. Brill is at pains to give the Teamsters their fair due: he spells out the many ways the union has improved the working lives of millions of Americans, and he reminds us that without the connivance and coöperation of many American businessmen most of the union's shady operations would not be possible. The record of the Teamsters, he writes, is one of "some good deeds, and some bad deeds, and with a sad bottom line that it could have been much better."

THE WAR PATH: HITLER'S GERMANY, 1933-39, by David Irving

(Viking; $14.95). This fascinating narrative focusses on Hitler and his entourage as they prepared for the Second World War. Mr. Irving does not try to tell all about Nazi Germany—he does not mention, for example, the Reichstag fire—and the details of Nazi political reorganization figure in his tale only insofar as they contribute to the enhancement of Germany's war potential and to Hitler's captivation of Germany's military commanders. Mr. Irving is dispassionate and astute when writing about the climbers and eccentrics who made up the Nazi élite. Though Hitler was aware of his own social inferiority, he did not let his resentment hamper his manipulation of the officer corps. Unlike Stalin, who brutally massacred the leaders of his Army, Hitler shrewdly fired, hired, retired, bribed, converted, and convinced, winding up with an excellent aggressive force ready to give him the war he sought.

A FANCY FOR PIGEONS, by Jack Kligerman (Hawthorn; $12). Mr. Kligerman, who was drawn into the world of pigeons almost by accident, in this book sets out to be their spokesman. He takes us through the order Columbiformes like a guide delighted by what he has to show. When he can, he concentrates on the domestic pigeon, but he is just as absorbing when he writes of the people around pigeons, from the pigeon men of Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who stage the elaborate pigeon war game known there as *la guerra*, to the Belgian senator Hilaire Lahaye, who is the aristocrat of international pigeon racing. Changing his writing pace to suit, Mr. Kligerman takes us through the history of the species, biologically and mythologically; provides an instructive history of pigeon-fancying; discusses the Mysterious Homing Instinct in grave detail; and pays homage to the pigeon in its various roles as messenger, racer, and show bird. He industriously supplies helpful appendices and an extensive bibliography. His own fascination with everything about pigeons shines through the book, which begins in enthusiasm and ends in informed wonder.

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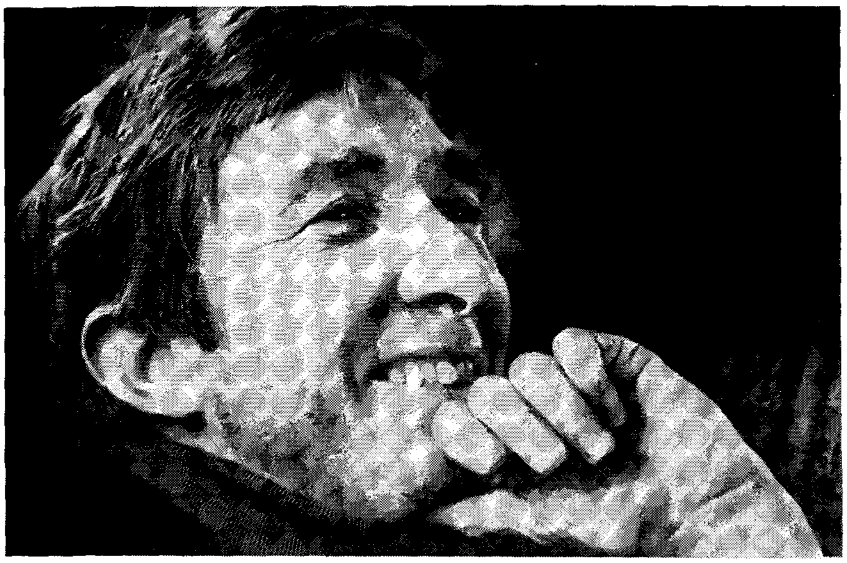

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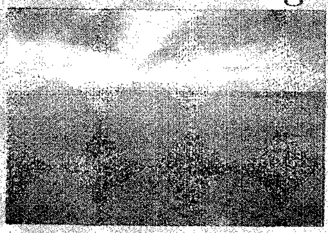
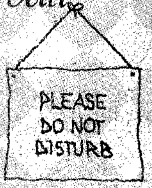

IL MARE

He took two bicchiere from the basket, one for her and one for him, and filled them with Amaretto Di Amore. They sipped slowly.

It was obvious from the rossore of her cheek that he was her amante. And that all they wanted from the world was non essere disturbati.

'Caro,' he said.



AMARETTO
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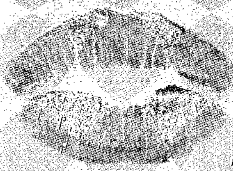
'Si,' she answered. 'Bacia-mio,' he said.

And as their lips touched, her cuore beat faster and they knew it was amore."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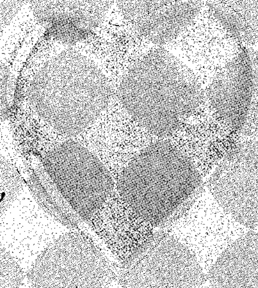
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